# Old John.

[Helen Wilmans,]

He was either a natural-born thief, or the cent as a baby's, and he had not the least idea what he had been "jugged" for. "Why, John," said a neighbor, "you did

take the hog, didn't you?" "Ya-as, I took it, but the widder and her

children was hungry. I was hungry my-self, or 'lowed I would be soon." "But it wasn't yours."

"Don't know 'bout that. 'The cattle on a thousand hills is mine,' said the Lord, an I'm one of the Lord's children."

This was his constant excuse. Property rights, and the bolstering up of property rights by law was all a net-work of subterfage covering up humanity's rights. Not that he argued it this way; he hardly had sense enough to argue at all. He was a child of nature and lived as close to nature as the erds of the field.

He worked when he could get work, and when he could not, he boarded at the "wid-

"The 'widder' was a powerful weakly woman." The only thing about her that seemed up to average was her appetite. But John asserted that somehow her "wittles didn't do her no good." Neither did me licine seem to help her. She tried everything that ever was advertised if she could raise money to buy it, or if John could steal it for her, and yet she was weakly.

The neighbors all knew John would steal, but it did no good to accuse him of it. The accusation always had the effect of shaming the one who made it, instead of John. No one could call him a thief and see the honest surprise and injured innocence of his homely face and not feel rebuked.

"Damn you," said a neighbor, blustering because he felt self-accused in accusing this humble, patient and yet manly creature, "Damn you, didn't you take a side of meat out of my smoke-house night afore last!" "Yaas, zur." John drawled.

"What did you do it for?"

"The widder was out o' grub."

"Why didn't you come and ask me for meat

like a Christian f "A Christian, zur?"

"Yes, a Christian."

"Aint ye a kind o' tangled in your idees! Christians hed all things in common; widder's

hed as much as any." "But didn't you know that meat was

"Ain't you the Lord's?"

"I hope so." "And don't he intend for us all to hev grub

"Yes; when we earn it."

he er ei

"I work when I can get work, and the wid-der, she's one of the Lord's helpless ones. Do you 'low he'll throw off on his helpless and his pore?" "But still you should have asked me for the most."

the meat." "See here, mister, you mought a let me had

it, and then agin you moughtn't. I knowed Lord hed it fur me, and I knowed he hedn't 'pinted watchmen to keep it from me. So I just nat'rally took it."

The man looked into the depths of old John's clear blue eyes, way down to where a baby soul faced him in angelic innocence, and he turned upon himself in dumb wrath, humbled and worsted by the encounter, and

walked away pondering. A few days afterwards John went to him to borrow his gun. "He must kill some game," he said, "or they would be out of meat; a side of bacon didn't last that family long." The man lent him the gun and a horse to ride, and saw no more of him until the next evening.

hands or lap, even while eating or sleeping It was part of John's business to feed this frail, sickly creature. It s emed to him that she never wished to eat, and only did so to

please nim. He cut her food into small bits and enticed her to take it by pretending to honestest man living. He would steal, and honestest man living. He would steal, and he once served a term in state prison. When he came out, his queer old face was as inno-tained in the coarser elements was so much death to her.

"I'm mightily afear'd of losin' hit," John often said to the widow. But he did not lose her, as we shall see.

One night Sary Jane sat in the open door and watched for him. It was dark in the cabin, and a dismal wind soughed mourncabin, and a dismal wind soughed mourd-fully through the forest trees that grew up to the very eaves. Had she been older she might have been frightened or lonely; but she was neither. She was simply intent on seeing her dear friend. It was getting very late. Sary Jane would relax her interest and lose herself momentarily in sleep; then she would rescue her faculties to look out most earnestly for a few moments longer. Pres-ently she heard a rustling among the grass, and leaning forward cried eagerly, "Don't Donf

