By HUGH CONWAY.

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> CHAPTER L A CYNIC.



well begin by sparof another man, a man on whose grave the grass has been growing for many a long year.

His name was Julian Loraine. His home from the day when first I knew him to the day of his death, was Herstai Abbey, a fine old house in that part of wooded Somersetahire where railways have not yet one.
Although Mr. Loraine was a man of

wealth, and moreover, by education and, I believe, family fully entitled to take a high social position, Herstal Abbey was not his ancestral home. He had acquired it by simple right of purchase, having bought out old, improvident, but popular county family-bought it out so completely that, if he did not literally step into its shoes, he sat in its very chairs and used its very tables.

Such a wholesale buying up of one of their own class by an unknown man always annoys, perhaps frightens, county people, and Julian Loraine's neighbors for some time looked at him askance. He took none of those steps by which a new comer may occasionally gain access to the magic county circle. He brought no introductions. He gave no large subscription to the hunt-indeed, there was not much hunting in that He did not, in a covert way, let his part. He did not, in a covert way, let my willingness to give grand entertainment be known. He simply completed the pur-chase of Herstal Abbey and its contents; took up his abode in the old house, and troubled nothing about his neighbors, which no doubt annoyed them all the more, Little Julian Loraine cared for this. The

truth is he was one of the most unsociable men alive, and his cynicism, if distributed through the county, would have made Somersetshire a region in which life would have been unbearable. He was-I pen the words reluctantly—an atter disbeliever in humanity. Perhaps the life which he had hitherto led brought him to this state of mind.

For in a very short time his neighbors found out that he was by no means the unknown man they thought him. People who knew London life had much to say about this Julian Loraine. It was soon made clear to the countryside that the new man's social claims to the right hand of fellowship were indisputable; but other things were also made clear.

Loraine had led a terrible life-the very fastest of the fast. The wonder was that he had survived-even greater wonder that he was still wealthy. At one time it was thought he had run through everything, for he had disappeared, and no onesa wanything of him for years, But it turned out be had only been leading a roving life in far countries. Repenting, let us hope. No; Julian Loraine was not a nice man.

But, nice or not, no one had any longer the wish to keep Mr. Lorains at arm's length. Had he cared for it, he might have enjoyed mixing with the pick of county society. But he treated civility almost as he treated coldness, with complete indifference; and it soon became understood that the owner of Herstal Albey was a man who no longer cared to mix with his kind.

It was, of course, incomprehensible that any one should buy a fine property and settle down to the life of a recluse; the more so as the man was still in the prime of life, handsome and wealthy. But Julian Loraine was an incomprehensible man. I, for one, have never been able to determine his true character. Perhaps I have shunned investigating it. Perhaps, had I tried, I should have been unable to gather trustworthy information as to his true nature, from the fact that tales affoat concerning his early life would reach me last of all.

When he bought Herstal Abbey he was a widower with one son, a boy of 7. This boy be petted and neglected alternately. There were days when the child was with him from morn to eve; there were weeks in which he never saw him from Sunday morning to Saturday night; there were months during which Mr. Lorains went wandering off, heaven knows where, leaving the child to the care of servants. Whether at home or abroad, he kept up

his establishment in a lavish, wasteful manner. He threw his money about in a cynical way, as one who cared not how it went. He expected his servants would rob no doubt they did. This be considered but human nature, and troubled nothing about it; but woe to the man or woman who in the slightest degree neglected anything which his comfort or whim demanded! His dependents soon understood their master's peculiarities, and by the exercise of due care managed to keep their places for years and years, and no doubt grew rich upon the money he wasted, As will soon be seen, I have related all,

or the greater part of the above, from hear-say. The following incident in Mr. Loraine's life I can youch for, as I heard it

from his own lips.
In the year 1853 he was returning from Australia. He did not tell me what had taken him there, but I suspect he went in search of health. He was in a sailing vessel-the Black Swan was her name. There were other passengers-men, women and children. One night there was a crash, a horrible grinding sound, a recoil, and the Black Swan quietly settled down to the bottom of the ocean. Whether the disaster was due to a collision or to a sunken rock was never known. All was over in five minutes, and Julian Loraine found himself swimming for life, yet without a hope of

In swimming, as indeed in every manly but even his great strength was gone when he felt a hand on his coliar and was pulled all but insensible into a small boat, which, it appeared, was the only one that had been red, or, at any rate, had succeeded in getting away from the wreck.

