WET WRATHER TALK.

It ain't no use to grumble and complain: It's just as cheap and easy to rejoloe: When God zors out the weather and sends rain, Wy rain's my choice.

Men pener'ly, to all intents-Although they're apt to giumble some-Fuis most their trust in Providence, And takes things as they come: That is, the commonality Of men that's lived vs long as me, Has watched the world enough to learn They're not the bors of this concern.

With some, of course its different-Two seen young men that knowed it all, and didn't like the way things went On this terrestrial ball But, all the same, the rain same way. Rained as hard on picele day: Or when they really wanted it, It maybe wouldn't rain a bill

In this existence, dry and wet Will overtake the best of mea-some little skift of clouds 'll shot The sun off now and them: But, maybe, as you're wonderin' who You've, feel-like, lent your umbrell to. and want it-ou.'ll pop the sun. and you'll be giad you sin't got none.

It aggerrates the farmer, too-There's too much wet, or too such sun, Or work, or waitin' round to do Before the plown's done: And, maybe, like as not the wheat, Just as it's tookin hard to beat. Will betch the storm And jest about The time the corn's a-p'inun' out

These here cyclones are foolin' round: And back'ard grops and wind and rain-And yes the corn that's wallered down May ellow no again! They also't ho sense, as I can see, For mortals, sich as you and no. to foulin' Natura's wise (nature). A-faultin' Nature's wise intents, and lockin' horns with Providence

It ain't no use to grumble and complain; It all to the to train only to rejoice: It's jest as cheap and easy to rejoice: When God sorts out the weather and sends rain. W'p, rain's my choice.

IN THE MIRBOR-ROOM.

The host at Beaumesnil was a remark ably handsome and attractive man graceful and frankfaced, of a lavished and genial hospitality-the last person in the world, you would have said, to be connected with anything shady or mysterions.

Beaumesnil was as nearly a perfect place as money and taste could make it, both without and within.

If anywhere among those beautiful frescoed rooms there existed the traditional closet with its grisly skeleton, it was certainly well concealed from view. There were "stories" about Capel

Mohun, but you could not be with the man himself ten minutes and remember them

Whether it was his strong personal magnetism, his charming manners, his wonderful conversational powers, or all three, there was the fact-you liked him after acquaintance, however, you might have been prejudiced before.

The party gathered at Beaumesnil, that autumn of which I write, was not a large, but a very gay and select one; and the affable host spared no pains to make everything as plesant as possible to every one

There were a number of beautiful women among the guests-one exceptionally so-Vivien Gueltan. She was a South American heiress; and it was whispered that Mohun meant, if he could win her, to have her for his second wife.

He had been married once-Beamesnil and the "stories" came from his wife-a very lovely woman who died within six months of her wedding day.

Mohun, it was said, had been devoted to her,' and was terribly cut up by her death.

The only foundation for the stories lay

in her eyes as if she almost hated

him." "I, too. That is why I asked?" That afternoon, just as Blanche Cama-dine and young Devereux had nicely settled themselves in a shady nook of

the garden, with parasol, fan and book, who should come strolling by on the other side of the high shrubbery, but Vivien Guelton and Capel Mohun. Blanche Devereux sat very quiet, hop-

ing they would escape notice. Miss Gueltan, they could see through the leaves, was looking uncommonly lovely in a black lace dress embroidered with golden butterflies. Mohun was talking very carnestly in a low voice, and his companion listened with bent, half-averted head.

Just as they were passing near the pair behind the shrubbery, they heard Miss Gueltan's clear, sweet voice say, tremulously:

"You shall have your answer to-night, Mr. Mohun."

"Bat why not now, Vivien?" Mohun persisted, in passionate tones, "if you love me-

And with that they were beyond hear-

ing. "So that's a match," said Blanche,emphatically.

"Bet you a box of gloves against your locket that it is not,"observed Devereux, carelessly.

That evening, a little while after dinner, Miss Gueltan slipped an arm around Blanche's slim waist, and drew her away to her chamber. They were rather good friends.

"I want to ask a favor of you, Miss Camadine," she said. "You have told me that I had a look of Mr. Mohun's wife, and I have a fancy to see if it is true. I am going to make myself look as much like her as I can-just for a jest, you know. Will you help me?"