"Yes, honey," answered a faint voice. Then there was the silence of expectation; an expectation not realized; for the baby

voice spoke again out of the deep hush of tening "Don? Don?" And still no answer. Sobs began to tear their way from the long waiting baby bosom, which swelled into a long

touching cry, mingled with "Mammy Mammy! The mother woke up and tried to take the

child from the door, which only increased her screams. Then, somehow or other, she knew that John was out there and could not come in. She lit a candle, aroused the larger boys and went out to where the poor fellow was lying in r pool of his own blood, riddled with buckshot. They got him in the house and on the bed

They checked the flow of blood from his many wounds. He still breathed though he was partly unconscious. In the morning a doctor came, said there was no hope and went away. About noon John opened his eyes and looked around. The widow placed Sary Jane close up where he could see her. He put his arm around her with difficulty then he looked from face to face; many neighbors were there. He tried to speak; it was evident he had something to say to Deacon Wilson; but not until the heat of the

day had passed and the cool twilight had come could be muster strength. "What's your 'pinion on the situation, deacon?' he asked.

The deacon said he hoped he would ge well. "No;" said John, "this lays me out. Bu

from your stan'point, now, what do you 'spose my chances over there is worth? I'm not skeered, but I'd like your idees."

"What is it about the - the stealin' John !"

"Stealin'f' said John; "I wa'nt a stealin' Why, look at this famerly; not a bit o' meat in the house. I was 'bleeged to hev it. I'd a heap ruther be where I am than in the tracks of the man that shot me-heap ruther. Think I'd kill a feller critter for takin' the Lord's substance to feed such helpless things as this?" He pressed the baby closer to him. "Why, I'd be meaner than the devil not to do it. S'pose I don't know I take my life in my hands when I start out after night

to get grub! 'Course I know the resk. But what do you reckon the Lord 'ud say to me if I neglected my duty by 'em. 'Feed my lambs;' them's His words; 'Feed my lambs.' That's all right, deacon; my ways the Lord won't go agin'; but it hurts me now to think I never was a prayin' man, I don't know nothin' about savin' grace and it 'pears like I mought a-loved the dear Redeemer better than I did. I can't believe as any on us is goin' to be everlastin'ly lost. I believe even them "What luck did you have?" the neighbor pore crotures that hoards up meat in houses re flour and

Anglicisms in American Literature [Atlantic Monthly ]

I believe it was Mr. Higginson who The Story of the Young Woman Who said that it has taken a hundred years to eliminate the lark from American literature; but there are several other lin ering delusions which we have unlawfully inherited from our English anc sry. I have lately found myself dissatisfied with Italy and the Mediterranean sea, because the skies of one and the waters of the other failed to wife. Mrs. Loyson was Emily J. Butkeep up their time-honored reputation terfield, the youngest of the six children for unequaled blueness. I do not need to explain that English writers have commented from century to century When a young girl her father was upon the contrast between the Italian atmosphere and their own, and have the Methodist church at Melmore. celebrated the glories of the former. The color of the waves that beat against the shores of Great Britain is apt to be a dull brown; in many places it seems as if the London fogs were the foun-tains from which the sea is replenished. But we Americans go on placidly mak-ing our copy books say over and over her father, Dr. H. B. Martin, who was again that the sky is blue in Italy, as reading medicine, found her sitting on if there were not a bluer and a more a stone near her home crying. He brilliant one over our own heads. Soft kindly inquired the cause, and she reand tender the heavens may be in plied: "Oh! I'll never amount to any-Venice and above Lake Como, but there thing." Mr. Martin comforted her by is a tenderness and a softness of clea. telling her she would yet traverse the light and of shadowed light in New wide world and see all people and England of which we should do well to sing the beauty and the glory. Just in the same fashion we mourn

over the gloominess of autumn, as if ours were the autumn of Thompson, or of Cooper, or of any poet who wrote of fogs and darkness, and shortness of prophecy. In about 1854 she married Mr. Merdays, and general death and sudden-ness and chill despair. Here there is little dull weather until winter is fairly city, where two children, a boy and a come, but through the long, bright girl, were born. The daughter aftermonths of September and October, and sometimes the whole of the condemned and dreaded November, the days-not nearly such short days as in England- purpose of educating him. Of her life are bright and invigorating. But we in Europe little is known here. There are bright and invigorating. But we in Europe little is known here. There are brought up on English books, and she became acquainted with the strongour delusions of this sort are, after all, minded Catholic priest, and on his rare disadvantages, that never can leaving the Catholic church became his counterbalance the greater mercies and wife. She is now about 50 years of delights of our inherited literature.

