THE ORCHARD BARS. C. W. B403504. The ban are down the bars are down and whal come finiting through But memories that smile or frown. In ross-seaf pink and russ et brown, And eyes of fathfus blue?

They take my hand, unwillingly lent,
They lead me where they will;
I catch the apple blossoms' scent,
And loving skies above are bent.
And bess are never still.

I feel the south wind on my cheek, I hear the blue bird sing: The violets in the grass I seek: To me the leaves and mosses speak: It is my boyhood's spring.

I know naught of the storms that wear Upon the souls of men.
My hear is sweet, my world is fair, and mother love and father out.
Are round me once again.

And now the shade has grown more deep Upon the orehard grass. The Findly Baldwins, ha'f saleep, Blotch out their fruited beughs to sweep Our faces as we pass.

They touch her face me pure so fair!

(O bought! if you could speak!)
Her voice makes softer still 'he air—

A white rose neaties in her hair,

A red one on her check!

Beside the bars we walt to hear
The whippoorwild's first era:
The sume: fires burn low and clear.
And earth grows dim and heaven draws nesr—
We feel it—the and I.

Now swift the pictures come and go —
I see the orchard stan t
Through summer bloom and winter snow,
With raddy color all sglow.
And laughter in the land;

I see it desolate and dumb
Through veiling mist of tears.
When sorrow to my sout has come,
And life, grown strangs and wearisome,
Holds out its blank, dead years.

O toving hearts! O days of yore!
O grayes beneath the stan!
I can look back no more, no more—
My eyes are dim, my heart is sore—
I will put up the bars.

THE BELLE OF THE BAKERY.

It was not one of your common bakeries. It was a very genteel bakery, indeed, with a solid plate-glass window, and "Parties and Weddings Supplied" ble, and the walls were frescoed with peacock feathers and half-open fans. And Mrs. Biggs knew nothing at all about "the business," but came in and out of a private door, and Miss Edel-githa, her daughter, was taking lessons on the plane, and in arrasene work, and read D'Israeli's novels.

As for Mr. Biggs himself, he was invisible half the day in the subterranean region, whence he would occasionally emerge with a very red face, and hair and whiskers powdered with flour.

"They ain't nothing like the master's e," Mr. Biggs would observe, with a noble disregard of grammar which was peculiarly aggravating to Edelgitha.

Then there was Mary-"Polly," Mr. Biggs called her. Mary Biggs had ceme to visit Edelgitha, and be educated with her, when the sudden death of her father left her unprovided for, and all but friendless.

'She's most educated, ain't she?" said Mr. Biggs. "Del'll put her through and make a teacher of her, eh, wife?"

"Pray, Mr. Biggs, don't go to putting such nonsense into the child's head!" said Mrs. Biggs. "It's a deal too expensive, and it will be three years at least before she will be qualified to golden cakelets on the table. each. And we can't board and clothe her all that time. Let her go down into | would only taste them the bakery and help you. You were complaining only yesterday of being

short of hauds." "But it's most a pity, ain't it?" said Mr. Biggs, who has a kind heartel soul. "Such a bright, smart little creature as

"Pshaw!" said Mrs. Biggs. "You want bright, smart creatures, don't

"But I somehow calculated to give

Polly the same advantages as Edelgitha," urged the baker, wriggling like an uneasy eel. Then you calculated entirely with

out your host," observed Mrs. Biggs, tartly. "We are not Rothschilds, and Signor Caracoli charges eighty dollars a quarter; and I've spoken to a French mam'selle about daily lessons in conver sation at a dollar apiece. Besides"-with a sudden change of base-"Mary was te'ling me only yesterday that she pined for something to do. She has always been used to such active life.'

So Mary, in her black calico dress, with the mist of tears still heavy on her eyelids, went down into the workroom to help her uncle.

