TO MRS. CARLYLE,

I have read your giordouv letters.
Where you thoughts and mind out treely, in your own designful style:
And I fear my hates also mind I
For three pervane so character.
That my heart I say be one you—take it,
Jeautic Welsh Carific.

And I sit here, thinking thinking.
How your life was one long winking
at poor Thomas faults and fallings and his undu
share of bit;
Wou't you own, dear, just between us,
That this living with a gamius
isn't, sive ril, so pleasant—is it,
Jeannie welan Cariyla?

There was nothing that's demeaning
In those frequent times of cleaning.
When you secured and sombbed and nammered,
in such tipe housewisely style,
And those charming tess and dioners,
Graced by clev.rs-fluts and tinners.
Make me long to have been present—with you
Jeannie Weich Carlyle.

How you foushtwith dogs and chickens, Paring young women, and the dickens Knows what circt you stilled all racket, that might Thannas siece begulie; How you wrestled with the taxes. How you wrestled with the taxes. Making him the more dependent on you—Jeannie Welsh Carlyle.

Through it all from every quarter cams, like sunshine on the water, quick sense of fon and humor, and your oright, bewitching smile; And I own, I fairly revel
In the way that you say "devil"
'Fis so tene, so very vigorous, so like
Jeaunie Welsh Carryle.

Ail the time, say, were you missing
Just a little love and kissing—
still toring—that help to lighten many a westy,
dreary white?

Never a word you say to show it;
We may guess but never a now it;
You went quiety on without it—loyal
Jeannic weich Carlyle,
—Bric a-Brac, Century for November.

HUNTING A VOCATION.

We were country folks, Charlie and I, born and bred to farming life, both of us -a grand and glorious birthright, if we had only been sensible enough to know it; but we were simple, and sold our goodly inheritance for something less than a mess of pottage.

At the time of our marriage I lived in an old fashioned farm house with my grandfather. My parents were both dead, and from my babyhood be had made a great pet of me, and intended me for his heir-so rumor had it. This made me quite a belle in our quiet little village, and won me scores of suitors; but I did not care a fig for one of them. Charlie and I crossed each other in rather a romautic fashion, and fell in love at fisrt sight-and, strange to say, we kept in

We were betrothed in less than a month after our first meeting, with the hearty good wishes and congratulations of all our friends, who, being cognizant of the little romance that brought us together, took an unwonted interest in our well being. It was quite a commonplace adventure. My mad pony, Moonshine, took it into her silly head to run off one afternoon, and came within a bair's breadth of precipitating me over the bridge and into the river. Charlie, brought to the spot by one of those special providences in which I so con-fidently believe, saved me in my moment of peril, at the expense of his right arm, however, which was terribly shattered. Of course I could not help loving him after that; and when he asked me to be his wife I did not say him nay; and neither did my grandfather, though he was only a farmer's lad, with no fortune but his honest face and manly arm.

"The boy has a deal of impudence, he said; "but have it your own way-I've nothing to say."

We took him at his word and appointwas quite a stylish affair in its way-our old country mansion threw open its ponderous doors, and everybody far and near was invited. Grandfather gave me a splendid outfit and a bounteous wedding feast. When all was over, and we were preparing to start on our bridal he came to our chamber.

"Here, little girl," he said, putting an old-fashioned casket in my hand, "these are for you—they belonged to your grandmother; never sell them unless it is for bread."

As I unclasped the casket I screamed with delight. All my life long I coveted those diamonds; and here they were, large, lustrous, every single one worth a small fortune, and all my own. Grandfather smiled at my delight, and taking a sealed package from his pocket he handed it to Charlie.

"This is for you, young man," he continued; "I trust you'll know what to do

with it." Upon breaking the seal we found deed of gift for Walnut Hill, the farm adjoining the one on which my grandfather lived; but it had this proviso: We were to reside upon and cultivate the farm; removal forfeited our right of possession. It was a charming place, well stocked, and under fine cultivation, with a snug little farmhouse all furnished to our hand. After our wedding trip Charlie and I went up and took possession, feeling very rich and very happy, as, I suppose, newly married folks always do. For two or three months everything went on bravely. Charlie set to work in good earnest; he got in a good crop, and began to make preparations for cutting and hauling timber. Grandfather looked in every day or two, but said nothing. He meant for us to manage our own affairs he said-and we did. Just about baying time Charlie and I took a faucy to go to Riagara. Of course we went, and the consequence was the loss of the whole crop; the proper season missed, a long rain came on, and all the sweet scented fields were spoiled. Then the rust took the wheat and the corn was very poor for want of good tillage; so that the end of the year found us in

rather a meager condition.
"The farm's doing badly, grandfather, said Charlie, "I think we shall have to cast about for something else."