The sea, fortunately, was comparatively smooth or the tiny beat could not hyoutlived the night. When the morning

broke, Julian Loraine saw all that survived of the ship and her freight,

Himself, four sailors, three women and a baby in arms! The sailors were pulling, not from the hope of reaching land, but to keep the boat's head to the waves. The mother, with her child clasped to her breast, and the two other women, were crouching in the stern

In the boat were a dozen biscuits and a small keg of water.

With the light, all turned to Loraine for advice and aid. He was a man of commanding presence, to whom people of a lower organization would naturally turn in difficulties. He assumed the responsibility. He told the men to step the mast and hoist what sail they thought safe, and then to steer as close to the wind as possible He assured them that land was not far off. His only reason, he informed me, for taking this course was that he hated the labor of rowing. Any hope of their lives being saved he scouted,

However, before nightfall they did reach land—a bare rock, lut land,

By this time one of the women was lying in the bottom of the boat, monning, like one in ageny. Her companions of the same sex were exchanging frightenel giancon The poor taing was carried ashore, and the true state of affairs communicated to the men. A tent or screen was, by the aid of the sail and the oars, hastily rigged up, and in an hour's time there were ten human

beings, instead of nine, on that barren rock.

But not for long. Before the morning
the number was the same as when they landed, only that the place of one of the women was taken by a crying, prematurelyborn infant.

The rough men and women did what they could for the poor little wretch. The woman with the nursing baby gave it a portion of what was rightfully her own

This, in Julian Loraine's opinion, was the most rash and misplaced expression of false sentiment he had ever met with,

Toward the evening of that day they scraped a grave for the mother. They did not fill it up at once, thinking that by and bye the child must be laid in her arms.

At one time it seemed that it must be so The sailors and the women, no doubt, thinking that a gentleman is nearer beaven than themselves, brought the poor little wailing atom to Lornine, and asked him to christen

With death so close at hand to all it was not worth while making any demur; but I can fancy the man's cynical smile as be sprinkled water from a large shell on the child's head. He, Julian Loraine, doing a priess's duty, and doing it for the pleasure of other people!

However, so far as he knew how he baptized the child, and thinking that a name was indispensable with a kind of grim bumor christens I him, for it was a boy, Julian.

After all no one else died, not even the strangely-born baby. The next day a sail hove in sight. Such signa s as the shipwrecked party could make were seen and men, women and babies were soon in safety on board a homeward-bount ship.

Not one, not even her fellow-passengers, knew the name or anything about the woman who had died, Her clothes, such as she wore, bore no mark. Her busband, if on board, had gone down in the Black Swan. What was to become of the child!

Loraine settled this, Perhaps he thought the child had a certain ridiculous claim upon him. He was no niggard with his money. He told some one-be would not have taken the trouble to see about it himself-to find a comfortable home for the child, and to apply to him when money was wanted. Then he went his way, and live!

for years as he chose. Every now and then, when her paymas-ter was in town, the woman who had charge of the child ventured to bring him to see his benefactor. Sometimes the benefactor secowled, sometimes smiled his cynical smile and took notice of the little boy, who was called by his baptismal name, Master Julian. When the boy was 7 years of age, Julian Loraine sent instructions that he was to be forwarded to Herstal Abbey, Somersetshire. Having been told by the good people about him that the grand gentleman he now and again saw was his father, he addressed him by that endearing term. Julian Lorains, no doubt, stared and laughed, but he said nothing forbidding the appellation being used. So to himself and the world the boy was Master Julian, only son of Julian Loraine, of Herstal Abboy.

What strange freak induced the man to present a nameless child, of humble and unknown parents, to the world as his son shall never know. I have tred to think it was from affection toward the child-from the need even his own nature felt of something he could love and call his own; but I cannot think so. It may have been pure synicism. He may some day have wanted to turn round and say: "What is birth See, I take this low-born brat, bring him up as a gentleman, and every one thinks him born to the station!" It may have been a baser motive, that of revenge. I shall never know.