Blanche thought it was a queer fancy,

but, of course, she consented. Miss Gueltan seemed excited. She was very pale and Blanche thought she had never seen anything like the dazzling brightness of her eye.

She went to work very deliberately, only calling on Blanche now and then and making no attempt at conversation. Long before she was ready, Mohun sent a servant to say that he was waiting to speak with her at the mirror-room. Blanche Camadine repeated the last words.

"I told him I would see him there! explained Vivien, with one of her old smiles, "It was a favorite room with his wife, and I like it myself."

"They-they say his wife died in that room," said Blanche in an awed whisper. "Do they? Then it must be doubly en-

deared to him,' returned Vivien, with exaggerated indifference, as she proceeded with her dressing.

A flowing robe of snowy ganze re-placed the black lace one, and taking a ong scarf of some glittering, golden tissue, she twisted it carelessly across her head and about her white throat in such a manner as to usarly conceal her hair. Blanche saw the object at once-Mohun's wife had had yellow hair. She uttered a cry of surprise. The illusion was so perfect; the resemblance thus produced was by the evening light wonderful. Last of all, as she was going, Miss Gueltan bent and touched Blanche's lips

with hers. They were like ice. The mirror room was a handsome apartment opening from the rose garden.

A New Time Table.

"This train starts at 24 o'clock." These wore the words used by a gen tleman at Broadstreet station on Saturday in explanation of a theory which will, in all probability, be put into prac-tice at no distant day. The theory is the establishment of a "time standard," as the railroad men term it, to be put into operation on all the railroads in the country. The proposed standard would country. The proposed standard would plate, surmounted by jeweled designs in simply add the hours after midnight to glass, at the end of this apartment, com-12, so that 11 o'clock in the morning would be 23 o'clock and noon would be 24 o'clock. The dials of the clock would be made into twenty-four divisions of the choicest flowers in the conservatory time, and the troublesome A. M. and P. beneath scents the air. Easy chairs, M. would be avoided. Uniformity and cortainty in the movements of trains in through the hall in abundance.and invite all parts of the country is one of the a delicious period of rest and abandon greatest advantages claimed for the new from the affairs of state. A large carved standard, and a simplification of time ta- door opens from this hall into the bles that the public would be quick to bedroom at the southwest angle of the recognize and appreciate, would follow. mansion, in which the late President The Pennsylvania Railroad company Garfield suffered from the 2d of July till has given the question of the new stand- removed to Elberon, N. J., two months ard a favorable consideration. An offi- later. This room has been allotted to cer of that corporation says there are the use of the president's son, and with now in operation at least fifty standards the exception of the single bed upon of time. The reduction of their number which the sufferer rested, the furnitare has the tions held within the past twenty marked "C. A. A.," containing fishing-years, but no solution of the problem tackle belonging to the president. A tions held within the past twenty has been reached. The last railway time convention held was in St. Louis in April last, and it was there that a plan for reducing the number of standards from which the famous builetins were from fifty to five was suggested as the easiest and simplest way out of the apartment is a handsomely carved mahog-trouble. "Of course," said the Penn-sylvania railroad officer, "the railroad coat-of-arms of the United States, the managers had to adopt the plan before it could be put into effect; and responses had been received favorable to the fivestandard arrangement from the officers off by a feather bed, woo the tired pilof corporations controlling seventeen thousand miles of road, forming an unbroken line from Boston to Omaha on the west, and Charleston, S. C., on the at thousands of dollars, and is about the south. Still, it was not unanimous, and only thing about the mansion which contherefore not effective." The originator of the theory of twenty-

four hours for standard time was Mr. W. H. Dewees, of this city. Mr. Dewees, the adjoining one is the library, and with which all who have visited the white upon expressing his views, said recently: "Anything more crude, uncertain and insufficient than the style now in house are familiar. use cannot be imagined. It is a relic of the dark ages adopted centuries before a railroad or telegraph was thought of. Modern progress demands something better adapted to the wants of our present advanced civilization. If my plan is adopted I think it will gradually extend throughont the world. I would take time from Greenwich observatory, for it is the best time that exists. It is exact, constant and known, or ascertainable, everywhere.