She was a brisk, efficient girl, who had what Uncle Biggs called "a level business head." She was a good accountant, and kept the books below stairs; and once in a while she amused herself with making up a pile of dainty, snowwhite meringues, or a batch of old-fashioned doughnuts, for the store. It was lonely down there, to be sure, among workmen, and she sighed at the busy workmen, and she sighed at times when she heard her Cousin Edelgitha practising the scales.

"It is very ungrateful of me," she said herself. "I ought to be glad and thankful to help good Uncle Biggs.

And it never occurred either to Mary or her uncle that if she hadn't been so very much prettier than Edelgitha she never would have been banished to the basement of the bakery.

"Edelgitha must marry rich," said Mrs. Biggs. "We have prepared her to adorn any station; and Mr. Lilburne certainly was very attentive when he met her at the private view of the picture gallery. I really think he likes Edel-

"He's a queer old fish," said the baker meditatively.
"But he's rich," said Mrs. Biggs. githa

"Well, then, let us ask him to supper, and leave him and Edelgitha alone to-gether afterward?" suggested Mr. Biggs. That is, if she likes him."

"Biggs, don't be a goose," said the lady irritably. "You haven't a soul above one of your own flour barrels-no, nor you won't never have."

Mr. Biggs retired, and gave his whole attention to the checking off of a locky load of St. Louis flour, which was being woman." delivered at the alloy door.

Mary Biggs had come up into the store to whisper one of her uncle's messages to the stylish young woman behind the counter, when a servant girl hurried in and emptied about a peck of little flat sir," brown cakes on the glass top of the show

"Mr. Lilburne's compliments, miss, said she; "and they're trash!"
"What?" said the shop woman.

was only lard and molasses. He wanted the kind his mother used to bake on Saturday morning. The very first one he tasted he threw on the floor.

"Well," remarked the shep woman, tossing her head, "if our ginger snaps don't suit the gentleman, then it's im-possible to suit him. That's all!"

"He's been sick, you know," said the maid servant, apologotically. "And he is just getting better, and his appetite's her daughter.

dreadful uncertain, and Mrs. Pugsley my missus-she thought she was sure to tempt him with these 'cre. 'Ginger-snaps,' said he. 'Just what I've been a-longin' for. My mother used to bake em for me when I was a child. Yes, Mrs. Pugsley, said he, 'you may order 'em for me.' But," with a mild sigh, "missus might ha' known they wouldn't suit. Nothin' suits when a gentleman's just off a sick bed."

"Is it Mr. Lilburne?" said Mary. "Oh, I remember him. He came here once and went to sleep while Edelgitha was singing 'Oh Summer Night!' I liked him. He talked to me about the country. He knew all about calves and chickens and cranberry awamps and robins' nests. Does he like ginger-snaps? I'll make some for him. I know an oldfashioned receipt that is always good. Come here to morrow, my good girl," to the maid, "and I'll have some ready for you. Poor Mr. Lilburne! I'm sorry he's

The smart shopwoman stared as supercilionaly as Lizzt or Chopin might have done if a village bugler had volunteered to teach them the first principles of music.

A country-girl, like that, expect to compete with Biggs' Celebrated Bakery! Well, really, the shopwoman didn't know what the world was coming to!

But little Polly hurried down stairs again to where Mr. Biggs, all powdered with flour, was laying down the law to some of his satellites.

"Ginger, my dear?" said he. "And flour? What you like—what you like! As gilded in sprawling letters across the I was telling you, Johnson, a barrel of front. The floor was of chequered marcan't drive it. Flour is flour, and must be handled according."
Mr. Leonidas Lilburne, stalking un-

easily about his sick-room and anathematizing the sluggish current of the hours, was secretly making up his mind to get married.

