[Boston Budget.] We little know the thoughts that sweep Each heaving human breast, As on life's toilsome march they hear The sounds they once loved best.

The cricket with his shrill refrain, The thrush at close of day, The cow bell swinging in the lane, The bleating far away. The partridge drumming on his log,

The tree toad in his tree, The yellow-hammer's first spring note, The humming of the bee

The moaning winds, the beating rain,
The sift of drifting snow;
All these are sounds that bring again
The thoughts of long ago.

But of them all, each one but brings Some part of life's young riddle; While none calls back so many things As one old, well-tuned fiddle.

CATERING FOR WOMEN.

New Wrinkles Adopted by Shrewd Landlords of Swell Hotels.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.] The hotel keeper of to-day is artful. He caters to woman for his popularity, and wherein twenty years ago her comfort was a secondary consideration, to-day it is stu-diously consulted and placed foremost. Why? Because women travel both alone and with their husbands much more than they did formerly, and, quick to perceive any deference to their own tastes and convenience, they insist upon going to the same botel until they become familiar habitues. It is amusing to note the different dodges employed by the managers of the great city caravansaries.

At the most exclusive hotels in Boston it takes the shape of beautiful flowers in vases and jars scattered about the room, and in the latest numbers Harper's, The Century, and Atlantic Monthly ready to the hand. At a New York hotel, facing on Madison square, at lunch, when dessert is brought on, a plate of choice confectionery is put before you, and while making use of a finger bowl the defthanded waiter whips out a sheet of fresh white paper, twists it with a turn of his hand into a cornucopia, empties the bonbons into it, and presents it with an Oriental obeisance for up-stairs consumption. There is really cleverness in this, for it has put a stop without vulgar remonstrance to the practice of women carting off to their rooms plates loaded with fruit cakes, and candies to nibble at between meals.

At another hotel on Madison square, when a lady is seated in the dining-room, the waiter has ready for her feet a dainty tapestry-covered hassock. No one but a short woman, who has spent a portion of her life in sitting on the edges of chairs, dangling her feet in the air, can fully appreciate this comfort. At this hotel a rose or a few violets are always found floating in the water of the finger bowl and lend it pleasant fragrance.

The proprietor of a hotel on Union square has availed himself of the suggestions of his lady guests in improving the table appurten-For example, instead of the cruets full of black or white pepper, generally so adulterated that a deluge is required to flavor the food, is substituted a tiny and pretty silver mill filled with the whole pepper corns. Two or three turns of the handle and you realize the delightfulness of pepper in reality.

In place of the customary "salts," as they are called, a small bisque cupid has a spring in his back, which, if you press, causes fine sprays of salt to fling from the points of his cunning arrow. The fruit at dessert is put on in the French fashion, dressed with flowers and leaves, a few sufficing, and the effect is most pleasing, as at this season there is a monumental stiffness about a stack of oranges, apples, and bananas.

The Glory of an "Aucestor," (Burdette in Brooklyn Engle.)

But day before yesterday they buried you, then yesterday they buried your son, and today his son was buried, and you are a great, great grandfather. And, oh, to bear them talk about you now. Your station in society was only a little lower than the angels; you sat in the seat of the giants and judged the city at the gates; you owned all this land, from the creek here up to the top of the ridge and six miles up the valley; you used to dine with the president on Sundays; you would have been knighted had you remained abroad; you were as handsome as Apollo, and twice as good a Christian; yes, this is your portrait (a fancy study, painted by an artist who never saw you); there are fifteen children named for you; see, dear, this is a cane the Queen presented to your great great grand-father, and it has descended to you; never forget, my child, that you are a Gubbins, descended from the great Jacob Gubbins, your great great grandfather, who fell at the siege

Ah, my boy, you may only be a corporal now, five feet, two inches short, cross-eyed and red haired, with a hare lip, bow legged and a wart on your crooked nose. But when you get to be a great great grandfather you will be a general, six feet five inches, and a combination of Hercules, Adonis and Crossus. Where is the beauty and glory of the spring-

A Case of Vertico.

[Detroit Free Press.] "Judge, were you ever a victim to ver-

"Well, I didn't call it by that name, Mr. Rogers. "I've had it for ten years." "I presume so. The sentence is for thirty

"Great Scots! But what have I done?"

tigol

work-house."

"Had the vertigo."

"And is that against the laws of Michi-

"It is, unless you have it in a lumber-yard where the police can't find you. Prisoner, fall back, and let Bijah check you for the

The Smelling-Bottle Craze, [Chicago Herald.]

The smelling-bottle craze has been a very fashionable one with young girls in Washington in the past few months. It is a costly fashion. One belle now has her second bottle presented within three months, each of which cost \$60. The first was crushed under her carriage wheels in ceming from a party one night, and its gold stopper with her initials on it alone escaped destruction. Another young lady carries one at least a foot in length, and being of very thick cut glass, it is particu-larly ponderous. A bottle of this kind, even of moderate size, costs \$40.

The Duties of a Country Editor.