#### A Successful Fallure. [Philadelphia Call.]

"Yes, George, dear, I accept your proffered love, and will be your wife, and a pair of strong arms clasped her

tightly, lovingly. "You have heard, of course," she said, from under the lapel of his coat, "that father has failed ?"

"No, I hadn't heard that," said

George, weakening his grip a little. "Yes," she continued, nestling more closely to him; "he failed last week,

and-"That puts a different phase upon matters entirely," said George. strug-gling to break loose, but the girl held him fast and continued :

"And settled with his creditors at 2 cents on the dollar, and----

"Nay, dearest," interrupted George, passionately, "do not speak of such sordid matters. Let us think only of love and the happiness which the bright future has in store-

But, gentle reader, let us leave them in their young love and perfect trust.

#### Hunting and Fishing in Norway. [St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

Norway was once an anglers' paradise, and good trout fishing is still to be Mandeville doesn't stop at the Vanderhad in its remoter districts. Salmon formeriv abounded in the fjords into which rivers descend, but these estuaries are now closely netted, being sible that he has by this time joined the years ago. for the most part either leased by British anglers or trapped by the natives. The upper waters of the best rivers are barred to salmon by impassable dams. The last summer was unusually dry in Scandinavia, and the sport was poor. Game of one kind or another, however, is generally to be found by the huntsman. Wild beasts exist in the more distant regions in considerable variety, though not in great numbers. There are plenty of ptarmigan, red grouse and black grouse, and about the lakes and fjords there are ducks, coots and herons by the thousand.

# PERE HYACINTHE'S WIFE.

Wept and Despaired of the Future.

(Seneca County (Ohio) Letter. The prominence attained by the reformed Catholic, Father Hyacinthe, or the Rev. Charles Loyson, who is now on a short visit to this country, will make of interest an item concerning his of a worthy man who lived in Melmore, Emily Butterfield was a very pretty girl with regular features, and long, heavy auburn hair. She was witty, a good conversationalist, and a leader in the little society of Melmore, where she acquired a common school countries; that she would yet stand on volcanic mountains. Little did he

think the prophecy would come true, but she remembered it, and one day after viewing Vesuvius she wrote to the doctor, reminding him of the riman, and with him went to New York

ward died. Mr. Merriman became dis-Europe, taking her son with her for the age. In a recent letter to her brother. W. Butterfield, in Wisconsin, she

expressed a wish to again visit her old friends in Seneca county, and declared her intention to do so if it is possible.

### Up to Fun and Larks.

[Croffut's New York Letter.] The story that Lady Mandeville has been robbed of valuable jewels causes a ripple of not unkind merriment here. The fact is, that the Mandevilles are quite poor, getting along by various makeshifts. His lordship has such expensive habits that his father has long since cut him off with a very small alher to be A No. 1 and warranted not to lowance, and they came to America merely to "boom the Vanderbilts" in New York society. Lady Mandeville is Mrs. Vanderbilt's sister-in-law. Mandeville is up to fun and larks.

