A LOVE SONS TO A WIFE.

Tis the beautiful, love-breathing glosming And the breeze is rocking each slumberin

Sby l'ds are drooping o'er radiant oyes, And the air is full of delightful sighs; Checks glow and dimple, and red lips part And, O, how foodly heart answers heart!

We have been lovers for forty years; O, dear cheeks faded and worn with tears, What an eloquent story of love ye tell! Your roses are dead, yet I love ye well.

eread by the light of the stars above dear, dear records of faithful love.

Ah, fond, fond eyes, of my own true wife!
Ye have shone so clear through my
choquered i fo.
Ye have shed such joy on its thorny way,
That I can not think ye are dim to day.

Worn little hands, that have toiled to long Patient and loving, and brave and strong! Ye will never tire ye will never rest. Until you are crossed on my darling's breast

O, warm heart throbbing so close to mine! Time only strongthens such love as thine, and proves that the hollest love doth last When summer, and beauty, and youth are

-Fannie Forrester, in the Quiver.

FROM DEATH TO LIFE. Why a Warrior's Hair Changed

from Black to White. You wonder that my hair is so white while I am not an old man as years go?

Perhaps your hair would be as white as mine if you had passed through the ordeal of death in life that it was my fate Tell you about it? Ugh! I shudder to

think of it. Everything comes up before me so vividly when I tell my strange story that I seem to be living the terri-ble hours of terror and suspense over ble hours of terror and suspense over again: I do not tell it often, but if you care to hear it, listen, and when I am

I was a soldier in the late war, and it was my fortune to be wounded in an engagement in Virginia. A ball struck me in the shoulder, and I fell to the ground and knew nothing of what hapened for hours after that.

When I came to myself I was in an when I came to myself I was in an ambulance and was being taken to the hospital. The jolting of the wagon caused almost unbearable pain in my wounded shoulder. At times it seemed as if my suffering would drive me wild. By the time we reached our destination I was so weak I could hardly speak above a whisper. I was taken from the above a whisper. I was taken from the ambulance and carried into the hospital ward, and a surgeon was sent for at

He came presently—a kindly featured, mild-voiced man, who won my confi-dence at once. He asked me some questions about my wound before he pro-ceeded to examine it. Seeing how weak I was he gave me something that soon

quieted me.

When the drug had taken effect he examined my shoulder. I saw from his face that he considered amputation

"I wont consent to have my arm ta-ken off," I cried. "I'd rather suffer any amount of pain than the loss of that."

"But-you might lose your life," he suggested.

as to go through life with one arm," I answered. "I'll never consent to any operation that will deprive me of it."
He reasoned with me in vain. At

length he left me. Shortly after the nurse having charge of that ward came in. The surgeon had made out a prescription for me, and I swallowed the medicine he sent, wondering if life or death was to be my

I fell into a broken, troubled sleep, from which I woke to the conscious ness of a keen, knife-like pain in my shoulder, a sudden darting pain that ran through all my nerves and tingled to the extremities of my body. In this condition the surgeon found

me when he made his next visit. "I knew how it would be," he said, shaking his head. "I tell you what it is, my boy, you had better submit to the loss of a limb than a loss of life. It will soon be too late, if this inflamma-

tion goe on, to risk an operation."
"I can not consent to it," I persisted, thinking of the disadvantage I would be laboring under in attempting to fight the battle of life without my trusty arm. "Besides, the shock of amputation might kill me. It probably would. As well die with my arm on as to have it taken off and then die."

"It might, it is true," said the surgoon; "but the chances of recovery after an operation would be far greater than now. However, if you are determined to hang to it we'll do the best we can

Then he proceeded to dress my wound. The pain the operation caused was terrible. Once I almost fainted

"Grin and bear it," said the surgeon "Grin and bear it," said the surgeon.
"After a little you will be more comfortable, I think. But I tell you the truth when I say that you will suffer far more with your arm, if you live, than you would in having it taken off."