"After a man has once been sick in a boarding house," he said to himself, "he's a fool if he don't look around for a home of his own. I am forty next month. It's high time I was thinking of settling in life.-Eh, who's there?" "It's me, sir, please!" said Mrs. Pugs

ley-"with some ginger-snaps."
"Pshaw!" said Mr. Lilburne. "Fling em out of the window! Give 'em to the dogs! I don't want any more of your city

humougs!" "But please, sir, these are quite different?' Mrs. Pugsley coaxed—"made by a young woman from the country, as works in Mr. Biggs' bakery. And I was to ask would you be so very good as only to

taste 'em?" "Oh, yes, I'll taste them!" said Mr Lilburne, sarcastically. "It's no trouble to poison myself, just to oblige people!" And Mrs. Pugsley, entering with an

apprehensive air, put the plate of round, "I really think, sir," said she, "if you

"Hum, hal" said Mr. Lilburne. "These are quite a different article! These are the kind my old mother used to turn out! They're ambrosis-they're food for the gods! Who made them I

say?"
"I—I don't know, sir, I'm sure," seid
Mrs. Pugsley, rather discomfited by this direct address. "Some young person in Mr. Biggs' bakery.

"Order a carriage!" said Mr. Lilburne "and bring me my sable-trimmed overcoat at once! I'll go and see that young woman. I don't believe there is another person on the American continent that can make ginger snaps like these, now that my poor old mother is buried!"

Mary Biggs came, laughing, up from Mary Biggs came, magnification the subterranean deeps of Biggs' bakery. "Oh, yes, Mr. Lilburne," said she, made the snaps. Don't you remember me—Edelgitha's cousin?"

"But what are you doing down here?" demanded Mr. Lilburne in some amaze

ment.

"Earning my own living," Polly promptly answered. "And they told me you didn't like the store snaps, so I baked some after my grandmother's old Mr. Lilburne looked at Polly with the

respect due to a maker of incomparable ginger-snaps, mingled with chivalrous pity for a desolate maiden. "Miss Polly," said he-"that was what

they called you, wasn't it?"
"Yes," said Polly, "that's my name."
"Perhaps I ought to warn you that I'm
geing to be a little abrupt," said he;

but-I should like to marry you. "Oh, dear," said Polly, starting back in amazement, "I couldn't think of such a thing.

"Yes, you can," said Mr. Lilburne.
"Think of it, that's all. Think of it for a week, and then let me know of your final decision. I'm not what the world calls a gay young lover, but I can give you a good home and an honest, loving heart. Your uncle can tell you all about Leonidas Lilburne. There, I won't tease you any longer. Just take my proposal into consideration, that's all."

So he went away, and Mary, in her great perplexity, went in among the flour-barrels and took counsel with Un-

"Uncle!" she exclaimed, "what am l to do?" "My dear," said the old man, stroking

her head with floury, yet not unkindly hands, "what do you think? Could you learn to like him?" "I think so," confessed Mary, with

down cast eyes. "Then I recommend you to say ye said Uncle Biggs. "Lilburne is a good, warm-hearted fellow if a little eccentric,

And he thought of Edelgiths and sighed. A week subsequently, Mr. Lilburne gave his landlady warning. "I hope I haven't failed to suit you,

"It isn't that, Mrs. Puglsley," said he.
"But I am going to be married."
"I'm sure, sir," I congratulate you,"
sir," she said, faintly.

"You may well do so, ma'am," said ble of experienced printers temporarily insane. There is no lover of Dickens so "Mr. Lilburne's compliments; and

they're trash!" repeated the maid, "He nue, as domestic as Dorcas, and-she makes ginger-snaps such as my poor mother once did! Yes, Mrs. Pugsley, I feel that I have gained a prize."

So Polly Biggs' ginger-enaps won the treasure which Miss Edelgitha's frills and French conversation had been powerless to reach.

"I really can't see what Mr. Lilburne saw to fancy in my Cousin Polly!" said she, with spiteful tears.