"Objections," he said, "are likely to be urged against Greenwich time by the people. It would probably be contended that, inasmuch as the hours of the day would run from one to twenty-four, instead of the day being divided into filled with hot air. Etienne Monthaives of twelve hours each, as is the golfier and his brother Joseph present civil day, great inconvenience improved upon this suggestion by sub-would result to the public. People stituting one globe of silk for several would soon, however, become accustomed to the new method. Should Greenwich astronomical time be taken as idea, for it had an aperture at its would become the end of the twelfth hour and the beginning of the thirteenth Montgolfiers were the sons of a paperthe standard, twelve o'clock midnight

ing. A unique and handsome eigar-stand, formed of the head of a Texas calf and three steers' horns highly polished and mounted in silver, is placed near a favorite lounging place of the president in this hall, where, with a few favored friends, after business hours, the finest brands of cigars are discussed. A large semi-circular window of French mands a fine view of the war, state and navy departments building on the west of the mansion, while the perfumes of engrossed the attention of has not been disturbed. In one corner different time-table conven- of the room are two long narrow cases, communicating door opens into the large bedroom used by the doctors in attendance upon the stricken president, and issued. The most notable article in this whole surmounted by a heavy red silk canopy. A pair of steps lead up to the bed, upon which four mattresses, topped grim to rest. The furniture of the room is of a heavy, sombre, antique pattern. It is stated that this furniture is valued nects the past with the present. This room completes the private spartments of the president of the United States, as

Disappointed History of Aerial Naviga-tion.

The original idea of balloons belongs to that droll and clever man, Cyrano de Bergerae, who died nearly a century before the elder of the Montgolfiers was born. Cyrano was the Jules Verne of the seventeenth century. He wrote a number of fantastic books, which seems to have been consulted by Swift for his "Gulliver," Voltaire for his "Micromegas," and Fountenelle for his "Mondes." The most popular of these was "A Trip Through the Moon," in which the hero is made to ascend from the earth by means of bladders bladders. In other respects their balloon was an adaptation of Bergerac's base in which hot air rose from tobled in reward for their invention, had done his utmost to thwart it, even threatening to disinherit the young men if they persisted in what he called, their foolish experiments. But the experiments were not foolish, for the Moutgolthe greatest discovery ever made. When they had effected a first successful ascent at Annonay and a second in Paris, in presence of Louis XVI and his court, the balloon on both these occasions being captive, all the adventurous men of Europe, became smitted with a love for aeral navigation; and it was assumed that a way of steering balloons would soon be found without much difficulty. The experiments of the Marquis d'Arlands and those of Pilatre des Rosiers quickly followed those of the Montgoltiers, and in November, 1703, the lastnamed aeronaut went up a free balloon to a height of \$3000. The same month an ascent was made from Woolwich by Count Zambecarri; in 1784 Sig. Lunardi started in a balloon from Moor-field, and in 1785 Mr. Blanchard and Dr. Jefferies performed their famous journey from Dover to Calais in two hours. It is disappointing that there should have been no progress in aerial navigation since that date. Balloons are still at the mercy of the winds. Only a few days ago M. L'Hoste tried to cross the channel and failed; and although aeronauts plume themselves upon the services which they rendered to Paris during the seige, it must be remembered that balloons had already been used for military operations at the battle of Fienrus, and that the air ships of 1870 showed hardly any advance in usefulness on those of 1794. It may be that science will some day hit upon the means of steering these contrivances, but there are no signs of this yet, and one does not feel sanguine on the subject, considering the entire failure that has attended all experiments in that direction up to the

adorn the walls, a large painting of the Yellowstone region being the most strik-ing. A unique and handsome eigar-end. I left them in the boiling tar for about ten minutes, then took them out and sanded them. And now, after fourteen years, not one in ten needs replac-I shall never build a fence for myself requiring posts without first thoroughly seasoning, then oiling, and then tarring them. If they are tarred when green, the tar does not penetrate the wood, and in a short time will all scale off. When the wood is seasoned the oil penetrates the wood, and the coating of coal tar keeps out the n oisture, thereby preserving the wood from decay."

HOUSE AND FARM.

Codling Moths-It is an erroneous notion that hogs destroy many larve of the coddling moth by eating windfall apples. hundred thousand inhabitants, but its The worms usually leave the apple before it falls. If not, they almost immediately quit it after it strikes the ground.