The old man laughed and shook his "A rolling stone gathers no moss," he replied. "The farm's well enough, Charlie; the fault lies with you."

Charlie's fine gray eyes flashed with indignant resentment. "As if I were not doing my best, and sacrificing all my prospects in the bar-gain!" he said; "and just to please him! Fact is, Belle, I don't think farming's my vocation—I think I've missed my calling."

"So do I, Charlie,' I chimed in eager ly, fired and excited by the sudden hope that my girlish dream of having a famous husband might yet prove a reality; "I really believe you have capacities for comething better. Suppose you try!" Charlie looked meditative and serious.

"Farming's very common," he remarked at last: "it never raises one to any eminence.

"That's so, Charlie." "Tis nothing but a dreary repetition of digging and delving, sowing and reap-ing, eating and sleeping. I had hoped for something better than this."

Charlie's air and manner of speaking were impressive in the extreme. A halfformed idea of the stage flashed through my mind as I looked at him.
"You can do something better," I said -"you must."

"There are no opportunities here."

"But elsewhere."
He flushed and hesitated. At last,
"We must give up Walnut Hill," he said.
"Give it up, then," I responded brought
ly, though the bare thought brought
toars to my eyes; "better that than stay here and bury your talents."

Once started, the matter was hourly

discussed; and finally we decided to go. "Where?" questioned grandfather, when we broke the matter to him.

"To the city." "To the city. And you a farmer's lad. Well, well-what are you after, boy?" "My vocation," replied Charlie with lofty dignity. The old man laughed and

"Give me back my deed, then," he said. Hunting a vocation, boy? I'm afraid you'll not find it, Charlie." said.

shrugged his shoulders.

We thought him an old curmudgeon, and went on with our preparations. It was midspring-time when we set out; and the dreariest, saddest day that ever dawned and set was the day we bid fare-well to Wallnut Hill. A dismal rain fringed all the trees about our homestead; drip, drip, it fell from the eaves, from every bough and shrub, as if weep-ing at our departure. The very chickens in the barnyard fluttered about us swith noisy demonstrations; and the cows looked after us with sober, wistful eyes. We had lived so happily at Walnut Hill, it was a terrible trial to tear ourselves away, I could see regret in Charlie's eyes; and when upon starting our old watch-dog followed us down to the gate, while my pet Tabby mewed pathetically from the window, we both broke down, and lost sight of our previous home, halfblinded by tears. But our mission was an important one-Charlie was in search of his vocation.

Summer came just about the time we got established in our city quarters; no sham about it either—hot, stifling, earnest summer. Pleasant enough it might be in dewy, rural retreats, or in the shadowy forests, where the waters gurggled, and the breezes sang through the live-long day; but to us, in our three story brick, in the heart of a crowded block, it was dreadful! This had been the very best we could do; smail houses were not to be had-and the furniture went with our three-story brick, brussels carpet, handsome damask, walnut and mahogany, not worn at all, for the paltry sum of \$1000; cheap as dirt, Charlie said—and we bought it and took the house. The rent was beyond our means, truly; but we trusted to taking lodgers.

We felt quite grand, to be sure; but oh! that burning heat, that close, stifling heat-all our stately parlors and chambers could not compensate us for the orisp, refreshing breezes we had lost. Baby began to droop like a wilted blossom from the very first day of our arrival. I carried her from cellar to attic in search of coolness, and watched over her day by day with a nameless dread at my heart. In the meantime Charlie was out late and early in search of his vocation. Hard work he had finding it, too-a man does not stumble over one every day. But it came to him at last in the shape of a copyist's place, which brought him about a dollar and a half per diem. A poor beginning; but something better would turn up. Like Mr. Micawber, he waited.