And Mrs. Biggs could not enlighten

In one of Byron's poems we find these

Failing like dew upon a thought, produce
That which makes thousands, perhaps
hillions, think."
It is often a work of love to the interested student of literature to trace back these drops till they flow directly from the facile pen of a brilliant author, to note his style of chirography, his meth-ods of composition, and the happy occasion that gave birth to some of those wonderful word paintings which grace the mother tongue and thrill our hearts with their inspiration.

Among the famous men of our own country there is one who will always be remembered by his atrocious handwriting -Horace Greeley, the sage of Chappa-qua. His manuscript was very illegible. Fancy, if you can, his disgust when the printer gave forth to the world, "Washing with soap is wholly absurd," instead of "Virtue is its own reward." His copy was a perfect string of riddles for the unfortunate compositors. One of his leaders on William H. Seward came forth entitled "Richard the Third;" his "freemen in buckram" was turned into "three men in a back room," while "Ju-piter Pluvius" appeared in print as "In-spector Phineas." He once wrote a note to a brother editor in New York whose writing equalled his own. The recipient of the note returned it by the boy mes-senger, unable to read it. Mr. Greeley. supposing it to be the reply, glanced it over and could not read it himself, and said to the boy: "Go, take it back. What does the fool mean?" "Yes, sir," replied

the boy, "that's just what he said! There is a story illustrating the beauty of Rufus Choate's penmanship. When living on a farm he desired a new fence built, and having a rough sketch of it drawn, he handed it to the carpenter, and hastened to catch the train. When he returned, it was to survey in amazement the extraordinary, zigzag, crazy looking fence. In the hasty inquiry that followed, it appeared that Mr. Choate had furnished by mistake a note in his own handwriting instead of the original plan.

Hon. Thad. Stevens, the "Old Commoner," replied by letter to a friend's query; in vain did the friend endeavor to decipher it's contents; weeks after, the letter was handed to the writer, who could not read it himself till reminded of the matter that called it forth.

A president of one of our great railroads wrote to an old farmer requesting him to remove some shedding. The man could not make it out, "guessed" it was a free pass, and used it as such for a year, none of the conductors disputing

During the latter part of the life of the Duke of Wellington his writing was often illegible. A letter of his to a minister in Lord Derby's cabinet has not

George Sand, Lamartine, and Napoleon I., could never have shown in spelling-school, for their orthographical sins

were many.
Some of the letters received by Maria Louisa from her illustrious spouse looked as though a bomb shell had ex-

ploded over the paper.

Many celebrated authors have been very rapid writers; this is the case with Sue, Dumas and Lamartine. It was at Monte Cristo that Dumas wrote the most of later novels. He was asked one day at dinner how much time he would require to write a novel in two volumes, of four was the reply. A wager was made.

Dumas called for pen and paper, and,
beginning at the dinner-table, he wrote with but a few hours of repose, until, be-fore the number of hours had expired, he had finished one of his most interesting novels, Le Chevalier Maison Rouge.

"I compose hastily," said Burns, "but correct laboriously," "Holding the plow," his brother Gilbert testified, was a favorite situation with Robert for poetic composition, and some of his best verses were produced while at that exer-

Ariosto wrote one of his stanzas sixteen times over, while Petrarch was not satisfied with one of his until he had rendered it in forty-six ways. Newton remodeled his Chronology sixteen times. Gibbon wrote nine autobiographies before he was pleased with his work. Samuel Rogers achieved four harmonious lines in a day. Gray's famous Elegy took

seven years of penwork.

Daniel Webster, on one occasion, presented, with a brief epistle, a valuable book to a literary society at Harvard. The note, so carefully elegant and graceful, elicited many compliments. It was discovered, however, when the book was examined, that the donor had thoughtlessly left between its pages a paper on which half a dozen different forms of the same note were written.

A daughter of Cooper, the novelist, speaking of her father, remarked: always wrote two hours every morningwrote rapidly, almost always with his own band, and seldom erased or amended what he had written."