"It isn't the dread of the pain of amputation that makes me refuse to have it taken off," I answered, "it is simply because I can not bear the idea of going through life with but one arm o depend on."

For a time after my wound was dressed I was tolerably comfortable. Then the shooting pain I have spoken of commenced running all over me again. My suffering was so intense that I could feel the sweat starting on my forehand. I could not keep back the groans of agony which rose to my lips.

Presently the nurse came in. Seeing how terribly I was suffering be called the surgeon, who chanced to be pussing through the hall.

Poor fellow! he's bound to have hard time of it," the surgeon said.
"Give him this powder now, and if it
doesn't relieve him give another. It
may be necessary to give two; but don't
do so unless he suffers intensely."

o so unless he suffers intensely."

I swallowed the powder. Gradually se sense of excruciating pain died out

It was late at night when I wok It was late at night when I woke from the stupor produced by the drug. Just as it became daylight the pain began again, with redoubled intensity. It would seem to concentrate itself for a moment in my shoulder, then spread all over my body like r pples on a puddle of water into which one drops a stone. Every ripple of pain seemed to burn its way along nerve and artery, and I could not help shricking out in the intensity of my torture.

intensity of my torture. The nurse was greatly alarmed when he came in and hastily emptied some powder from a vial he carried into a glass of water, and held it to my lips. I drank the draught engerly, hoping for relief from pain, or death, I cared not

Again that deadly stupor crept over me, and I felt consciousness leaving my brain. Soon I knew no more.

When again a vague sort of consciousness came stealing in upon my benumbed senses as the first faint beams of coming day steal in upon the gloon and darkness of night, I became aware of the sound of voices in the room. could hear words spoken, but the seemed far off. Gradually they seeme to come nearer, until at last I could dis

tingu'sh what was being said.

"He died day before yesterday," I heard the surgeon say, in tones full of respectful sympathy. "The nurse found him suffering terribly and gave him a large dose of morphine. That seemed to quiet him. The nurse reported the case to me, and I came as soon as case to me, and I came as soon as could. When I came he was dead. am sorry that you could not have been here sooner, madam. He often spoke of his mother. If I had dreamed how near the end was I would have telegraphed at once. But I supposed there was no immediate danger."

"I wish I could have been here," s

voice choked with tears made replythe voice of my mother. "O, my poor

Then I felt warm kisses pressed upon my lips and tears fell like rain upon my

Good God! They thought I was dead! The terrible truth flashed over me like

For many hours I had been lying there wrapped in the icy semblance of death, and my mother was preparing to take my body home for burial! I tried to open my eyes, to speak. In vain No muscle moved in response to the dictates of my will. The current of life was frozen in my veins.

It was terrible, terrible, terrible, the awful, sickening feeling that crept over me when I found that my body had thrown off allegiance to my will and that I was powerless to move a finger or lift an eyelid. I was dead, to all out ward appearance. Once the thought came to me that perhaps this was really death and my soul had not yet taken its leave of the house of clay. But I could not believe that, and I strove to shake off the lethargy upon me again and again. But my will could not accomplish its purpose. I felt myselt receding into unconsciousness again, as a wave goes out from shore till its identity is lost. I was a wave on the tide of life going out into oblivion. I thought then that I was indeed dying. The semblance of death was fast becoming its reality. Then came another long and utter blank in my existence.

When again consciousness returned it brought a sensation of intense cold. I seemed to be in some region of ice and frost. All my energies seemed congealed in deadly numbness. Again I tried to move, to open my eyes. Not a muscle stirred ie stirred.

How long was this to continue? I asked myself that question, but I could not answer it. Then the thought came again that after all I might be really dead. How did I know that the sou left the body when what men call death takes place? Might it not remain and be conscious of earthly things the same as before? Who could tell what hap pened after the breath of life has lef the body? The lips of those called dead never opened to divulge the secrets of death. Perhaps I was finding them out. But no! no! It could not be that I was dead! I was in a trance. But they be-lieved I was dead, and they would bury

me alive! By slow degrees the truth of my posi tion came upon me. I was in my coffin I leave you to imagine, if you can, what I felt. But you can not. No one can who has not been through the same terrible experience.