Then we advertised for lodgers to occupy our two spare rooms. A week went by without a single applicant-after that they began to pour in by dozens. There was not an hour in the day in which we were free from intrusion. For days in succession I could not get time to eat my meals in peace—yet the rooms were not taken. At the end of three weeks my stairway carpet was growing threadbare, and my very soul was sick with despair. We thought of giving up the brick and hunting cheaper quarters, when good fortune favored us in the person of Mrs. For fifteen minutes, perhaps, she trailed her silk and cashmere up and down, and then she pronounced them charming. Of course she would engage them-the rent was a mere song. And she moved down her effects on the following day, including the colonel, a large, fine looking man, with military whiskers, who paid down half a month's board in advance.

Charlie and I were wondrously elated. It argued we I for our future success to have such stylish persons in our house. And then the colonel promised to do so much for us-Charlie was to have a lucrative office at once. But for some reason or other it was not secured; and the summer days were on, and poor Charlie still held his old place, while I superintended the cooking and made mocha and mixed ices for Mrs. Hargrave, She was an extremely fascinating woman, and she and I got to be friends. She embroidered pianafores for baby, and would have me ascompany her to the opera, and even forced two or three costly presents upon me. Two sisters were never more intimate—we even wore each other's apparel; and when we had private theatricals, and she played Juliet to Charlie as Romeo, she borrowed my diamonds and dazzled the assembly with her regal beauty. My precious dia-monds—what store I set by them! There was not such another set in the city, Mrs. Hargrave said, when she brought them down the morning after

the theatricals. August came; the streets ankle deep in dust, the sky like brass. Baby was seri-ously ill; her little dimpled face was wasted to a mere shadow. The doctor advised us to take her back to the country, but we were deep in debt, and colonel Hargrave had not paid another cent toward his board. At Charlie's suggestion I ventured a weak expostulation. If she could only pay us part—our expenses tion, innumerable men in all depart-were so heavy! Mrs. Hargrave laid ments of activity have been kept down down her novel and shook out the folds down her novel and surapper.
of her linen-cambric wrapper. Why in the

"Certainly, my dear! world didn't you remind me before?" thems smiling blandly through her blonde bly g curls. "The colonel is such a neglectful man; but I'll have him to draw on

our banker to-morrow, and attend to the matter at once.'

I got up an extra dinner on the strength of her promise, and in the afternoon I went out to make a few purchases preparatory to taking the baby to pected money. Baby was alarmingly ill,, and by noon our house was full of bailiffs. There was a claim on the furniture, they said, prior to our purchase. little wicker cot on which baby lay. Charlie and I stood over her in silence, and somehow just then, while the pitiless light glared through the curtainless windows into the bare rooms a vision of our old life at Walnut Hill-the cozy chamber-the blazing wood fire-the happy evening hours, swept before us. Charlie grouned aloud and I burst into tears. That night I wrote to grand-

was like him. But how could we? Baby grew worse and on the second day after our effects were taken she died; our little Rosa, our first born babe. Charlie paid his last dollar for a tiny coffin, and we put her in it, and there she laid all alone in the great, lonesome house, the old maple tree singing or rustling lullaby deneath the window, Charlie and I watching beside her, looking into each other's eyes in silent agony. our dead We had not even means to bury

"Sell the diamonds, Charlie," I said

He caught at the suggestion eagerly. "Yes, sell them, Belle, and we'll take her back to Walnut Hill; 'twiff kill me to leave her here."

I brought out the old fashioned casket and he hurried away. Half an hour brought him back with a face like death. "My God, Beile, they are worthless! They've been changed—these are only paste!"

For an instance I was stunned; then swift thought shot through my mind. I remembered the private theatricals, and Mrs. Colonel Hargrave. But I said nothing, only "the clasps and settings are worth something-sell them."

He departed to do my bidding. After a while he returned and grandfather with him; the evening train had brought him in. He glauced around the rooms, and then his gaze rested on the rosewood casket. His features worked for a moment, and he struggled as if to suppress some strong feeling. Then he said, sternly, pointing toward the tiny case, "It's your own work; take her up and let us go."

We obeyed him without a word. In the waning summer glory we buried our darling at the old home place beneath the great walnut trees, where the golden leaves rustle and drift above her and the birds weave tender melodies through all the many days; and then we went back to our old life and labor.

We earn our bread with the sweat of our brow, and ate it with thankful hearts. Charlie has found his vocation. -- Emma G. Jones.

Do Something for Yourself.