Thackeray was an accomplished pen man. A few weeks before his death, he was present at the usual Saturday dinner of the contributors to Punch and was challenged to give an example of his skill. Thackeray produced a four-penny piece, marked the circle of the coin on a piece of paper, drew a crown in the center, and filled the remainder of the space with the Lord's Prayer, using no con-

tractions except spelling the word which Dickens was a methodical writer, but his copy was a terror to the printer. The original manuscript of Our Mutual Friend crossed the ocean to find itself in the library of George W. Childs, of Philadelphia. A lady, writing a description of the prized treasure, says: "Almost always writing on thick, blue note paper, and with blue ink, Dickens has been faithful to his rule in this manuscript. The firmness and closeness of the writing are enough to render the most amia-

ardent as to willingly read a page through, nor would the most mercenary peruse both volumes for less than their weight in gold."

Lamb was very fastidious, wrote slow ly, and subjected every word to severe self-criticism, aided, as he doubtless thought, by the fu "es of the tobacco he

Charlotte Bronte used to sit patiently writing day after day with a lead pencil in little paper books made by herself, which she held close to her near-sighted eyes. The language was hardly ever A SHORT GOSSIP ABOUT WRITERS. changed upon the printed page.—Ar thur's Home Magazine.

Gladys McNulty's Lament.

"God pity me!"
Gladys McNulty, usually so proud and composed, and who moved about in the little world of those who knew her

with the stately grace of a New York Post editorial, sank on a fauteuil as she uttered these words and sobbed as if her shoestrings would break.

In the lindens that lived the entrance were thrilling their merriest lays, while over by the woodshed the haggard out lines of an abandoned hoopskirt through which the daisies were peeping showed that spring, the most pulmonary and besutiful season of the year, had arrived. In the broad fields that stretched away to the westward the farmers were preparing the ground for the seed which nourished in the bosom of mother earth and warmed by the genial rays of the sun, would soon become the ripened grain, yielding to its owner a bounteons harvest, and enabling him to play against bunko when he visits Chicago in the fall. A ruddy-faced boy, picking sand burrs from between his toes, fleeks

the horizon and lends an added beauty to the enchantment of the scene. And yet, lying there on the fautenil, whose velvety surface is not more soft than her cheek, Gladys McNulty is sobbing away the hours of this beautiful June morning, and ever and anon there comes from between her white lips a lov, despairing moan that is pitiful in its sad intensity. But finally the convulsive sobs that are racking her dresswaist grow fainter, and in a little while she sits up, the pink suffusion of a blush telling all too plainly which side she had

been lying on. And as she sits there gazing listlessly into the middle of next week her mother a pleasant faced woman without corsets,

enters the room. "Why are you weeping, Gladys?" she

asks. The girl does not answer, and strive as she may to keep down the sobs that are welling up from her heart the effort is in vain, and again the pretty face is bedewed with tears. But an instant later she has conquered her emotions and looks bravely up at her mother.

"I will tell you, mamma," she says, "the cause of my sorrow. I was crying to-think that you cannot go to the mati-

nee to morrow. "And why may I not go?" "Because," answers Gladys in a voice that is hoarse with agony, "I have con-cluded to take it in myself."

Women's Wages.

A writer in the Woman's Journal words: "I oftentimes think what a noble work for humanity, our working girls is doing. The next eration of working women will bless them for their patient, pioneer work. Only within the last half century have women pushed themselves into the various vocations which had before been monopolized by our brothers, who, having both the capital and the experierce, gave to their sisters only menial places, with hard work and little pay. With the meek submission characteristic of the women of fifty years ago, they accepted the lowly position and worked long and hard and well, only to find that the miserable pittance paid them would barely support life.