Strawberries-The crop of strawberries in the spring is decided by the treatment of the plants the fall previous, while the fruit buds are forming. Unless well cared for then no subsequent culture can wholly make amend for the neglect. Ammonia Cakes-One and a half pounds of flour, four eggs, beaten separately, three-quarters pound butter, one pound sugar, one-half ounce ammonia, he has but one wife, but at the same dissolved in a little cold water, make time he may have as many as he chooses, into a soft dough, roll out and cut thin. Bake quickly.

Butter Makers-A great difficulty in teaching those who have made butter for many years how to improve the quality of their product lies in convincing them that they do not already make any good butter as the best. It is not much safer to point out to a woman faults in her butter than it is to speak ill of ner children.

Strong Food .- Beans are not eaten whole by any kind of stock excepting sheep. But by grinding and mixing with corn or oatmeal, beans unfit for sale may be profitably fed to cattle, horses and pigs. They are very strong food, and as stock become used to them the proportion of bean meal may be increased.

Corn Land .- Corn land that would otherwise remain naked after harvest. should always be sown to rye in the fall. Land that was the previous summer in corn often suffers much, being exposed to the beating and washing rains of winter. The soil is washed into the valleys and streams, and from the beating effects of the rain and drying wind and sun of spring it breaks up in heavy clods, and hardly becomes fine during the entire

spring. CHICKEN LIVER JELLY .- Boil the liv er, hearts and gizzards of fowls till tender, the unlaid eggs of the same till hard, cut all in small pieces and lay them in fanciful designs upon the sides of a jelly mold, alternating with small boiled mushrooms, if you have them, fill the mold with chicken broth, thickened with cornstarch, and set it to cool when about to serve turn the jelly upon a bed of hard-boiled yolks of eggs chopped finely and laid on a jelly dish.

Before the Lucifer Match.

Young men and even middle-aged people, accustomed to the convenience of hour; two o'clock A. M. (present style), the beginning of the fifteenth hour; six collect that their father, who was en-imagine the time when the tinder-box. brimstone matches, was the only means of procuring a light. Some people were more skiltul than others in striking a light and blowing the spark and match to a flame; but often on a wintry morning it was weary work with the servant who had to kindle the first fire if the tin der happened to be damp, or worn out, or the flint and steel "in a temper." Indeed, in many houses a rushlight was in some bed-room or other always burnt, so that in case of sudden illness, or any disaster, there might be light ready The rushlight, having, as its name implies, a rush wick, was about 15 inches long, and was burnt in a huge perforated shade; it was the "farthing rushlight," which very poor people were said to us for other purposes than a night-light. The picture of a half-starved seamstress in her garret would, in those days, have been incomplete without the thin rush candle; but its flame was so feeble that I can hardly fancy any eyes could have served to thread a needle by it.-London

About the Coreans.

Seoul, the capital of Corea, is in the northwestern part of the peninsula and near the Salu, or Hau River, being about sixty miles from its mouth. The old maps put it directly on the river, but recent visits have proved that a town which is near it, and which is on the river, was probably mistaken, for Secul when foreigners were not permitted to approach near enough to determine its sition. It is about an hour and a half's walking distance away from the river. The capital is a walled city, built at the foot of a range of hills, and the site was evidently selected as affording an easy and natural means of defense the hills being in the rear and the river walls enclose several times the area occupied by the houses, and after surrounding the town ascends the hills and form a barrier along the foremost ridges. The city is divided into four nearly equal parts by two immense streets which traverse it at right angles through the center. Upon these two streets is carried on the principal business of the place. The king is a young man of 32, and it is only since the summer of 1882 that he has actually been at the head of the state. Unlike most eastern potentates,

It is stated that there is no limit to the royal concubines, but as the queen keeps a sharp lookout upon her royal master, they do not lead a life of leisure and idleness. As all the court dresses, embroideries and other fancy articles are made in the palace, it is but fair to presume that these women find comething with which to occupy themselves.