Then steps came into the room. I felt myself lifted and borne out. I was carried for some distance. Then I knew that those who bore me were ascending steps. I heard the creaking of heavy doors, and then the deep and solemn tones of an organ broke forth in the Dead March in Saul.

I knew, then, that I was in the church I had attended previous to my enlist ment. I was back in my old home and friends had gathered to pay their last tribute to my memory.

Then the organ's mighty voice died

out in a long minor chord, and the minister read in slow, impressive tones: "I am the resurrection and the life; whosoever believeth in Me, though he be dead, yet shall he live again.

Then came messages of comfort from the word of God to sorrowing hearts. I heard the sobs of friends about me, as the good man spoke. Then he prayed.
A hymn was sung. Then the lid above
my face was lifted, and friends came
about me to take the last look. I felt tears falling on my face. I felt that my last chance had come. Now, if ever, I must shake myself free from the deadly lethargy upon me. It seemed as if my frantic efforts to break the bonds that bound me must avail and set the current of life in motion.

My mother came to me last. She leaned across the coffin and laid he cheek against my face, and whispered:
"O, my boy, you were all I had left
and I loved you so!"

Somehow those words seemed to touch the hidden spring of life. The stagnant current began to move again, my will resumed its power over my body; I opened my eyes and cried out: "Mother!"

"Mother!"
I can not describe the scene of terror and excitement that followed. Imagine how it would be if you saw the dead come to life. For months after that many looked at me with frightened faces, as if they could not rid themselves of the impression that I had really been dead and that they beheld my ghost.

Do you wonder my hair is white?

What I wonder at most is that my mind stood the strain of that terrible experience.—N. Y. Journal.

NO MUSIC FOR HIM.

A Gentleman Who Helleved That He Would Look at the Sick Horse. Old 'Squire Haggleson, who came to jown the other day to urge the petition asking that young Zeb Sailor might not be hanged, was induced by a friend to attend a rendition of "Il Trovatore." The old gentleman put on his spectacles, expecting to see a great eaper, but in disappointment, he turned to his friend and said:

"This is a sort of singin' show, ain't

"O, yes, it is an opera." "Singing, is it ?"

"Singing, is it?"

"Yes, a grand opera."

"Don't they give no p'ints that a fellar can ketch on? Suthin that a fellar ken tell the folks when he goes home? A man kain't tell nothin about a song. He ken ornly say that he heard it and that's all. Now some time ago I went to a thing that wuz full of pints. Wy I sat down an' talked an hour about it. I sot down an' talked an hour about it, an' at the log-rollin' I showed the boys how the whole thing went, but this thing don't 'pear to have no place to hinge on. Now look at that fellar with the tin clothes on. He don't say nuthin', all I have don't do nuthin'; all I ken say about h'm is that he wore tin clothes. Oscar Piler will say, 'tin clothes?'
'Yes, tin clothes,' I will reply, then he will say, 'that's a deuce of a note. A fellar kain't jump with tin clothes on.'
That shuts me up, you see. No, I'm
afeerd that I kain't say nuthin' about this show. Lawd a massy! look at that woman with the fine duds. My lands! how she hollers. They call that singin', don't they ?'

"O, yes, that's singing. It is grand

opera."
"Yas, but when air we going to have some music? It's a strange thing that some folks don't know what singin' is Now, thar's my daughter Ann. Ef she was here it would tickle her to death to hear that gal squeal. I allus did feel sorry for a pusson that ain't got no year

"Don't talk so loud. This is considered very fine music by educated

people."
"I reckin so. I'm glad they like it. Say, did you ever see a filly r'ar up an' squeal? Wall, that woman puts me in mind o' one. Now a person that pre-tends to be interested in this thing would be annoyed by the squealin' of a filly, but blamed if I ken see much difference an' I've stirred round a good bit, too. We must all give the filly the o' bein' the most nachul. Now look at them fellers singin' at each other. Do you call that music?"