"But the day is fast approaching when sex will no longer determine wages. Woman is pushing herself forward in every avenue of business life. She has risen from the poor shop girl into the proprietor of dry goods and millinery stores. Instead of being only the copyist of tiresome law papers, she has risen to the dignity and commands the fees of the first class lawyer. Instead of the ridiculed and scorned medical student, she practices among our best fami lies, and instructs by her books and papers even, the superior sex in her profession. From the humble, ill-paid school teacher of a half century ago since we see her rising to the important position of county and city superintendent, and she in compelling by her patient labor so faithfully performed, a larger compensation. And in every other department where women are laboring, by their faithful devotion to their employ ers' interests, by their work which em-ployers themselves acknowledge could not be done better. Their work as workmen is becoming proverbial and their wages are advancing. O, my sisters, you patient, humble toilers, despair not! A brighter day is dawning. Your painstaking work of fifty years has not been all in vain. Already, although your work of fifty years has had to bear comparison with mescaling work restricted. with masculine work perfected with long generations of the accumulated wisdon of fathers and sons, the world of employers acknowledge your eminent fitness and worth in all the vocations in which you are laboring. Your reputation once established, corresponding wages must follow."

Flats in Gotham.

There has rarely been a busier time among builders in New York than the present. The statistics of building operations from January 1st to September 1st, show an outlay of over \$44,000,000 on new structures of various kinds. First-class buildings, including large business houses, absorbed \$12,669,000. The outlay upon flats was close on \$10,-000,000. On tenements and tenement stores it was \$8,750,000. It was thought a few years ago that the flat craze had been outdone, but that seems to have been a mistake. The \$10,000,000 already out into it this year is mostly for very large flats, such as accommodate a dozen to a score of families each, very high buildings chiefly, which dwarf and generally darken all their surroundings. The first flats put up in New York were four stories high. After a while the height was increased to six stories. Then

as elevators came into use, one or two more atories were added. When eightstory buildings were put up it was thought that the limit as to height had been reached. But the upward tendency kept on. The buildings of eightstories were followed by ones of nine stories, and those in turn by ten story buildings, which looked simply titanic. But the advances skyward did not stop there. Eleven story buildings came next, and now I hear there are some prodigious piles projected which shall be twelve and thirteen stories. Many persons seem to like being perched up in the air in those enormous structures. They go up and come down in elevators and they say they flud better air at the top, and much less noise than in the low-er stories. Most of the very large flats are claimed to be fire proof, but if a fire got well started in one of them I certainly should not like to be on the top floor, half way up toward the stars. They all rent readily, however, so it appears there are a great many people who have faith in the fire proof theory. We may have a big French flat fire some day, though, to Brierton Villa the robin redbreasts that will shake the theory and give the picturesque reporters a chance to say something about a "holocost." It will be providential if we don't .- Corr. Hart-

The Carrier Pigeon.

Once on a time it was a swift messenger brought into service to convey missiles of affection to and fro between love-lora individuals residing at long distances apart. At each end of the "line," the dove, with a perfumed note tied with a gay ribbon around its neck, would be turned loose, and almost with the swiftness of electricity would faithfully deliver the precious charge. Latterly they have been employed in the service of war instead of that of peace. The French used them successfully during the siege of Paris as a means of conveying important information to the provinces, and the Germans have since improved upon the idea by making them "regular arm" of their military service. Trained pigeons are as regularly kept in all the great Teutonic fortresses as are trained artillery. They are more reliable than baloons, or serial machines. It makes no difference to them from which quarter of the compass the wind may blow. His diminutiveness ands ma-terially to his safety. He would indeed be a sharp and accurate marksman who could bring one of marksman who could bring one of the young gentlemen who hunt the gentlemen down. They fly where no one can the young gentlemen who hunt the gentlemen down. They fly where no one can the young gentlemen who hunt the gentlemen down. They fly where no one can the young gentlemen who hunt the gentlemen down. Sometime ago an experiment was tried. The country of the young gentlemen who hunt the gentlemen who hunt the gentlemen who hunt the gentlemen ago an experiment was tried. The young gentlemen who hunt the gentlemen who have the gentlemen who had the of a race between two carrier pigeons and a continental mail, and the bird beat the locomotive about an hour. It must be considered, however, that the loco-motive sped along curves and deviations through highways that were far from straight, while the bird flew on a comparatively straight line. Another race between a fast horse and a pigeon, re-sulted in an easy victory for the latter, who made a mile and eighty yards while his competitor at the top of his speed, made but half a mile. The value of the carrier pigeon in certain exigencies, is, therefore, demonstrated. He may more reliable than mail in time of political disturbance, and more sure than telegraph wires that are liable to be cut. He could not carry a great burden, to be sends forth the following encouraging sure, but as a conveyor of cipher dispatches, he may come more prominently and generally to the foregrou