The boy grew up. He passed from the stage of Master Julian to that of Mr. Julian, or young Mr. Loraine; yet his reputed father kept the secret-kept it until the boy was 19, and, like many other boys of that age who are only sons of rich fathers, began to give himself airs. Then one summer's evening, when the man and the boy were sitting over their claret, Julian Loraine thought fit to relate, even more fully than I have given it above, the story of the wreck and the history of the child born on that rock.

And I-for I was the boy to whom he told it-turned deadly pale and gasped for breath. I believe I had never really loved the man whom I supposed to be my father; his was not a lovable nature. Often and often 1 had reproached myself for my lack of filial affection. But now, as I turned my dazed eves to his face, and saw the satirical smile with which he regarded me, I all but hated him. I rose unsteadily.

"I must go and think all this over," I

"Certainly, go and think it over." He spoke carelessly and returned to his claret, while I rushed wildly from the

## CHAPTER II.

"DE MORTUIS NIL NISI BONUM."

It was not until late in the afternoon of the next day that I could bring myself to meet again the man whom I had always believed to be my father. During the time while I beld my self aloof from him I passed through many stages of sorrow, but I believe my anger was even greater than my grief. I was but 19 years of age, but I fancy that my thoughts and ideas were in advance of my years. The curious, almost solitary life which I had led for many years at Herstal Abbey no doubt conduced to making me older than I really was. Till the time came for me to go to Oxford I saw little of any one save my supposed father, my tutor and the servants of the house.

But latterly all had changed for the better. I had been two terms at the university. I had made many friends. Life was just opening to me-a new, fresh life, fuil of pleasure and excitement, I found myself fairly popular with my fellows. I was weil supplied with meney. I was loosed upon as an only son, and heir to a fine property. In short, my lot seemed to be one in ten

And that moment Mr. Loraine had chosen to reveal to me the secret of my lowly birth. To dash me from the pedestal upon which he had placed me. To show me that I had no claim upon him-that, instead of being young Mr. Loraine, of Herstal Abbey, I was no one!

I remember how, shortly before he told me the tale of the shipwreck, I had been discoursing in a somewhat arrogant, self-satisfied and glib manner as to the duties incumbent on old families and landed gentry; asserting that the existence of the aristocracy was an unmitigated blessing to the land. In fact, I was giving my supposed father a hash-up of a speech which l posed father a mass-up of a I thought my had beard at the Union. I thought my sentiments gave him satisfaction. He smiled and looked amused. No doubt he was amused, so amused that the demon of sarcasm rose within him, and burried on the revelation which he may or may not have intended should be made. temptation to prick the bladder inflated by my youthful arrogance must have been irresistible to Mr. Loraine. From a child I had noted this cruel trait in his character. I had noticed it with servants, such ac quaintances as he had, and with myself. The way of listening, of even leading one on to talk, and then suddenly, by a biting piece of sarcasm, crushing the unlucky speaker. It was from this and kindred actions that, even while I thought him my father, I did not love the man.

Nor did he love ma. Hal he loved me ever so little he would have kept the secret, and spared me my present humiliation, So, in spite of all he had done for me, my anger ose and burned against Julian Loraine.

I may have been wrong; but, as will be soon discovered, I was full of faults. Perhaps the very association, more or during twelve years with a man of Mr. Loraine's stamp must develop faults-

There! Let me write no more to hidetriment. He worked me evil, and he worked me good. He is dead. As I raise my eyes from my paper and glance through my window I can almost see his grave. In the afternoon I went in search of him. found him reading in the library. He pedded as I entered then returned to his book and finished the paragraph.

"Well, Julian!" he said, as .. signal that he was at my service. "I have been thinking over what you told

me last night, Mr. Loraine." He raise! his dark eyebrows as he heard me address him in this wise. Till now I had generally used the old-fashioned "sir";

sometimes, not often, "father." "I hate changes, Julian," he said. "As you know, the old landed gentry are rooted to old "ustoms,"

Even at that moment he could not forego his sarcasm. My chock flushed, "See how you have changed lift for me!"



See how you have changed life for me!" "Ah! yes; greatly, no doubt. I wonder what you would have been now?"