Almost any man of capacity and inde pendent spirit who has reached middle age, and been continuously employed by others, must regret that he did not in early life enter into some sort of business for himself. The majority of men, what ever their trade or talent, are anxious to be hired; and if they are not hired, are likely, and liable to come to want. consequence is that the market for labor, from the finest to the coarest, is nearly always overstocked, and that in dull, hard times-such as we have had for five years past-it is irremediably glutted. At such periods thousands and thousands of men, all over the land, especially in cities, are idle, unable to support themselves and their families, simply because they cannot get places, and they cannot, Colonel Hargrave, who drove down in her elegant carriage to look at the rooms. themselves. They have been accustomed to be hired; they are acquainted with no other way of gaining a livelihood; and, when they cannot be hired, their case seems hopeless, and they yield to what they regard as the inevitable. By far greater part of the pauperism, vagabondage and lack of occupation in the country now and in the past, comes, and has come, from the inability or indisposition, strengthened by long indulgence, of the mass of people to push and manage their own fortunes, instead of trusting them to the direction and dictation of others.

In the beginning of our practical lives it is natural and necessary that we should serve an apprenticeship of some sort; that we should be instructed in the calling or profession we intend to adopt. We must in some way be hired before we can expect to earn for ourselves. The trouble is, that we are apt to remain in this commercial tutelage long after we should have been our own masters, and when we want to get out of it, if we ever do, it either is, or seems to be too late, and we are deterred by the formidable character of the undertaking. Thus it has been said, likely to regret the course we have too steadily followed, neglecting opportunities, and wasting years that we cannot revive. It behooves us, as a certain amount of experience shows, to try our trade or talent, after we have fully learned or demonstrated it, in our own behalf, in place of following or exercising it in the interest of others. Our apprenticeship ended, we cannot too soon set up for ourselves. The occasion may not be quite ripe; things may not be as we would have them—they very sel-dom are so—but still we should begin, and let improvement and further encouragement come in their own good season. For lack of such enterprise and resolu-tion, innumerable men in all departtheir usefulness. They timidly hesttated and waited to do something for themselves until the time had irrevocably gone by, and their destiny had been

The large proportion of failures in

business and the professions is often used as an argument against the wisdom of young men attempting to be independent Bat it is no argument at all.

Most of the failures result from defects in the men, not in what they have underthe country. On my return I found the house deserted—my room forlorn and empty. Colonel Hargrave and his wife had been suddenly summoned away. I was bitterly disappointed and a little apprehensive; but Charlie laughed at and properly, they will be pretty certain to be as any properly, they will be pretty certain to be as any properly. my fears. Of course they would for tain to be so sustained and helped as to ward the money next day. The morrow brought other scenes, but not the extime circumstances over which they have be able to go on again; and the next time circumstances over which they have no control will not, in all probability. declare against them. Out of failure not traceable to dishonorable dealing, incapacity or recklessness, prosperity may, Charlie stormed and expostulated by and often does, spring, for a new trial is turns, but in vain. They felt for us, generally accorded to him who has but there was no help for it—it had to worked faithfully, and not abused pubgo. Sunset found the three-story brick lie or private trust. Honest failure is cleaned out. Not an article left but the not calamity, it excites sympathy and ensures timely aid, for the most part, finally resulting in justification of, and advantage to the man who has failed. But failures at the worst are hardly so

bad as losses of situation or absence of employment to the hired. They who de pend on salaries or wages are never seonre, and they are prone to feel their insecurity and their dependence, if they be sensitive or proud, in a way that wears father and the following day brought upon and depresses them more than they his response, "Come back to Walnut think. It is very common to say that a Hill," he said, and nothing more. It place; that if he have not one he can easily get another. But this is not true, as numberless valuable men have found to their sorrow, mortification and bitterness. Hundreds of such men, whose services have been dispensed with from no other cause than desire or need to retrench, have actually suffered for the necessaries of life. They are thoroughly competent; they are industrious; they are trustworthy, and they could prove it by their sets; but they could not, hard as they tried, though they have offered to do anything, obtain any situation worthy of the name. Nobody has any sympathy with them, or any inclination sympathy with them, or any inclination to aid them. They want to be hired, and the community, with a strange injustice, rarely has respect or compassion for the army of men who have such want. Why, it asks, don't they do something for themselves? This is the question everybody asks, and the answer is an echo, "Why don't they?" Let those for whom it is not too late answer it soberly, practically, wisely, by a little enterprise and by positive deed. There are thousands here at this moment who lament that they have never tried to do some thing for themselves. There are very few who, having done something for themselves, have reason for regret. The lesson the world teaches is, do some-thing for yourself! and he who makes not the trial before middle-age is apt to sow his future with seeds of discontent.