"Button, button, who has the button?" asked a glove that had been dropped on the toilet table.

"I've got it," answered Jimmy's jack "Tve several buttons, in fact."
"No." replied the closet door. have it myself; the carpenter gave it to

"I had a dozen or so," said a boot looking rather down at the heel.
"And I had a hundred or more,

yawned an easy chair; "but they don't button anything; they don't belong to the working class."
"Here's a bachelor's butten,"

garden," said the button hooker; "I bane of modern educational institutions, "I know better than that," pouted the closet door. "Mine grew in the veins of the earth, where all the precious metals are found. It's a poor relation of theirs."

"And we," added a pair of ivory sleeve buttons, "we grew in the land of the white clerhant. We was a second the second their second their second than the second their second than the sec suppose you all grew there.' white elephant. We were carved from the tusks of the leader, who threaded

the jungles and swam the rivers at the head of his troops. said the glove. "My buttons," said the glove, "were nearly related to the gem which Cleopatra dissolved for Antony. They were mother of pearl grown in the shell of the pearl oyster, for which divers risk their

"That's something of a fish story," thought Jimmy's jacket. "My buttons are only glass; but glass is sometimes made of sand, and who knows but their atoms may have been swept down to the seashore from 'farthest India'?"

"And I," whispered the bachelor's

button, "I sprang from a tiny seed, with all my spiender of blue and purple wings, like the Afrite from the jar which the fisherman found on the beach. It is a miracle how I was packed away there! -Mary N. Prescott, in St. Nicholas.

Next to the fur trade, fishing is Alaska's most important industry, both in regard to the amount of capital invested and the number of persons employed. At cer-tain seasons of the year the Alaskan waters fairly swarm with fish, and so ravenous are these that they will readily bite a naked hook. The supply is prac-tically inexhaustible, and fine large fich are bought by the canneries from the Indians at \$2 50 per 100. The salmon are not as large as the Columbia river fish but the great difference in price at last believed him, and one coun more than makes up the great difference

Heard on the street: "That handsome gentleman seemed to know you. Why did you not bow to him? Was he mistaken?" "No, not exactly. We were engaged all summer; but you know the season is over now and it would never do to recognize him in the city. He doesn't belong to our set."

"Did you give Johnny the medicine, Mrs. Brown?" asked the doctor. "Oh, yes, doctor," replied the loving mother; and then she added innocently: "And it don't seem to have done him the least

NEWS ITEMS.

A Philadelphia bootblack cleared \$1900 in one year, and has sent enough money to his parents in Italy to buy them a comfortable home.

An Amhurst student was recently surprised by a visit from an owl, which, flew in his open window. The vonth is perhaps destined to be our future chief justice.

"They also serve, who only stand and Waite," is the motto of the United States supreme court. It consoles men whose cases will not be reached for the next decade.