"Tell me what I am now." "So far as I know, a young man of 19, thoroughly well elucated, good-looking, full of church and state principles. Why, the rector stoppe i me yesterday and assured me you were one of the finest young fellows he ever knew; quite a credit to the county." This banter seemed to stab me. "Tell me, sir," I said, "ought

you for what you have done for me?" "Personally, I hate expressions of gratitude; but if it gives you any satisfaction, thank me by all means."

"No; I do not thank you. Had you placed me in some numble position, suited to my birth, and let me make my way in the world, I could have thanked you. But for years to let me be called your son; why did you do it, sir!" "I had some reason at the time, I almost

forget it.", "Mr. Loraine, I have thought it all "So you told me, Julian. Go on."

"You may laugh at me, but I consider that I have a great claim upon you. He simply raised his eyebrows, but did not deny my assertion.

"You have kept me in ignorance for years," I continued, speaking quickly. "You have brought me up, and let me go out in the world under false colors. Now just as I enter upon manhood you tell mo who I am, or rather who I am not. Why you did this, you alone know. You had ome reason for it. In return, I have a Fight to daman I something."

Demand! A right! Never mind. Go I had expected an outburst of rage.

calm encouraged me. "Yes, sir; I ask that I may be allowed to finish my course at Oxford. Then, when I have taken my degree, I will go and earn my own living as best 1 can, I shall, of course, now call myself by some other name. Can you suggest one?"

Mr. Loraine laughed a curious laugh. 91 like fellows who deman't better than those who beg," he said, "Go back to college by all means. As to a name, is not Julian Loraine good enough for you! You are perfeetly welcome to use it. But it is not mine."

"Never mind; use it. I choose that you shall use it so long as you are dependent on me. I also choose you to be thought my son. No"-he saw me about to speak-"I will give no reasons; perhaps I have none. You may be sure that it will be no hindrance to your future, being thought a rich man's son. Besides, I hate changes. Now, don't talk any more. You have demanded:

I have acceded. Go away."

Puzzled and dissatisfied, I left him. I had fully persuaded myself that I had a right to claim what I had claimed from him. It was also not hard for me to learn to think that if it was Mr. Loraine's wish that I should still pass as his son and bear his name, it was my duty to do so. Besides-remember, I was but a boy, and so need not be ashamed of the truth-with all my assume I independence, the thought of proclaiming my humble and unknown parentage to my friends was gall and worm-To sink from the position which I held as Mr. Loraine's son to that of no one at all was a change greater than I could picture to myself with equanimity. So I objected no more; and as Mr. Loraine sternly forbade the subject being reopened, my life, in spite of its clouded future, went on in its accustomed groove.

Here, to avoid any misleating, I may say that all I ever learned about my t-ue parent age was what Mr. Loraine told me. Who and what was my ill-fated mother I know no more than 1 know for what reason my reputed father allowed me to be brought up longing to several his son.

[Tope continued.]

#### SONG BIRDS.

How to Stop the Wanton and Cruel 1900 struction of Our Native Songsters.

A garden without flowers, childhood mention of Burmah in the mediæval without laughter, an orchard without blossoms, a sky without color, roses without perfume, are the analogues of a country without song and birds. And the United States are going straight and swift into that desert condition. Hard as was Nature's law of the strongest and the survival of the fittest, the thrush, the blackbird, the robin, the meadow lark, the linnet, the oriole, and all our feathered songsters would have held their own against natural conditions and balanced destruction with increase. But this beneficent poise of hostile forces has recently been ended, and fashion, cupidity and murderous sport, separately warring on the song birds, have combined to destroy them as completely as the buffalo of the plains have been destroyed. Within the observation of tens of thousands of living men the bisons

were so thick as to obstruct travel in their seasons of migration on every road between the Mexican and British boundaries. Horace Greeley's wagon was halted for hours on the Colorado trail to let the countless animals pass. It was impossible to travel through the herds at right angles to the lines of their march. Lewis and Clarke had to set a guard at night at every camp they made in the valley of the Upper Mis souri, to avoid being trampled to death by the thickly crowded animals, whose numbers compelled them to move by night as well as by day. Yet these royal beasts are gone. They have been slaughtered for their skins by sordid hunters hired by sordid traders. They were killed off so suddenly as to cause astonishment.