"O. yes, it is the music of anger." "They air mad, I reckin?"

"Then why don't they say so? Now, when a man gits mad, he don't feel like singin'. Cussin' is more in his

"That's all well enough, 'Squire, but this is an opera."
"So I see, but I kain t find out the pin'ts o' the thing. Wall, b'leve I'll

"Hold on, 'Squire, don't be in

hurry."
"O, I aln't in a hurry. I like hear singin' an I can put up with most any sort o' noise, but you must excuse me. I don't like to see people dodge music this way. Wall, good-bye. Jim Anderson's hoss is down with the botts an' I b'leve I'll go round an' look at him a while."—Arkansaw Traveler.

A TOUCHING SCENE.

Deaf Mutes Repeating the Lord's Prayer in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn

mutes in Mystic. He watched the lips of people in the audience fifty feet away, and repeated words after them. "Maggie," "Herman." "Hartford," "Maggie," "Herman," "Hartford," "boy," horse," and several other words were spoken as plainly as four out of five school children of his age would have pronounced them. "Brooklyn" bothered him. He called it Bruglin. The boy could not hear a sound. He never has since he was born. So keen was his observation that he repeated words by watching the shadow on the white wall of the person who uttered them. He did not shirk a syllable of the Lord's Prayer, nor stumble once in his articulation. His pronunciation of some words was peculiar, but the whole was rendered with such plaintive sim-plicity and peculiar falling inflection at the termination of sentences that many ladies who heard him sobbed.

Another boy stepped on the platform, sharp little fellow in short trousers. He watched people's lips with eyes like a lynx and shouted the words after them as veciferously as a newsboy. Some-body tried him with hard words, such as Nebuchednezzar, but he pronounced them before the tones of the first speak er's voice had died away. People pointed to articles of clothing, such as a cuff, collar, glove or coat, and the boy told them what they were doing. He never dreamed of the applause that followed him to the seat.—N. Y. Times.

—A writer in Harper's Bazar says "the ears should be so placed as not to be higher than the eyebrows or lower than the tip of the nose." People who are dressing for a party should not for-get this.-Philadelphia Call.

-A man's education is not complete until he runs a newspaper for a while. Then he learns a good deal that he did not know before.—Galeeston (Tex.)

-There are said to be 534 seams-tresses in New York City, each of whom earns only one dollar a week.

NURSING.

Hints on the Care of the Sick in Country

When a person is dangerously ill, the chance of recovery depends as much Holy Writ, that "we brought nothing upon the care that is taken of the painto this world and can carry nothing tient as upon the medicine given. Every out," yet the natural desire of men to doctor will admit that he has lost cases direct the use and enjoyment, after in his practice which might have been the'r own death, of property acquired saved by careful nursing. This is a by them during life, is recognized and terribly serious thought to the woman favored by law. This was not always on whom the responsibility falls when so, for in the early days of the Feudal sickness comes into a home. To know system the first person to take possession that the life, for which, perhaps, she of the premises of another on his death would gladly give her own, may be had the right to occupy and enjoy. sacrificed to her inexperience, is enough Gradually, however, laws of descent to make her welcome any hints that came into operation, and still later, will enable her to do her part efficiently under King Henry VIII, of England, it In a city, many comforts can be pro-