[McGregor Plaindealer.] Being proprietor, editor-in-chief, local editor, city editor, agricultural editor, puzzle editor, fighting editor, paragrapher, proof-reader, foreman, compositor, job printer, bookkeeper, collecte circulator, solicitor, manager, pressman, to make bills, orders, pay bills, pay printers, taxes, pay house and office rent, pay insurance premiums, buy clothes, food and shoes for himself, wife and baby, be bruiser-gen-eral, roustabout, devil, and do chores.

San Franciscan; If it is desirable to make a man contented with a hard and hungry lot, then it is folly to educate his mind.

A CALIFORNIA WELL

That Supplies Good Drinking Water and Good Fuel at the Same Time.

[San Francisco Bulletin.] Cutlar Salmon, of French Camp, not far from Stockton, Cal., sunk a well with a given-inch tube to a depth of about 840 feet, and struck a copious stream of excellent water. Desiring to learn whether he could increase the flow by going deeper, and fear ing that, should be continue the well the same size, he might injure the quality of the upper strata of water, Mr. Salmon hit on the plan of sinking a four-inch tube inside of the seven-inch one, and thus making what might be called the experimental well four inches in diameter. This inner one he bored to a depth of 1,250 feet, and then came to water again This lower stream came to the surface, and, indeed, rose in a tube twenty-two feet above the ground. The last water found was unfit for drinking, and but for an accidental discovery of its wonderful properties might have been considered a nuisance. It was found that there was a large amount of gas in this water from the lower depth. This came bubbling to the surface, making one think of a gigantic soda

fountain. Some one suggested the idea of seeing if the gas would burn. A coal-oil can was put over the top of the tubing, and, having a few holes punched in it, an improvised gas fixture was at hand. Only a match was required to complete the preparations. The match was lighted and applied to a hole in the can, and flames shot up three or four feet into the air and burned steadily. The gas would burn. Mr. Salmon had fire and water coming out the same hole in the ground. tube of the outer well, that which was only 840 feet deep and furnished the good water, was tapped, and sufficient water for all domestic uses and for the stock, etc., was led off in pipes to the house and other localites. A curbing was built around the twin wells in such a way that it formed a reservoir for the water from the 1,250-foot level, and that portion from above which was not conveyed away in the pipes. All through this water in the reservoir came bubbling up the gas, generated somehow, somewhere down below. When Mr. Salmon next went to Stockton he had a gasometer made with a stop-cock, in the top, and this he took home and fastened over his wells. The bottom was beneath the surface of the water in the reservoir, and the gas speedily filled the bell-shaped receiver. The next thing was to attach a gas-pipe and connect his home-made

gas machine with the house. He put a pipe perforated with small holes across his large open fireplace, turned on the gas, applied a match, and the problem of cheap fuel was instantly solve i. After that gas pipe was put into the fire box of the kitchen stove, and now the meals are prepared with the new fuel. Mr. Salmon has also used this gas for illuminating, but it does not seem to entirely fill the bill, although it is a great improvement of a tallow dip. It has been suggested that, as this gas seems to be almost pure hydrogen, it might be carbureted and its illuminating quality improved. The gas throws off a great amount of heat, and, without doubt, such a well would supply a large number of families with the means of warming their houses and preparing their food

Fred Douglass and His Bride,

["Cress" in Inter Ocean.] The other day I met on the train Fred Douglass and his bride making a pilgrimage to Harper's Ferry. With them was a well-known literary lady from Cambridge, Mass., who, under their guidance, was about to collect the material for an article on the historic little town. I had never seen Mr. Douglass before, but there was no mistaking that powerful swarthy face, with its brilliant eyes and magnificent bush of white hair, which would make him a striking figure anywhere.

"Yes," he said in answer to a question, "it is three years since I have been to Harper's Ferry; the last time it was to deliver an address on Decoration day, with "John Browa" as a topic. The first face that caught my eye in the front fow of the audience was that of John Hunter, the prosecuting attorney in the great Brown trial

Later, when I told him I was going through the south, he said rather mournfully: "Prepare to find it quite fifty years behind the

As to Mrs. Douglass, on being introduced to her I came to the conclusion that between fulsome praise and absurd abuse she has been more misrepresented than any white woman I know. She is, I should think, somewhere between 35 and 40 years of age, rather tall, very slight and ladylike looking. Her most attractive feature are her eyes which are large brown, and most intelligent. Her traveling costume was well-fitting and becoming, and, to turn to something of more importance, her manner exceptionally modest and refined. Altogether, Mrs. Douglass struck one as a women having the courage of her convictions, but at the same time one who must have felt most painfully the notoriety given to her marriage. She seems very devoted to her husband and he very fond of her.

A Forenoon's Engagement.

[New York Graphic.] Oscar Wilde, among his various stories told in the United States of which he was always the resthetic hero, related that once, while on a visit to an English country house he was much annoved by the pronounced Philistinism of a certain fellow guest, who loudly stated that all artistic employment

was a melancholy waste of time.

"Well, Mr. Wilde," said Oscar's bugbear
one day at lunch, "and pray, how have you been passing your morning?

"O! I have been immensely busy," said Oscar, with great gravity. "I have spent my whole time over the proof sheets of my book

The Philistine with a growl inquired the result of that. "Well, it was very important," said Oscar.