One of the most curious circumstances in regard to the king is that he has no name. He is simply known as "the king," and not until he dies is a name given him. He has the power to name his successor to the throne, and that successor need not of necessity be the next of blood. He is never seen by his people, and only leaves the palace precincts twice a year, and then for the purpose of performing religious services at a temple some half mile away. In stature he is below the medium hight; has a handsome, pleasant face, jet black hair, a light mustache and imperial of the same color, a white complexion, beautiful teeth, and, the most noticeable of all, dancing black eyes that seem to be overflowing with merriment. His state dress is of crimson satin, heavily embroidered with golden dragons, and the dress of the nobles at court is of

a dark green with a square piece of embroidery on the breast and on the back representing flying storks. He is always accompanied by two immense eunuchs, who are also nobles. Up to the time of the presentation of General Foote, the American envoy, in May last, the king had seen but one other foreigner, Mr. Von Mollendorff, minister of customs. It is the latter's intention, as the gradual introduction of new ideas will permit, to have the king appear in public among the people. He is already prepared for it, but it is questionable whether the people are quite ready for such an innovation upon their old-established cus-

toms.

The queen's household is entirely separate from that of the king, as owing to the customs of the country, she is surrounded by women and can only be seen by women. She has never been seen by a foreigner, but is described as being very beautiful. Before the arrival of the wife of the American minister in Seoul the queen had expressed an ardent desire to see her, but as yet she has not done so, although she sent eight of her ladies in waiting to make a formal call soon after Mrs. Foote reached there. So closely were they guarded and concealed that no one at the legation save Mrs. Foote saw them. It is said that Corean ladies are averse to calling, owing to the fact that they do not wish their calls returned, because in that case foreigners might see the low position they occupy in the social scale and the degraded condition of their lives. In a word, the Corean wife, whether of high or low degree, merely occupies the position of housekeeper and maid of all work, having no social position whatever. Although the Corean women exhibit a great curiosity to see foreigners, and can be continually seen peering from behind doors and stockades, the soldiers keep an ever watchful eye on them and drive them back to a safe ,distance. On the ride to Seoul one is often reminded that bright eyes are watching him from behind the trees or bushes as he passes along the road, but woe betide them if they are discovered by the soldiers, for they have no hesitation in pursning them with the bamboo. The costume of the men is particularly adapted to the life of idleness. The headdress consists of three parts-first, the band which goes about the head, being stretched as tightly as possible across the forehead and secured to buttons or rings just behind the ears; then the inner, hat of horse hair, which is merely a receptacle for the hair and topknot, and, sey' and 'bulls eye.' No dear. Not finally, the outer hat of bamboo, which here. Not in this journal of civilization. resembles somewhat, in width of brim, But you may work us a neat little title the old fashioned Quaker hat, though not so large in the crown as that was. It mixed up with daisies and lilies of the may be mentioned that some of these valley and other modest things, and the hats are very expensive, and can be made hats are very expensive, and can be made secret of your poetical ambition shall go to cost as high as \$60. The outer garments consist of a pair of baggy trousers stuck into padded stockings, the latter so large that they give the wearer the appearance of one suffering from gout in the feet; above these a cotton jacket, and over all a robe or gown, which resembles a lady's morning wrapper as much as anything else, although it might easily be mistaken for a nightshirt. This outside wrap is tied about the waist, and the Corean is dressed, except as to the articles that he carries with him. First of all comes the pipe, and this is an article that no true Corean is ever without. Next, he has attached to his girdle his chow knife and chop sticks and two bags. In one of these he carries his Young widow-"Ob, my dear, I have 40 tobacco, and the other contains his -but such a bother as they were to have pochetbook, if he has one, and several articles for the toilet. He may also carry an oil paper cover for his hst, in case it should rain. If he owns a waich What was in it: "My case is just that is also carried at his girdle as a fob. ere," said a citizen to a lawyer. "The Nearly all of the better class wear glasses distinguished mark when in their box and attached to the belt,-N.Y.Times.

in the fact that the doctors said that she died of poison-some strange, deadly, Indian drug, seldom seen in this conntry, and Mohun had spent some years in

But the general impression was, either that the doctors were mistaken, or that she had taken it herself by accident or otherwise.

Mohun must have known of the gos sip, but he never seemed sensitive on the subject, and though he seldom spoke of his wife, he had no appearance of avoiding to do so.

I don't think, either, that hardly any of the women of his acquaintance would have hesitated a moment about marrying him on account of anything that was said about him.