cured for the sick which are not so

but it is not so. In one most important point, they are at a serious disadvantage. Outside of the country house lies an immeasurable volume of pure air, waiting for an opportunity to rush in and bring refreshment and life to the suf-ferer. Nothing can keep it out but the intervention of the nurse, who has al-ways been taught to dread and fear "a draft" as the greatest evil in existence, and so makes her patient breathe over and over again the air in the room, laden with impurities, exhausted of oxygen, and totally unfit to be taken into the lungs of a well person, much less to be forced on one strug-ging with disease. It is true that a draft is an evil not to be tol-erated for a moment; but in order to erated for a moment; but in order to have the air of a room pure, it is not necessary to have a current of cold air nicalites. Almost any writing, signed blowing directly on the sick bed. If and witnessed, and intended as a final the windows are not arranged to open at the top, one can easily be made to do so by removing the cleats that are nailed on the window-frame to support disposition of one's property at death, constitutes a "will." No particular form of words is necessary, and the intention of the party making the will, the upper sash. It can then be kept in place by a stick inside, one end resting on the upper part of the lower sash and the other against the top sash; the length of this stick determines the width of the opening. If a strip of stout flannel is nailed over the aperture, which should be usually about an inch wide, there will be a constant supply of fresh air admitted, and no draft. flannel ought to be four inches wide, to permit the window to be lowered to that extent when necessary. If the temperature outside is very low, more cold air will be let in by this plan than can be conveniently warmed. It is then best to have a piece of wood, about three inches high, the exact width of the window, and subscribing witnesses is required, but in place it under the lower sash. An open fire is invaluable as a ventilator; when there is invaluable as a ventilator; when there is a fire-place in the room, it snould always be used. If it is necessary to make a fire in a close stove, an iron or (The person who takes property under the present filled with a person who takes property under the present filled with the present states. make a fire in a close stove, an iron or tin vessel, filled with water, should be kept on the stove, and never allowed to makes the will is a "devisor.") The statbe less than two-thirds full. If the disease is infectious, a tablespoonful of carbolic acid solution, and a teaspoonful of spirits of turpentine, should be added to every quart of water. The temperature ought not to be lower than

sixty-eight degrees, nor higher than seventy-two degrees, and a thermometer is indispensable by which to regulate it. In cases of fever, frequent baths are ordered by the doctor to assist in cooling the skin, and in any disease, one should be administered from time to time for the sake of cleanliness. The forester of the skin in removing in make a valid will. Married women, in function of the skin, in removing imattend to their invalidate his will, and a deaf and dumb, a benevolent gentleman sent him to an oral school for a devisor does not invalidate his will, and a deaf and dumb, a benevolent gentleman sent him to an oral school for a devisor does not invalidate his will, and a deaf and dumb, a benevolent gentleman sent him to an oral school for a devisor does not invalidate his will, and a devisor does not invalidate his will, and a deaf and dumb, a beneview should be closed and the room made warm. Have ready a basin of insanity are frequent, and while some courts say that a devisor is presumed to have been sane until it is proven that he was insane, about an equal number of other courts say that the parties who produce the will must prove that the maker of it was sane at the time he whole has been gone over; then replace the night dress, and remove the blanket. Stating care to keep the sick person sone. Note that the maker of it was sane at the time he whole has been gone over; then replace the night dress, and remove the blanket. Stating care to keep the sick person sone. Note that the maker of it was sane at the time he whole has been gone over; then replace the night dress, and remove the blanket. Stating care to keep the sick person sone. Note that the will must prove that the maker of it was sane at the time he whole has been gone over; then replace the night dress, and remove the blanket. Stating care to keep the sick person sone courts say that a devisor is presumed to have been sane until it is proven that he was insane, about an equal number of other courts say that a devisor is presumed to have been sane until it is proven that he was insane, about an equal number of other courts say that the parties who have been sane until it is proven that he was insane, about an equal number of other courts say that the parties of insanity are frequent, and the was insane, about an equal lungs have been bathed in this way with good results. When the teeth can not be brushed the mouth should be in cool water, twice a day, the insid

Oranges.