Last summer the Buffalo Bill combination gave an Indian raiding exhibition at Newport before the upper ten there assembled. When the stagecoach came dashing down into the ravine where the "road agents" lay in wait for it what was the astonishment of the audience to see Lord Mandeville, Isaac Bell, Jr., Kipp, and other New York swells on top of the coach yelling and firing off their guns at the robbers bilts with his wife, but occupies bache-

# One's Meat Another's Poison.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.] Snakes bite a horse, and he dies in a few hours. A rattlesnake's bite has frequently proved fatal in three hours on horse-flesh; yet a hog will eat and grow fat on snakes. Some years ago there was a valuable island near Mil-

wankee. The soil was rich, and the owner offered to give it to any one who would live there, as the snakes were so bad. A chap having a knowledge of natural history got a drove of hogs and dumped them on the island. Though the snakes bit the hogs, this only tickled them; they got so fond of snakes that they'd leave a corn-field to root into a snake hole, and now the fellow has a

fine market garden on the island, and has made an independent fortune. The island is as clear of snakes as Ireland. The ox and goat are both ruminating

animals. Now, a bundle of laurel leaves will poison the ox, but the goat will eat them and grow fat. Man and the indigenous animals of Africa pay no more attention to the bite of the tsetse fly than does our ox to that of the gad-fly, yet its bite is fatal to all European animals, and the natives can not keep do-The mestic animals where it exists. seeds and fruit of the strychnos plant (from abeca comes strychnine) is a deadly poison to a human being or a dog; yet the horn-bills in India will eat enough in a day to kill an army of peo-ple. A few drops of nicotine will kill a cat, and tobacco is death to lice, moths and other vermin, but in Australia they have an animal called the "koals," or native bear, which is inordinately fond

of tobacco in any form. They have been known to chew and swallow the black Victoria strong tobacco with relish, and one of them ate up the whole sipated, and she left him and went to of a foul pipe-stem, nicotine and all.

#### Why Patti Went Abroad. [Boston Herald.]

Can you tell me why Patti refused so many years to sing in her native coun-try? I believe I can. Her genius budded here, but no one saw it. Her art developed here, but no one recognized it. She might have stayed here until she was 145 for all the good it would have done her, but the moment she reached the capitals of Europe and dropped from her mouth pearls of song and poetic phrases of melody, both genius and art were recognized and welcomed. "Here," said they, "is genius. We must care for it," and that is precisely what they did, using, but not abusing, her marvelous powers, in all the great capitals of the world until she wore a diadem on her brow, her coffers were overflowing with golden shekels, and every drummer in the universe knew

fade. What is that, "not to fade?"

Ha! How little the untraveled American knows about the Patti of teu and fifteen years ago! If she is beautiful to-day, she was radiant then. She has grown stouter; the lines in her face are deeper; she is susceptible to fatigue; late suppers do not agree with her; she avoids society. In other words, she is fading. Her voice magnificent, her methods perfect-with closed eyes a poet may sit and rhapsodize as she sings floating far, far above in the very uppermost air, soaring with the birds in their most ambitious flight-but she has faded, and is not the Patti physilor quarters up Madison avenue. I cally to-day she was ten years ago. She

### OUESTIONS.

[Grace S. Wells in Weekly Magazine.] [Grace S. Wells in Weekly angular Sometime, somewhere, oh, soul oppres Witt thou forget in Heaven's rest Earth's weariness, so hard to bear, Wilt thou recall no past despair! No pang of problems dark, unguesses Or will e'en tragedies attest, Transfigured by an insight blessod, The presence of a Father's care, Sometime, somewhere?

Or wilt thou cease from bootless quest, Thy body laid on nature's breast, Her round of countless change to share, And thus oblivions, unaware, Forget life's secret unconfessed, Forget life's secret unconfessed, Sometime, somewheref

MANUFACTURE OF STEEL PENS.

#### The Various Processes of Annealing, Stamping, Hardening and Polishing.

[Chronique Industrielle.]