Not quite so quickly, but just as surely, will our song birds go. For see the forces that are working their destruction. Chief among these is the eruel fashion among women of wearing bonnets ornamented with the wings or breasts of pretty birds, or the entire skins of birds, if handsome and not too large. This fashion has led to the organized killing of all the songsters for both domestic and foreign markets. The woods and orchards of Pennsylvania and New England supply the milliners of Paris as well as the bonnet makers of New York, A price having been put on the dead body of every pretty bird in the North, their murder in season and out of season is inevitable. We can speak of our knowledge of a place in Sag Harbar at the eastern extremity of Long Island, where dead birds of brilliant plumage are bought for cash at fixed scale rates.

So comprehensive is the desire to combine profit with sport, that a very close merchant four miles from Sag Harbor, in the lull of his business, goes out with his gun to earn thirty, forty or fifty cents by shooting songsters. These collecting depositories for dead song birds, killed for city milliners, exist throughout the Northern States. In all their mendows and woods men and boys armed with shotguns sneak and crawl to get pay for shooting music and life out of the sweet and beautiful creatures nature gave for the delight of

the dwellers in the country. The destruction of the feathered choir by the hunt for sport grows larger yearly. The ownership of guns has ceased to be rare, and has long ceased to be one of the attributes of manhood. Most young men and nearly all the boys of well-to-do parents pe There is no effective restraint on the murderous use of these weapons. Before nesting time, and during incubation, as well as after, the uneradicated Saxon impulse to kill something that flies or runs has full vent. And, very unfortunately, somebody has devised for boys' amusement a weapon more deadly among birds than a shotgun. The pea-shooter gives no sound. and can be carried in the vest pocket, but so destructive is it in the hands of a skilful child that the Legislatures of some of the Western States were obliged to pass laws making the sale of the thing a misdemeanor and punishing the possession or use of it. principle is the bowstring, with the power in a three-inch loop of very strong vulcanized rubber. In Bridgehampton, on Long Island, is a liberty pole one hundred and ten feet high, surmounted by a copper gilt eagle six feet high. More than one ten-year-old child in that village has driven small pistol balls into the eagle with a peashooter which could be hidden in the hand. Two ten-year-old lads in that quiet and moral hamlet confessed that with pea-shooters they had killed during the season fifty robins and other hirds which frequent the gardens, orchards and cemetery. Such boys ex-ist all over the United States, and war on birds as things made to be killed.

To avert this disaster, legislation and ocial morality ought to be promptly invoked. But the strongest influence to save the plumaged singers from extermination will be village and town societies specially formed to protect them from molestation and slaughter .- N. Y.

## Kindness.

The world is full of kindness that never was spoken, and that was not much better than no kindness at all. The fuel in the stove makes the room warm, but there are great piles of fallen trees lying on rocks and on tops of hills where nobody can get them; these do not make anybody warm. You might freeze to death for want of fuel in plain sight of these fallen trees if you had no means of getting the wood home and making a ire of it. Just so in a family; love is what makes the parents and children, the brothers and sisters happy. But if they take care never to say a word about it; if they keep it a profound secret as if it were a crime, they will not be much happier than if there was not any love among them, the house will seem cool even in summer, and if you live there, you will envy the dog when any body calls him poor fellow -Dr. Holland.

-There are in Pennsylvania thirty thousand patrons of husbandry, belonging to seven hundred and sixty-