Two Notable Graves.

In secluded parts of Mount Oliver cemetery, far apart from each other, bowever, are graves containing the remains of two persons once prominent in national events, but now apparently forgotten altogether. One is the grave of Mrs. Mary E. Suratt, who was executed as one of the Abraham Lincoln conspirators, and the other is that of the | 2.270 pounds. famous Wirz, the keeper of the much dreaded Andersonville prison pen during the late war. Visitors to the cemewhich squirrels chatter and gambol. Tall, rank weeds and unkempt grass surround the spot, and the simple inscription "Wirz," on a tiny block of marble, at the head of the grave, is the only resting place of a man once so famous in his peculiar way and so universally

detested. Mrs. Suratt's grave is equally obscure. A ragged boxbush and a glass jar containing a few withered vines were the only signs shown yesterday that even a memory of the unfortunate woman still survives. A small, plain headstone, bluntly inscribed: "Mrs. Mary E. Surratt," is all that indicates who occupies the grave. There is neither date nor cause of death on the headstone, and the lot containing graves of other members of the family is rank with weeds and banked with the faded leaves of an-

Mount Oliver cemetery was visited by a large number of strangers yesterday. The weather was exceedingly fine, and two ladies, who learned the location of Mrs. Surratt's grave, visited it and expressed regret at its neglicted appearance. They evidently cherished friendly recollections for the poor woman, for before leaving they purchased flowers and placed them on her grave. "That sort of thing," said the superintendent of the cemetery to a reporter of the Post when the latter, who had witnessed the occurrence, called attention to it, "occurs once in a while, but not very often." -Wash, Post.

Winter Flowers.

The summer is past, and autumn, with its frosts and cold blasts, is about to be upon us, and as the garden and lawn floral decorations are rapidly disappearing, our sight will be delighted throughout the winter and early spring with the beautiful display of window flowers. During our entire remembrance Gormantown, above all other places, has been renowned for its floral attractions happens that in middle age we are, as of this kind. It is charged that the introduction of beaters and gas inimical to this style of gardening, and that it measurably disappears where this great mod-ern convenience come in; but there is not so much isjurious consequences following it as people represent, or else our folks here possess an antidote for the evil. Be this as it may, the traveler through our streets can find many an inviting floral treat to feast his eyes upon. Almost every one who sees these cheery looking places goes home mentally resolving that he will do likewise, and it is indeed surprising that more of this pretty, simply gardening is not done everywhere. However trifling the display may be, it is pleasing. By the introduction of hanging baskets

much more may be done in making a window attractive with flowers and green leaves than could before be done, as pots are not always convenient in the window aill. Kenilworth ivy, moneywort, spider-wort and many of these well known plants are easily to be obtained and seem to make themselves quite at home in the water thus stored.

these modern hanging arrangements. Besides this, brackets can be made fast to the window frames, and a few pots with dangling vines be attached thereto. Some that we have seen looking very pretty were very simple floral ornaments. Even a turnip, carrot, beet, or any simi lar root is taken, turned bottom upward, hollowed out so as to hold water, and then suspended in this way. The leaves soon begin to push, and turning upwards embrace and clothe the bare root with foliage. Others merely take a pine cone, and filling in a very little earth between the scales sow grass seed or some other easily sprouting green thing. Again, some very pretty and unique window ornaments are made with the sweet potato, by putting into the month of a hyacinth glass and suspending it in a warm room. This will spront, and hanging down will make a graceful green spray. Most of these things, however, need light; but the common green ivy is one of the best plants for this purpose, as it is one that will do its best in sun or shade, and is besides within every-one's reach. Besides these, there are many other familiar things that can be used in this way with good effect, and will greatly aid in beautifying a room as well as a window.-Germantown Telegraph.

Queer Happenings.

White a marriage ceremony was being performed, in a house in Bryan, Texas, hieves stole the wedding feast from the dining room.