Steel used for making pens reaches the factory in sheets about two feet long by one foot three inches wide, 0.004 inch thick. They are cut into bands of different widths, according to the dimensions of the pen required, the most usual widths being two, two and one-half, and three inches. The bands are then heated in an iron box and annealed, when they are passed on to the rolls and reduced to the desired thickness of the finished pen, thus being transformed into ribbons of great delicacy, about four feet long. The blanks are then stamped out from the ribbons by a punching machine, the tool of which has the form of the pen required. The blanks leave the die at the lower part of the machine, and fall into a drawer with the points already formed. They are then punched with the small hole which terminates the slit, and prevents it from extending, and afterwards raised to a cherry-red heat in sheet iron boxes. The blanks are then curved between two dies, the concave one fixed and the convex brought down upon it by mechanism. The pens, now finished as regards their form, are hardened by being plunged, hot, into oil, when they are as brittle as glass. After cleansing, by being placed in a revolving barrel with sawdust, they are tempered in a hollow cylinder of sheet iron, which revolves over a coke fire after the manner of a coffee roaster. The cylinder is open at one end, and while it is being turned, a workman throws in twenty-five gross of pens at a time, and watches carefully the effect of the heat on the color of the pens. When they assume a fine blue tint, he pours the pens into a large metal basin, separating them from one another, to facilitate the cooling.

After this process, which requires great skill and experience, comes the polishing, which is effected in receptacles containing a mixture of soft sand and vdrochloric acid, and made to revolve. This operation lasts twenty-four hours, and gives the pens a steel grey tint. The end of the pen, between the hole and the point, is then ground with an emery wheel, revolving very rapidly. There only now remains to split the pens, which is the most important operation, being performed by a kind of shears. The lower blade is fixed, and the upper one comes down with a rapid motion, slightly below the edge of the fixed blade. To give perfect smoothness to the slit, and at the same time make the pens bright, they are subjected to the operation of burnishing by being placed in a revolv-

"Middlen," said John, "nothin' to brag on, but I got a bit o' meat such as it was."

The neighbor wondered a little why John had not brought him a piece, (knowing that he was as generous with his own things as with other people's.) but supposed he had only killed a fawn and that there was not enough of it to divide. But the fact was, John had got tired of bearing the continual anxiety out meat and had determined to give his mind a rest for a tew weeks; so he had killed a 3-year-old beef belonging to the man of whom he borrowed the gun and salted it away carefully.

It is strange that the sly manner in which he took the property of others should fail to put the seal of condemnation on his acts in his own and his neighbor's eyes; but it did not appear to do so. He wanted it; he knew he would be opposed if he took it openly; moreover, it seemed beggarly to ask. There-fore he chose between existing evils and stole

During the last harvest the poor old crea-ture ever saw he worked like a sailor and earned the best wages going. But the "widder and young ones" were out of clothes; and never a drop of patent medicine had there been in the house for months. So the money melted down fast; but the children were well provided for and the "mantel-tree shelf" was crowded with a choice assortm, nt of bottles and boxes-Ayer's Sarsaparilla, Tutt's Pills, Samaritan Nervine, Vinegar Bitters, Lindsey's Blood Searcher, Catarrh Remedy and Cough Pastiles. Even Rough on Rats was there, although invisible; poor old John be-ing the kind of rat the whole business was rough on. But John had no idea that this family imposed on him, or that they were under any obligations to him. And the family were equally ignorant of the situation. The widow bemoaned to her neighbors the natural generosity that rendered it impossible for her to refuse house room to the "shf'less crit-ter;" and the elder children were insolent to him and guyed him unmercifully. All but Sary Jane,

Sary Jano was only 3 years old and a She was the least mite of a child cripple. ever seen for her age, and hal never borne her weight on her dear little pale feet in all Sary Jane could not have been as smart as the others; at all events she had no more sense than to love old John. She would ait close to his head and keep the flies off of him as he took his noonday map, and would even shake her tiny fist at her big, ough brothers when they tormented him er presence. John carried the little one on his shoulder

over the neighborhood, and was delighted when the kind-hearted women gave her halfworn garments and superannuated toys.

"The "widder" used to tell John how Sary Jane "mourned" for him when he was gone and John would listen with such glowing eyes it seemed as if his whole soul was absorbed in the narration.

"Yes," the widow would drawl out, "she won't go to bed without you; she just humps along to the door, and thar she sits as still as a mouse, bent for'ard, and a listnin' with all her years. It's no use to tell her you won't come; she just jerks her shoulders, impatient like, as if axin' us to keep still, and thar she gits till she falls asleep."