#### BURMAH.

What a Mediæval Traveler Has to Say About the Ancient Kingdom

In Marco Polo's travels the first

language of Europe is to be found. He calls the kingdom Mien, in Chinese fashion; and after narrating his approach to it by a down-hill journey of two and a half days, and a much longer passage through a wild country, he pauses to tell of a great battle which had taken place between the forces of the "Great Kaan" of Tartary and the King of Mien, which he describes so graphically that it seems probable he gathered his account from the lips of those who had been present at it. An army of the "Great Kaan" had approached the frontier of Burmah, and the Burmese King advanced against it with sixty thousand men and two thousand elephants, having on their backs towers of timber, each of which contained from twelve to sixteen warriors. The Tartar force was the weaker, and the Tartar horses were scared by the elephants, and broke in disorder. Then Nescradin, the Tartar Captain, ordered his men to tie their horses to trees and to take their bows, in the use of which they were very ex-The elephants, in their turn, could not stand the arrows, many were slain, and at last they fled with a terrific rush into a forest bordering the plain of battle, destroying the wooden castles as they forced their way through the trees. A fierce hand-tohand fight ensued, and such was the noise of battle, says Palo, that "God might have thundered and no man would heard it." The Chinese annals, which corroborate Marco's date, mention that stakes had been fixed in order to injure the elephants. After the defeat of the Burmese, two hundred of these animals were taken alive by the Tartars, and the Great Khan ever afterward kept elephants as auxiliaries in war. Polo then goes on to describe those great wonders of Amien (a city which Colonel Rule thinks may be identified with Old Pagan), the towers of gold and silver erected near the tomb of a King. One was covered with gold to the thickness of a finger, and the other with silver in a like manner. These towers shone brilliantly in the sun, and to each were attached bells respectively of gold and silver, that tinkled in the wind. A doubtful version is then given of a conquest, the occurrence of which is confirmed both by the Burmese and Chinese annals. The "Great Kaan," having an overplus of jugglers and gleemen about his cupidity, but their master, with the reverence of his Nation for the dead, would not suffer these monuments to be pulled down. The Burmese historians estimate the Mongol invaders of their country on that occasion as amounting to six million of horse and

twenty million of foot! Lucovico di Varthema, most naive and entertaining of travelers, visited Burmah toward the close of the fifteenth century, but he has not much to say about it that is not touched upon by others who followed him there. He and thick timber, of the plentifulness of civet cats, and of the marvelous jewelry of the King, the rings of gold and gems about his arms and legs the rings upon his fingers, and his ears that "hung down half a plam" with Europeans seem to have strayed into this remote land. Burmah changed its divisions frequently at this time. First one King and then another rose to prominence and destroyed or made tributary his fellow Kings. In the consequent series of wars European partisans were engaged, notably a good many Portuguese. About the middle of the century there arose a great King known to fame as Brama of Toungoo, and under him Burmah seems to have attained its greatest power, and to have impressed all travelers with its riches and magnificence. Brama is spoken of as exceeding the 'Great Turk' in power, and as having one million five hundred thousand men at his command. During this prosperous time, Ralph Fitch, a merchant of London reached the country, and has recorded what he saw there. He admired the straight streets of the capital, so protected by rows of palm trees that you might walk in the shade all day. phants, which extended even to washing their feet in silver basins, and he mentions how wild elephants were life in India. Among them was the captured by anointing decoys with a following: peculiar scented ointment. When a King had no fewer than five thousand. In the country were mines of rubies, sapphires and spinelles .- London Globe.

# A FINE GENTLEMAN:

Justice.

"Jedge," said an old negro who had been summoned to testify in a murder in the background. The Scripture lescase, "I kain' stay heah long or nuff son had been finished, the hymn sung. ter tell whut I knows er bout this kill-

"But ver's got ter stay," the Judge replied. "Dis is er case o' great 'port-ance, an' widout yer de guilty man kain' be fotch ter jestice." "But, Jedge, I kain' stay, I tells

"Fambly sick?"
"No, sah."

"Oh, no, sah." "Wall, den, ef none o' dese klamaand if one of the babies began to

ties has fell on yer, I'll hafter hole yer, snivel, a few maternal pats quieted an' ter make sho dat yer doan git er him. way, I'll hab de constable hol' yer in han'. It won't do ter fool wid de law o' dis heah lan', an' jestice mus' be scattered mong de folks eben ef de heabens falls.

gwine ter hab er 'possum fur dinner at my house, an' I—" branches, evidently much impressed with the service.—Ohio State Journal.

COMPETING WITH BAKERS.

The New Industry Developed by Detroit

"Do you supply bread to private houses?" was asked of a Grand River

aveuue baker yesterday. "Certainly we do." "How do you deliver it?"

"With the wagon." "But I've seen women going from house to house up in my neighborhood with bread in their arms?"

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"Yes, but that is another thing. We don't hug our bread before delivering it," he said with a touch of sar-casm. "Those women sell bread on their own hook." "They buy it from the bakers?"