Indeed, the most of them would have been glad of a chance to be the wife of the handsome and agreeable master of Beanmesnil

Whether Miss Gueltan was one of these, remains to be seen. She was not like other women in most respects, but ahe did not seem indifferent to Capel Mohun's attentions; and, if for any reason he intermitted them, or lingered beside another long, she had a way of drawing him back to her without any seeming effort.

Miss Gueltan's beauty was of a rathe peculiar type. She was very dark, but had a rich color, in cheek and lip, and blue-gray eyes, that were fairly dazzling in their brilliancy.

'Did it ever strike you," said Blanche Camadine to her most devoted-Chat Devereux-"how like Miss Gueltan is to the portrait of Mr. Mohun's wife, in the picture gallery?"

"Certainly not!" returned Devereux. "Mrs. Mohun was a pure blonde; Miss Gueltan is a brunette.'

Still there is a resemblance-about the eyes-and the carriage of the headand I should think they might have been about the same hight and figure."

"I don't know but you're right," Devereux said, slowly, looking across to where Vivien Gueltan stood talking with her host.

She had a bunch of orimson lillies in her white hand, and one trailing in the silken blackness of her long hair. As they watched her she looked up at Mohun

"There!" exclaimed Miss Camadine "that is what I mean-that kind of blazing in the eyes. Come with me now and look at the picture."

"I see what you mean. I wonder if Mohun has noticed it?"

"Perhaps. That may be one of her attractions for him. He was so fond of his wife."

Deverenx iaughed. "I don't believe that rubbish, do you?

"Certainly! Why not? Vivien Guel-tan must believe it, for she very earnest-ly requested me not to speak before him of har resemblance to his wife."

"Ob, then, you have mentioned it r? Boes she think it berself ?" "I don't know. She smiled very coldly

when I spoke of it." "I wonder i sho is in love with him?"

It took its name from the large and splendid mirrors which lined its walls at intervals, with tall roses of rare exotics set between.

Capel Mohun had been waiting in this room a long time it seemed to him, when the door at last opened, and across the soft, thick carpet a woman came slowly toward him, dressed in white. He had been thinking of his dead wife,

perhaps. Nuturally enough, too, this having been a favorite room of hers. At any rate, now he grew deadly pale, and stood without speaking, without moving, scarcely even breathing, till the

woman was close beside him. Then he drew a long, deep inspiration. "Miss Gueltan!" he exclaimed, smil-

ing faintly, "do you know you startled me wonderfully? You look to night so like-some one I knew once, who is dead now!" he concluded after a pause.

"Yes?" said Vivien. "Your wife, was it not?" slowly lifting the intense brilliance of her eyes to his,

"Yes. The resemblance is remark able."

"Not very. Your wife and I were half-sisters," she said, watching him still with that luminous gaze. "You never saw me before, because I was adopted very young by an aunt. I took her name also at her death, as a condition of inheriting ber fortune."

"Elaine, your sister!" he exclaimed. "Why did you not tell me?"

"I had my reasons," she answered

coldly. Mohun reflected a moment. As in a flash, he understood her, and grew still a little paler and graver.

"You thought-" he began presently, paused, and began again; "I will tell you about your sister's death; I have never told any one. I have borne to have a bad, black suspicion whispered of mc, rather than darken her memory with a shadow; but between you and me must be truth. Elaine never loved me. She married me in a fit of pique at the man she did love. Her lover came to see her after she was my wife, I knowing nothing of her former engagement to him. But I trusted her too entirely to have doubted her if I had known. They had made every arrangement to flee together, when I made discoveries and stopped them. That night Elaine went to my private desk and took from a secret compartin it the Indian drug which she knew I kept there, more as a curiosity than any-thing else, and with it killed herself. She left a letter telling me all; but I have never shown it to any one. You can see it, if you like."

As he ceased speaking Vivien was trembling from head to foot. She let the golden tissue which wrapped her head slip to the floor, and extending her hands, while tears filled her eyes, whispered almost inarticulately:

"Forgive me!"

Mohun took her in his arms for answer, and, as he rained kisses on the sweet face, asked:

"You do, indeed, love me, Vivien?" "Oh, yes, yes-you only!" So Blanche Camadine won the gloves.