As I said before, the harvest was past and the money was spent; and Sary Jane had got the wish of her heart. She had a pair of shoes and two tiny red stockings. It did not appear to be her intention to wear them, though she put them on and off many times anch day, and rarely suffered them out of her | They make paper barrels at Akron, Ohia.

can eat, and more clothes than they can war, and more money than they can spend will hev another chance after this life and will event'ally repent and get forgiveness. But I tell you, deacon, I want to go to heaven direct. I want to see the Lord. I want Him to 'pint some one in my place to take keer of these helpless ones. I could'tdie if I knowed this little child would be left in want."

"You lack savin' grace, John," said the deacon. "You must pray for forgiveness; the Lord can pardon the vilest sinner that ever lived, through the power of prayer."

"But, deacon, I ain't no sins to forgive. I ain't afear'd to face the Lord; why, bless His lovin' soul, He was a man of sorrers, just like me, and he's not goin' to shet His heart agin me. I don't need to humble myself before Him. Him and me's had a mighty clos understandin' for yers and yers. 'Visit the widders in their affliction,' says He, 'and take keer of the orphaus.' 'Feed my lambs,' sez He, and I done it.

"Works without faith," says the deacon "are barren. Saving grace comes of prayer and faith."

"I ain't never prayed none," said John, and it's too late now.

He turned his face away and fell asleep. The watchers thought he would die about midnight, but he slept quietly and painlessly, and in the morning took some refreshment. He lingered three days, occasionally opening his eyes and speaking to Sary Jane, who sa perched close up to him the greater part of the time. She had her shoes and red stockings there with her. Almost the last word he spoke was to call attention to her. "She's mighty pale and peeked lookin'" he said. "Bring me some grub and led me feed her." They brought him some chicken cut in small bits. "Take a bite, honey," he said.

She shook her head. "John'll cry ef you don't." He put his poor, bloodless hand over his eyes.

She looked at him with a show of anxiety

and opened her mouth like a bird. But she could not swallow the food. "It chokes me sroat," she said. Indeed, the little throat was swelling with long repressed sobs. Her pa-tient soul could hold out no longer against the grief and anxiety that beset her.

"Don't cry, honey," said John; "cuddle down to pare old John and let's both go to sleep. Mebby we'll wake up feelin' better." It was late in the evening when the two fell adeep. They rested so quietly that the watchers, worn out and tired, dropped into asy positions and dozed. Just at the break of day, one-a neighbor-went to them. The baby lay across John's arm slantingwise, and his hand clasped one of her slender ankles. The hand was ash-colored, and it was cold as

clay. It had communicated its chill and its pallor to the little leg in its grasp.

"Take her away, quick," said the widow, reaching the beliside,

But the neighbor did not take her away. He turned suddenly and grasped the widow's hands.

"Glory to God!" he said. "Praised be Hi holy name, for His wisdom exceedeth the wisdom of man. Sister, they fell asleep to gether; and they have waked up feeling better. I know it because they are both in heaven.

#### Tall Potato Stalk.

In Indiana, where hoop-poles are classed as "timber," a farmer has succeeded in ruising a potato stalk over nine feet high. He trim-med off all the side branches and supported it by means of a stake.

#### Didn't Get the Good of It, Somehow. [Nashville Journal.]

Uncle Abe was fond of 'possum. Having caught one, he got his wife, Dinah, to cook it for him, and requested that it should be placed in the it would be locked up, and a financial cupboard until morning. The favor bank panic would be precipitated on was granted, and Uncle Abe lay down the country-by locking up money and before a log fire and went to sleep. His by a railroad war-for the purpose of son, Mose, coming in late, got the 'possum and ate it, laid the bones down at Uncle Abe's head, smeared the old man's face and hands with the grease, and went to bed. The following morning Uncle Abe awoke and asked Dinah: Whar's dat 'possum ?"

"In de cupboard," which she explored and found it missing.