"No, they make it themselves. They are mostly widows, or women whose husbands can't get work, and in that case they might just as well be widows. You will find a great many housekeep. ers who seem to have a natural born horror of baker's bread and won't use it at all. That this feeling exists is beyond question, and why it is I have never been able to find out. We pay as much attention to cleanliness in making our bread as any of them and more than a great many. Did you ever see home-made brown bread as nice and light, and sweet and brown, and fresh and white as baker's bread? You never did. Show me a loaf of it and I'll give you the whole bakery. These people, you see, who won't buy bread made in a bakery love home-made bread ex clusively. If they can buy it and escape making it themselves—for it requires a skill born of long experience and many failures to make good bread —why they're going to do it. The women tell them that they make it, and they buy it gladly if it looks nice. One of my men told me that there is an old woman who wheels a little cart and sells warm bread of her own making to regular customers on the Cass farm. She makes a trip every other day. 'Is there much of it done?"

"Well, it's growing, and will cut seriously into the business if it spreads much more. Small bakeries catering only to the domestic trade already begin to feel it in certain localities."-Detroit Tribune.

## PETTY ROBBERY.

A Word or Two About the Long Bills of European Hotels. Every device is resorted to in France

and Italy to extract the money of the guest. Prices often appear reasonable, yet little unexpected items bring the court, sent an army of them to conquer bill up to a respectable and sometimes Mien, a task they duly effected. The exorbitant figure. At the hotels in the towers of gold and silver excited their south of France, there is a stated price south of France there is a stated price for the chamber, but a franc more is charged if the guest prefers to take his meals outside the hotel. The price of the chamber never includes the candle nor the "service," which appear as extra items in the bill. These bills are wonderful specimens of small financierng, and if the guests remain two or bree weeks they sometimes cover sevral sheets of paper. They are usually made out in francs and centimes (hundredths of a franc), the currency of France, Italy and Spain being nearly the same, though the names differ. speaks among other things, of the long The items read somewhat as follows: Cover, 25 centimes (5 sous); soup, 60 centimes; steak, 1 franc 50 centimes; entree, 1 franc 50 centimes; butter, 40 centimes; sugar, 30 centimes, and so on ad infinitum for every meal the the weight of their adornment. During the next century a good many and though the guest is expected to pay the employes their pour boiresusually their only salary-the hotels often contrive to capture this by ineluding the porter's service in the bill. The guest is willing to pay the porter something, but does not care to pay twice for the same service. The hotels also make money out of the omnibus by paying 10 cents for it and including it in the bill at a franc whether the guest wants it or not. Sometimes even the taking of baggage up and down stairs is added to the bill, with other unexpected items. if it is inferred from the traveler's movements that he will never come that way again .- Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

### WORSHIPING MONKEYS. A Missionary Who Had an Audience Com.

posed Partially of Monkeys. A few days ago when Rev. Dr. Chamberlain, brother of Secretary Chamber-He was struck, as most people were, lain, of the Board of Agriculture, was by the honors paid to the sacred ele- visiting in this city, he told many interesting anecdotes of his missionary

Dr. Chamberlain and Mr. Seudder white elephant was caught, each mer- were on a tour of a certain portion of chant had to make a donation of half a India, preaching at the small villages ducat. Of black elephants of war the through which they passed. They would attract the attention of the natives by singing a hymn, and then would talk to them, generally using some simple theme from the Scriptures. One day when they had stopped in a large village, they had collected the Influence of the Culinary Art Over Stern people about them. In the rear was a sacred grove, the branches of the trees hanging down over the huts that stood and Mr. Scudder was devoutly praying, when suddenly the boughs of the grove began to rustle and a troop of monkeys appeared. No one saw them except Dr. Chamberlain. Old monkeys and young, gray-whiskered and baldheaded, mothers with their baby monklings, all descended and seated themselves in a semi-circle. All paid the strictest attention to the prayer. Should any mischievous youngster begin his "Wife 'bout ter run er way an' lebe monkeyshines, one of the dignified old men monkeys would twist his ear until the little one would cease his pranks;

Dr. Chamberlain could scarcely restrain himself at the comical sight, and it was a great relief to him when the assembly broke up. As the people arose to go, so did the monkeys, and "Well, Jedge, I mus' go, an' ef I they silently disappeared in the haster tell yer I mus', dat's all. I'se branches, evidently much impressed

"Whut, er 'possum? Mr. Constable,
'journ dis heah cou't, fur I'se gwine
home wid dis fine gennerman.—Arkanlately, and also one that is particolored.