Far up in the spiral of a couch shell fished up out of deep water at Jackson-ville, Fla., an entire leaf of a Methodist hymn book was found.

While walking among the ruins of Caracalla's baths in Rome, a traveler came near being killed by a stone dropped from a great height by a crow.

"Come and see me on an important family matter," was the message sent by a lady of Berlin to all her relatives. They came in troops, and, upon arriving at the house, found her hanging by the neck, dead.

Three-fourths of the present site of Denver was owned, only a few years ago, by Edward McClintock, who sold it for a pair of French calf boots, a pound of plug tobacco and a burro. McClintock drove an ox team in the first overland train that ever crossed the continent.

A Bradenberg peasant not long ago found a large eagle eating the careass of a dog. He shot the bird, which was black, with white shoulders. On its left foot was a gold ring, on which were cut the letters, still visible, "H Ks. o. k." underneath which was the word "Eperjes," and on the other side the date 10, 9, 1827." Eperjes is a town in upper Hungary.

Committee of the British association has measured the height and weight of 53,000 persons from all parts of the British Isles. The results shows that the Scotch are the heaviest, the Welsh next in weight, the English third and the Irish the lightest, while the Scotch are the tallest, the Irish second in stature, the English third and the Welsh are the shortest. For each inch of stature a Scotchman weighs 2.406 pounds, a Welshman, 2.375 pounds,; an Englishman, 2.301 pounds, and an Irishman,

Mr. Beecher Upon Divores.

tery, especially strangers, will find practically, nothing to denote the graves his views upon the subject of divorce of these once well known people. Wirz and the laws governing it. He thought photographed from a place sixty miles is buried under a tall hickory tree, in that there were more causes for divorce distant. The original picture was so than the scriptural one of adultery. That was provided as a protection for woman from mere caprice in a time when a man had several wives, and if one displeased him in some trival thing, he could give her a writing of divorcement.

"Yet divorces should not be facile," continued Mr. Beecher, with increased earnestness, "the sanctity of the family is the hope of the world. It is better that two should suffer through life than that too easy a door should be opened for those led by passion or desiring license. The boys say on the train 'Chicago—thirty minutes for divorce.' I heard that myself.

"A woman ought not to be obliged to live with a tog. Drunkenness ought to be cause for divorce; so, too, if a man notoriously corrupt in any way, or if he is convicted of a criminal offense. But the causes should be very few. Cruelty should be one, but not one mere failure to agree in temper. Laxity of divorce laws makes great evil."

"What do you think of the diversity of laws in different states?" was asked, "There should be a uniform United States law if it were possible, Beecher replied. "There ought not to be one law in one state and another in

A Creeping Horror. Several young people-bright, imag-

inative and observant-sat one evening until late talking over the subject of supernatural experience, and at the close all retired more or less in a state of excitement. One of the young ladies, a brave but nervous girl, was somewhat startled by the thought that she heard, an hour or so after she had retired, a groan in the hall, by her chamber door. Soon she heard it again, and then the doors she fancied she had locked slowly opened and a white shape entered the moonlit room; a groveling, moaning shape that slowly crept along to her bed. A cold hand seized her wrist and clutched her arms, shd an articulate voice strove to speak. Then she saw with horror a deep mark on the throat that she grasped. It was warm! It was moist! But her fingers had lost their power to relax, and she held the shuddering shape till her screams brought her friends. There, with her flogers still gripping his bloody throat, was her own cousin! Worked upon by the excited conversation of the evening, he had gone to his room and out his throat. Repenting too late he had effered the next room for aid; too weak to walk he had crawled to her side and she-had choked bim to death .- Boston Traveller.

streams in Canada is ascribed by Mr. Joseph Wilcox to the fact that the anelent glaciers swept away from the rocks of the country a large part of the soil, leaving but little of the mineral which, in countries where springs and streams abound, soaks up the rain and melting snow, and afterward gradually gives out

NEWS NOTES.

More than 2,000,000 visitors attended the international fisheries exhibit at London.

Dio Lewis says American women need sunshine and not paint and powder to improve their complexions.

In a tornado in Mississippi, a turtle weighing sixty pounds was blown out of Pearl river, and landed in a distant cotton field

Brewster, attorney-general, still wears high white hat, though the breezes blow cold and a new black one may be had for \$3.50.