Returning, Dinah inquired : "Abe when did you eat dat 'possum? Dar's of 'possum, and yer han's are greasy."

Maybe I did eat dat 'possum, but if I did it dun me less good dan any 'pos sum I ever et."

#### The London Telegraph.

Mr. Sala's well known remark that as special correspondent of The Daily Telegraph he had been paid like an ambassador and treated like a prince, may be parodied by the political leader writers on that paper since the new and palatial offices have been built, savs Figaro. There is in this building a strait. It is 3,000 miles across the Atlantic ocean. The inevitable monotdisposal of the leader writers of the day, who may, by giving notice, secure a comfortable bed-room on the premises after their journalistic labors are over, as well as hospitable entertainment the following morning. This is certainly doing the thing exceptionally well.

## Providence and the Crops.

[Macon Telegraph.] "Your crop seems to be considerably in the grass," said a passer-by to a negro who sat on a fence. "Yes, sah, Gen. Green's dun got it." "Did you over-plant yourself?" "No, sah; planted bout 'nuff." "Why didn't you plow it?" "Wife tuck sick. She does the plowin' fur dis place." "What do you do?" "What does I do? I preaches, dat's what I does. Ef Providence comes help it. Ise been called, I has."

Suman now writes her nick-name' Sioux." raised of great value.

haven't seen him lately, and it is posgreat B. B. combination as one of the

regular performers. If his old father should happen to die, though, I suppose he would quit the troupe whereever it might happen to be, go to England, take his seat in the house of lords, and enter upon his dukedom, leaving poor Buffalo Bill in the lurch.

### Why the Public Won't Buy Stocks. ["Investor" in Detroit Free Press.]

There exists now, in New York, a regiment of millionaires, that between itated about reaching for it, when the them own so many stocks and bonds that they could capture all the floating money in the country, and lock it up, through the sale of these stocks and bonds, if the people were only fools enough to give it to them in exchange for these securities. Once that the money was in the hands of these men. left, and with his right hand tucked the Several persons who noticed the act buying back these securities, at half price or quarter price. This process would double or quadruple the already overgrown fortunes of these millionhusband's clothes she need not be jealaires. Need you wonder that the generous public decline to subscribe to identity. such a plan to make the rich man richer

and the poor man poorer? On the other hand, if the public sells

stocks short, these millionaires have it in their power to put up the market on de bones at your head, yer face smells them, and to capture their margins, as having been rejected as a revolutionary happened recently. So that either relic by competent judges, when some way that the public trade in Wall one got the notion of making it a relic street-buying long or selling shortthey are in a trap and lose their money.

#### Belt Railroad Round the World. [Eastern Letter.]

But why confine the enterprise of as aforesaid. Is the world only fleeting show, anyway? Is it all a fraud, a railroad connection to the two Ameridelusion and a scare? Was there really can continents, when Asia and Europe ever such a person as G. W., and did he may also be embraced within a colossal ever do anything anywhere? No wonsystem of world-wide improvement? der the agnostics are increasing. Here's

It is only thirty miles across Behring ony and increasing peril of long voyages, in ships of ever-questionable stanchness, are becoming quite insufferable. Were I now as young as my own children, I should expect to live to enjoy the pleasure of visiting and running over Europe by way of Alaska, Siberia and Russia. Thenceforth, most travelers from the United States, whether for business or pleasure, would contemplate journeying to Europe, Asia and South America, or to any one of those grand divisions of our globe, by land.

#### Kashmir's Floating Gardens. [Exchange.]

The floating gardens at Kashmir in eastern Asia seem to be one of the and penates were warehoused, the house pulled down, and my friend and his wonders of the world. They cover an along an' makes le 'oman sick, I kan't expanse of water about nine miles in charming wife have gone traveling abroad for a year, while a famous architect of advanced views builds them circumference, and on a subsoil of grasses and aquatic plants they grow Yonkers Gazette: The fashionable melons and cucumbers, and a crop is a house on a pure Dutch model to suit their upholstery.

is not the Patti vocally she was ten ing barrel almost entirely filled with boxwood sawdust.

nice, modest-looking girl took her seat

near the front door of the car next to

a well-dressed middle-aged gentleman.