The taste for oranges seems to be as decidedly on the increase in France as the taste for tea. Fifty years ago the annual consumption of oranges in the pounds weight of the fruit. It had risen to double that quantity in 1856, to over 50,000,000 pounds in 1866, and last year over 100,000,000 pounds of oranges were imported. At one time Spain was were imported. At one time Spain was almost the sole source of supply; but both Italy and Algeria now send their quota of the fruit to the French market, the Algerian contribution being by far The exportation of oranges

The exportation of oranges try, which only amounted to 16,000 body of the instrument itself.—E. S. pounds in 1836, attained the large total of 10,000,000 pounds in 1884.—N. Y.

-The report of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice for 1885, classifies the crimes of the youth of both sexes (under 21) as follows: Murder, 74; attempted murder, 104; burglary, 179; highway robbery, 84; grand lar-ceny, 72; larceny, 230; forgery, 18; arson, 4; manslaughter, 2; counterfeitarson, 4; manslaughter, 2; counterfeiting, 5; train-wreckers, 4; mail robbery, 4; picking pockets, 8; suicide, 37; attempted suicide, 24. A band of a dozen boys is mentioned—all under ten years of age—who had voted to kill their mothers. One of them proposed to practice upon a servant girl first, but she objected, and the plot was discovared.—N. F. Herald. WILLS.

Signing and Witnessing Necessary - Whe Can Make and Who Can Take by Will. While it is true, in the language of was made lawful to dispose of property by will. In this country every State of the Union has a "Statute of Wills," and easily obtained in the country, and at first sight it would seem as if the dwellers in towns had the advantage, acres from the will of some ancestor, acres from the will of some ancestor, and will in turn, by will, hand over the estate to same favorite son. This method of passing title to land would be more universally employed than it is, were it not for foolish prejudice against seeming to adm't that the "King of Terrors" is liable to call for one at any time. Common same and one at any time. Common sense and sound legal judgment say: "Draw your will at once. Have a competent lawyer attend to it, so that you may be sure

your property will go where you want it to go, on your death, and so that those who come after you can have no excuse for bitter and expensive wrangquire its subtile formalities and techintention of the party making the will, when ascertainable, is carried out, even if such intention be expressed in unusual - and bungling manner. The writing does not have to be on paper or parchment (which we have seen in a former article is required in deeds), but writings on slates and boards have, in certain cases, been held valid wills. A will, however, must be signed and witnessed. In some cases, a signing on the margin, or at the beginning of a will, has been held sufficient; but where Western States, the signature of two ute commonly provides that the one who witnesses the will must have no interest in the property disposed of by the will. If a person appears both as devisee and witness, and there are not the number of witnesses required by law to prove the will without him, such person will not be allowed to take the

make a valid will. Married v purities from the body, is most import- most States, can devise their lands as tant, and it can not perform its office properly unless its millions of pores are kept open and free to act. When this is not done, its proper work is thrown upon other organs, which in sickness have enough to do to attend to their the control of the control of

persons taking by will. Devises to in-tants, idiots, insane persons, married women and corporations, are all sustained at law. A valid devise can be washed with a piece of linen, dipped made to an unborn illegitimate child. as If a person marries and becomes a well as the outside of the teeth being parent after having made a will, the attended to. When there is lever, he quent sponging of the face and hands is very refreshing and soothing.—Elizabeth Robinson Scovil, in Country Gentlebeth Robinson Scovil, in Country Gentlewill must have changed his plan with regard to the disposition of his worldly goots. Of two clauses in a will, inconsistent with each other, the clause last written will prevail, while the exact opposite is true in case of a similar conflict in deeds. If the devisor is unable to write, by lack of education, or on account of physical infirmity, he can sign country barely reached 15,000,000 his name for him in his presence. Seal-

> All on account of a comma: The following sentence appeared in a news-paper a short time ago: "The prisoner said the witness was a convicted thief." This statement nearly caused the proprietors of the newspaper some trouble, and yet the words were correct. When their attention was drawn to the matter and proper punctuation supplied the sentence had an exactly opposite mean-ing: "The prisoner," said the witness, "was a convicted thief."—All the Year

> Some Indians use tortoise shell scalping-knives, probably on account of the old fable, in which it was alleged that the tortoise got away with the



Wm. A. Croffut says: In appearance John Kelly is not unlike Gen. Grant, and he peaks in a slow voice like Grant. I hear

speaks in a slow voice like Grant. I hear that Grant and Kelly have often been mistaken for one another on the street.