The new two-cent postage stamp is a good test of color-blindness. A Mississippi editor announces that it is of a pale purple shade. In the City of Mexico, recently, a riot

occurred at a bull fight, owing, as a local paper says, to the "poor quality of the entertainment." Alice Marguerite King, an actress, was

described by a Nashville paper as "a small lady with a very big nose, and ugly." She sued for \$50,000 damages and got nothing. The annual interest on the debt of the Brooklyn bridge is stated to be \$750,000. At present the net earnings are not over \$50,000 a year. Where the \$700,000 will

come from remains to be seen. During the present season the Erie canal has transported about 36,000,000 bushels of grain and seed, 55,000,000 feet of lumber, 50,000,000 staves, 36,000,000 tons of coat, and millions of pounds of

merchandise. The merchants of Dallas, Texas, re monstrated with the prosecuting attorney and grand jary against the prose-cution of the gamblers, on the ground that it would ruin the business of the town.

The officials of the Mormon church report a total membership in Utah of 127,294; number of families, 23,000; births in the last six months, 1200 males and 1100 females; number of children under eight years, 37,000; number of marriages in six months, 388; new members, 23,040; deaths 781. The church organization embraces twelve apostles, fifty-eight patriarchs, 3153 high priests, 11,000 elders, 1500 bishops and 4400 deacons. Arizona reports a membership of 2264. Idaho, not reported, has double that of Arizona. Eighty-one missionaries have been appointed to go on missions to Europe and the United States Eighteen of this number have been set apart for missions in the Southern States, where the church is meeting with considerable success in increasing its membership. Southern converts are being colonized in Colorado mainly. It will be seen from these statistics that the Mormons are very rapidly on the increase. The Edmunds law against polygamy appears to be futile. The church flourishes despite all legal opposition. Nothing short of pretty

SCIENCE AND INVENTION.

vigorous cutting can remove this foul cancer from our body politic; mere out-

ward applications are now without any

During his late journey in Central Asia, Dr. Venukoff discovered the horse, the camel and the goose in their wild state. They showed no fear of man even after some of their number had been shot.

Hills on the Isle of Man have been small that they had to be enlarged many times to reach the carte size.

A Norwegian geologist has measured the glaciers of Iceland, and has found them to be the largest ice rivers in the world, those of Norway, the Alps and the Pyrenees seeming quite small by comparison.

William Cooms, of Westchester county, N. Y., took a deg belonging to his neighbor, Thomas Maloney, into the woods and hanged him by the neck un-til he was dead. William was arrested and has been sentenced to the penitentiary for four months.

VolSanie disturbances in the island of Ischia are usually preceded by a turbid appearance of water in baths where it is generally clear. To detect such change arrangements have been made for regu-lar chemical examination of the baths as well as of wells and springs.

In an address to the British associa tion for the advancement of science at its recent annual meeting, Prof. R. S. Ball, astronomer royal for Ireland, reviewed the methods employed for measuring the sun's distance from the earth, and expressed a belief in the possibility of determining that distance accurately to within 100,000 miles. He doubts if the transits of Venus give opportunities for calculations of such precision, and thinks that a solution of the great astronomical problem must be sought through observations of the minor plan ets or asteroids. From the measure ments of all kinds thus far attempted, the most probable estimate of the sun's distance is 92,700,000 miles, which can hardly be erroneous to the extent of 300,000 miles.

The Irishman's Ruse.

The excitement and crush during Garrick's last performance are matters of theatrical history. That most entertaining of memoir writers, Reynolds, who was present the last night, relates an amusing incident:

Through a side box, close to where sat, was completely filled, we behold the door burst open, and an Irish gentleman attempt to enter vi et armis.

"Shut the door, boxkeeper!" loudly cried some of the party.

"Taere's room, by the pow'rs!" cried the Irishman, and persisted in advanc-

On this a gentleman on the second row rose and exclaimed, "turn out that blackguard."

"Ob, and that is your mode, honey?"
coolly retorted the Irishman. "Come,
come out, my dear, and give me satisfaction, or I'll pull your nose, faith, you
coward, and shillalah you through the
lobby!"

This public insult left the tenant in possession no alternative; so he rushed out to accept the challenge; when, to the pit's general amusement, the Irishman rumped into his place, and, having deliberately seated and adjusted himself, he turned round and cries, "I'll talk to you after the play is over."