She laid her dainty lace handkerchief

in her lap to adjust her hat just as the

car door was opened and a gust of

wind sent the delicate lace 'kerchief

into the lap of her neighbor. She hes-

gentleman, glancing downwards, beheld

something white, and being a little

near-sighted, at once jumped to the

conclusion that he had met with a dis

aster and lost a button and his shirt

needed attention. He swiftly flapped

his overcoat across his lap with his

offending linen out of sight in a jiffy.

were convulsed with laughter, and the

gentleman, not dreaming of the real

cause, soon after left the car. If any

south side wife has this week found any

dainty lace handkerchief about her

The "G. W." Stone.

["Caspar's" New York Letter.]

around at the hospital for a long time,

country when he took the oath of office

a big stone that has been regarded as a

sacred relic for almost a generation now

declared to have no more historic value

than an old cobblestone, and the great

For the Sake of "Harmony."

[Argosy.]

his house from top to bottom to please

his charming but slightly capricious

wife. No sooner comfortably (or un-

comfortably) settled, than they discov-

ered the shape of the rooms and the

gene al style of the house to be out of

harmony with the furniture. This was

unendurable. There was only one

thing to be done. Having bought the

furniture for the house, they must now

build a house for the furniture. Lare-

The other day a friend refurnished

nineteenth century winding up at that.

This old stone, it appears, was lying

#### She Lost Her Handkerchief. [Chicago Inter Ocean.] A laughable incident occurred the

Whistler's Whims in White and Yellow. ["Ruhamah's" New York Letter.] other evening on a south side car. A

While the music-mad revel in their high art at the two temples, the hypersethetes of the sunflower order gather at the Wunderlich gallery, on Broad-way, where Whistler exhibits some etchings and dry points" in a room which is denominated "an arrangement in white and yellow." The vagaries of this eccentric American have stirred the British public from time to time, and now this weird genius fills the place left vacant by the departure of Oscar Wilde. Coming straight from the wild woods and the west, an artistic friend led me straightway to the white and yellow sanctuary to let high art cast its soothing spell upon me. There was to be seen a bare, chilly looking room with white walls and floor, yellow base-board, and frieze and yellow draperies at the doorway and fireplace. A ellow divan in the centre, various sickly yellow jars on white tables, and a very pale boy in yellow and white livery completed the "arrangement."

ous-it was only a case of mistaken Every one looked pale and ghastly in the midst of so much trying light and unhealthy color, and the pictures were such minute scraps of etchings on such exaggerated white mats that it was hard to focus the attention upon them. The whole thing was a grand burlesque on art, and the only idea one carries away was that of the glaring contrast of yel-low and white, and the row of blank and puzzled faces that went the round anyway, had it inserted in the building and an inscription cut in it setting forth of the room. When he had left the galthat it was the identical stone made lery and walked a square in silence, a sacred by the boots of the father of the man evidently just recovered from the vellow fever, passed us, and with one glance my artistic friend turned to me and we laughed aloud on crowded Broadway at the coincident complexion.

#### A Cotton Caterpillar Preventive. [Georgia Intelligencer.]

"Well, boss," says he, "I isn't had any caterpillars in my cotton dis year. I has learnt how to keep 'em out. Well, how was that?" his questioner inquired fervently. "Well, you see, boss, when dey fust comes you just catch nine of 'em and kill eight and den tell de oder to git an' tell de crowd dat dey mus move dey quarters. Dey'll do it eb'ry time, boss, and you needn't to doubt it. Dat's jest de way I kep'em out'n my patch."

Cincinnati Enquirer: People build houses by putting all the carved freestone and costly embellishments on the front and all the cheap brick at the back. Some characters are built the same way precisely.

"Did you ever think what you would do if you had the duke of Westminster's income?" Village pastor: "No; but I have sometimes wondered what he would do if he had mine."