Kelly's parents were poor. He went to the public school; was employed for a time as office boy on The New York Herald. He afterwards learned the trade of mason and grate setter, and made a good deal of money in legitimate business. When Tweed was at the culmination of his career Kelly was traveling in Europe, where he spent a year or the culmination of his career Kelly was traveling in Europe, where he spent a year or two, and learned French and German, with his wife as teacher; and he came home to find an honest leader wanted. He completed the rout of the ring and wheeled Tammany Hall into line to lead the reform element. In 1876 he became comptroller of the city of New York and reduced the city's debt for the first time in its history. From 1760 to 1876 the debt of the city increased till it had reached the sum of \$112,000,000. Kelly increased revenues and reduced it had reached the sum of \$112,000,000. Kelly increased revenues and reduced expenses, so as to reduce the debt \$12,000,000 during his term of service. As a lecturer for charity he has brought \$100,000 to the cause. He is a frank, straightforward, downright speaker, and his earnestness always interests his audience.

The first office Kelly held was alderman,

being elected as a reformer. Then he served one term in congress, after which he served two terms as sheriff. He is worth at least a million and receives more applications for private charity than any other New Yorker. He reads much and deeply, is acquainted with history, and is so fond of Shakespears with history, and is so fond of Shakespeare that it is with great difficulty he can keep it out of his speeches before Tammany. He is fond of the fathers. "Study the character and methods of Thomas Jefferson," he once said, while speaking in the Fourth ward, "and pay less attention to Pat Rooney."

In His Prime at Englity-one.



Capt. John Ericsson, the distinguished engineer, completed his eighty-first year on July 31. From the time when his little tur-reted ironclad, the Monitor, engaged and destroyed the formidable Confederate ironclad, the Merrimac, Captain Ericsson's name has been almost a household word, but comparatively few people have a notion of what he looks like or how he lives. Buried in his work, he spends his time in his old-fashioned house at No. 36 Beach street, New York, and seldom goes out or receives visitors; and when he does they are never allowed above the parlor floor. On the top of the house is a revolving turret. The interior of the the parlor floor. On the top of the house is a revolving turret. The interior of the house is plainly furnished, almost without ornaments, but containing numerous working models of his many inventions. Among these are caloric engines, the steam fire engine, astronomical instruments and ironclad war vessels. His latest perfected work is the Destroyer, which he claims will demolish any other ironclad vessel affoat. For many years past he has been engaged in the construction of instruments to determine definitely the temperature of the sun. He has itely the temperature of the sun. He has already found that the solar intensity reaches a temperature of several millions of degrees. Capt. Ericsson's voice is louder than an ordinary fog horn, and his earnest way of talking makes him seem to be greatly way of talking makes him seem to be greatly excited at almost all times. He seems to be and says he is in the prime of life. He works incessantly, Sundays included, lives temperately on vegetables and bread, and practices strictly regular habits. So far as indications go, he is likely to work for thirty



As president of the Pullman Palace Car ny, Mr. George M. Pullman is known to every locality traversed by railroads; also as founder of the wonderful city near Chicago which bears his name.

Dame Nature Love for Politicians, [Baltimore News.]

The apple crop this year is said to be of an extraordinary character, surpassing that of all previous seasons since 1880, which was also a presidential year. The fact is considered rather notable, since it seems to indicate that nature with her usual kindness adapts herself to the needs of man, and provides the means for plenty of cider in the times of exciting politics.

As seen without his collar.

[Philadelphia Call.]

Edith: "What a funny little jellyfish. It has such a small body and such long, thin feelers."

George: "That is Edith: "Isn't it?" "That is not a jellyfish." George: "No, it's a dude in bathir