A leopard recently escaped at the zoological gardens in Philadelphia, but was shot before leaving the grounds. He cost \$800 and had been caged five months. A Prussian city cleared 3000 marks this year by the sale of fruit grown on

its byways and hedges. The Prussian small boy must have been spending his summer by the sea. Li-Fong-Pao, the Chinese ambaseader

at Bertin, Vienoa and Rome, addresses the pope officially as "Tien-Te Brama," i.e., high priest of heaven, or divine high priest. A swarm of bees has for many years occupied the spire of a New Jersey church, and it is believed that a gentle

deluge of honey will some day trickle down that spire-per-spire in fact. Philadelphia Chinese are banded together in secret fraternities. One of these is believed to be responsible for a sudden diminution in the number of

Chinese pupils in the Epiphany Sunday school. "Detectives" is what the public are taught to call Pinkerton's movable rifle corps. They seem to be an American improvement on the Swiss Guard, with a Winchester repeater attachment; and are warranted to serve corporations with the

same fidelity that militia serve the state. Emperor Francis of Austria and his empress once attended the performance of a play which abounded in political allusions. On leaving the theater, he remarked good-naturedly: "We may congratulate ourselves on having seen the piece at all, for I am sure it will speedily

be forbidden.' An attempt is being made to introduce chamois into the mountains of Bohemia. It would be quite the correct thing for ton. "American shammy" would sound very well.

EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

Of the 167 students in the Texas university, forty are women.

The admission of women to the university of Louisiana is agitated. There are over 200,000 children in

Alabama who do not attend school. Professor Sylvester has resigned the chair of mathematics in John Hopkin's university, and has been made professor

The Nebraska state university is still destitute of a chancellor, Prof. Adams of Ann Arbor, Mich., being the latest to refuse the position. The whole number of students in the

emeritus.

There are 7060 American students in attendance at German universities. The school fund in North Carolina last year amounted to \$722,153, of which 8509,736 was disbursed, leaving \$212,416 on hand for the spring schools. The schools were attended by 145,000 white

and 88,000 colored children. The school fund in North Carolina last year amounted to \$722,153, of which \$509,733 was disbursed, leaving \$212,417 on hand for the spring schools. The schools were attended by 145,000 white and 88,000 colored children.

Professor Paul Pausy of Paris, who says that America is the dustiest country he ever saw, and thinks our high school marked a vase of flowers on the bureau Vare not practical, falls into line with the "There is a button wood tree in the declaration that too much Latin is the

Mr. Ruskin has had scaffolds erected around the Ducal Palaco, Venice, so that casts may be taken of the sculpture. He keeps two artists constantly employed in making drawings from the best continental examples of old masters' works. Alma Tadema's picture called "Sap-

pho," which has already been etched by O. C. Murray and extensively published, has now advanced to the dignity of reproduction on a drop-scene of a theater in Edinburgh. The painting on the drop-scene is in monochrome. An accurate photograph was taken An accurate photograph was taken some time ago of a very ancient inseribed palm leaf preserved in the temple of Horiusi, Japan, and forwarded to England, where it will be duplicated by the autotype process. Max Muller wrote to the Times that it is considered the most

acter now known. It has been a sacred relic since A. D. 500. Taxing Mustaches and Eggs.

ancient manuscript in the Sanskrit char-

The following amusing dialogue, which took place the other day between an official and a number of revolutionary peasants in the neighborhood of Agram, illustrates the nature of some of the causes which have brought about some of the present troubles in Austria: "We wish," said the peasants, "to see the wish," said the peasants, "to see the papers in which the new taxes are writ-ten down." "I have neither papers nor wish," new taxes." "Tell that to so else, sir; we know very well that you have brought the papers. "I assure you it is not so." After a long parley, which ended in a search for the documents on the official's body, the peasants at last believed him, and one courageous spokesman asked, "So the new taxes do not exist?" "I assure you that they do not." "And we have to pay taxes according to the length of our mustache?" "Most certainly not." "Neither according to the number of children we have?" "What are you thinking of?" "Neither according to the number of eggs in our houses?" "Whoever told you such a thing?" Thereupon with loud exchamations of joy the peasants, who gathered together from many parishes, dispersed to their homes. Singular stories equally baseless have, however, played a prominent part is some of the greatest revolutions recorded in history.—Pall Mall Gazette.