"She seems very much absorbed in Pride is increased by ignorance; th his society; and yet, I have seen a look assume the most who know the least. Pride is increased by ignorance; those

o'clock A. M. (present style), the beginning of the nineteenth hour, and so on around the circle. A man reading of events occurring in Europe at a certain time a day would not be in blissful force, of the time when they really did fiers thought they were on the track of ignorance, if the new standard were in occur. Under the new standard there would no longer be any question about New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Pittsburg, Chicago and the numerous other standards now in force.

The Pennsylvania railroad company is anxious to have the new standard of twenty four o'clock adopted, and will readily units with other companies in having it put into effect. The officers of that company say there is no necessity for the public discarding its present method of telling the time, if not satisfied with the proposed new railroad standard. It will be very easy on the clocks and watches now in use to reckon the railroad time. Another time convention will probably be called, at which the subject will be thoroughly canvassed and adopted.

The White House,

Under the present administration the president's house, and the private apartments especially, has been improved and beautified to such an extent that it would hardly be recognized by some of its former occupants. Particular attention has been paid to embellishing that portion of the mansion allotted to the use of the president and his family, and the parlors, sitting and bedrooms are now arranged in the most tasteful manner, and worthy of the chief magistrate of the United States. President Arthur, after the death of his predecessor, moved across the hall from the southwest to the northwest corner of the mansion, and his sleeping room is a model of tasteful and rich furnishing. The curtains, carpets, portieres and paper this room are of of pale blue tint, commonly known as pigcon egg blue, and the furniture, with the exception of the bedstead, corre-

sponds with the other appointments. A pleasanter bedroom could not be imagined, and it is airy, well-ventilated, and lighted from the north by three large windows. Adjoining this, at the northwest angle of the building, is the private study of the president, and it is here that he transacts the greater portion of his private business undisturbed. Sur rounded by books, choice engravings, photographs of intimate friend and arth cles of vertu indescribable, a cosier nock could not have been selected, and the view on all sides is charming. Conspicnous among the photographs is the late French Statesman, Leon Gambetta, appended to which is his autograph, in a clear, business-like hand. The portrait of Attorney-General Brewster also occupies a prominent position in his study djacent to a large sized photograph of Christine Nilsson and her autograph.

Passing out of the study into a large hall, the visitor is impressed by the magFence Posts.

present time.-London Times.

An experimental writer on this subject very rationally remarks: "To have a fence, a fence that will last, we must have good posts, for that is the part that gives ont first by rotting off at the sur-face of the soil. Then the fence has to come down, new posts set, and the boards replaced. Sixteen years ago I experimented with fences, and find seasoned oak posts, oiled and then tarred with boiling coal tar, makes them last the longest. I took green posts that were sawe I five inches square at one end and two by five inches at the other, and seven feet long. I tarred half as many as would build my fence, and the other half I put in the ground green with nothing done to them. In five years after, the tarred posts were nothing but a shell under the ground, all the inside being decayed. Some of the other posts were rotted off, and some were about half rotten. Two years after, I built another fence, with sca-

Ground Millet for Hogs .- Ground millet seed is excellent food for hogs. It has a nutritive ratio of 1:5-4-that is, 1 of albuminoids to 5.4 carbo-hydrates. This is a good fattening ration, and it will depend upon the relative value of corn whether the two should be ground together. Half millet and half corn ground fine, will make a better ration than corn alone. The pork will have a better proportion of lean, and the pige will be healthier while fattening. Ground millet will be found very appropriate food for growing young pigs, giving them a larger and more muscular frame.

Society.

"No, Clatinda, you can't rhyme "Wolstrip for our hat, with our initals in it all with us to the grave."

A country editor undertook to ride on a pass belonging to one of his subscribers who had an advertisement in his paper. After examining it the conductor looked at it and the editor, and said: "This pass is crooked." "Guess not." said the editor, blandly. "But I say it "That's just where you are fooling yourself; it's me that's crooked. The pass is all right enough."

Regrets: Miss Gushington (to young widow whose husband had left a large fortune)-"That is the 14th mourning costume I have seen you wear in three days and each lovelier than the other. made! At one time I almost wished poor dear Georgs hadn't died!"

here," said a citizen to a lawyer. "The Nearly all of the better class wear glasses plaintiff will swear that I hit him. I of some sort, and these being very large nificent surroundings, all of which were arranged under the personal supervision of the president. Several of the best works of Bierstadt, loaned by the artist,