"I took out a comma "Indeed," returned the enemy of literature

is that all! Oscar, with a sweet smile, said; "By no

means; on mature reflection I put back the comma.

This was too much for the Philistine, who

took the next train to London. Wyoming Soda Deposits,

[Exchange.]

The soda deposits discovered in Wyoming are unique. One series is on the old Laramie plains, fourteen miles from Laramie City, where there is a chain of so-called lakes five to twenty-five acres in area, averaging fifteen feet in depth. These deposits are sulphate of soda. It cuts out in chunks, like ice. When wells are dug the water is so impregnated with sods, that they are filled up in a few days. In the Sweetwater valley, near Independence rock, are thirty-four deposits varying in size from three and four acres up to thirty-two acres. A few of these are simply bodies of water highly charged with sulphate of soda.

As Jay Gould's income is estimated to be \$0 a minute, a statistician says that he lost \$145 by the change from solar to stan dard time.

Reference to an Old Story. [Rome Letter.]

His holiness, the pope, has received the present of 120 paim-tree branches, sent by the chapter of San Remo, repre ented by Mgr. Bresca. This monsignor is the leading member of the Bresca family from San Remo, which has appeared every year before the pope on Palm Sunday since 1586. This privilege was granted September 10, and forty horses and nearly 1,000 workmen, with thirty-five machines, were raising the great obelisk of granite which now adorns the center of the square. Architect Dominie Fontain, with a silver trumpet, was giving the signals. A deadly silence was preserved by the presence of the hangman, who had prepared a gibbet by order of Sixtus, and was ready to hang any one who disturbed the performance. The celebrate I monolith of the old circus of

corde," or "Water to the ropes!" The architect caught the idea and complied with the suggestion. obelisk triumphantly rose on the pedestal. The trespasser, however, was arrested and brought before the pops. He was one I re ca, a captain of a sail-

ing-vessel from San Remo. "Why did you disobey my orders?

asked the pope. than see hundreds killed by the fall of the monolith."

"Well done!" replied the pope. Thou shalt hereafter hoist the pontifical flag on thy vessel. What else can I do for you?"

The captain requested the pope to grant him and his successors the privilege of supplying palms to the Church of St Peter or Palm Sunday, and he obtained the favor. For the last three centuries the Brescas have appeared before the pope of Rome on Palm Sun-

Regulated by a Hair.

[Washington Letter.] In the base of the capitol at Washington is the enginery by which the house, the senate and the committeerooms are warmed and ventilated and the gas lighted by electricity. It is altogether a big apparatus, consisting of three immense fans, four engines and eight boilers, with necessary appliances for regulating the temperature and moisture of the air supplied to the nation's legislators. The instrument which tells whether the air is too moist or too dry is operated by a single human hair. A perfectly dry air is put at 0; saturated air—that is, air carrying all the moisture it will hold—is put at 100. A dial with a hand like that of a clock represents the different degrees from 0 to 100.

The human ha'r absorbs moisture like a rope, and, like a rope, it becomes shorter when wet. The difference in length between a hair six inches long when wet and the same hair when dry is made to represent the 100 degrees of pointer moves backward or forward as the moisture in the air varies. If it becomes too dry, more steam is thrown in: if too moist, less steam is allowed to escape; and thus the atmosphere for the nation's statesmen is regulated and kept at the healthful point, which is about 50.

Good at Collecting. [Detroit Free Press.]

One day at Birmingham an old darkey dropped down upon half a dozen of us at the Nixon house and explained that his church building had been blown away by a cyclone. We chipped in a quarter apiece and sent him off. but in the afternoon he overhauled us

down town and wanted as much more. In the evening, as we reached the depot he was there with a third demand. "See here," said one of the givers,

'aren't you going it pretty strong?" "How, sah?" "Why, this is the third time you've

asked us to chip in for that church building." "Oh, no, no, sah! De fust two bits

was fur de building, kase we want a place to meet in. De nex' two was to put in de winders an' benches, an' dis las' will be scrumpshusly used to pay de preacher an' buy de hymn-books.

"And next time you meet us you'll want another quarter for something else?"

"Zactly, sah. We orter have a bell on dat ouildin' jist as soon as we kin raise de funds to buy it! I'ze bin sort o' axin you wid a restin' spell between, so as not to kick up a flustrashun."

Camels in Egypt.

[Lippincott's Magazine.] A word here as to the camel, the much belauded "ship of the desert," that enjoys among those who have not better reputation than he deserves. Patience is a virtue with which he is supposed to be pre-eminently endowed. As far as my experience goes, he is about the most impatient brute in the whole animal creation. He grumbles and swears when required to stop; he roars at you when you get on and roars at you when you get off, as he does when he is laden and when he is unladen. His patience is generally the result of sendity. He is usually vicious, and is irremediably addicted to bolting. Neither is his intelligence sufficiently strong to allow him to distinguish noxious plants, and he is at all times a subject of anxiety to his driver harem. on this account.

Some Lurid Writing. [Enfaula (Ala.) Times.]

By this time the supports of the upper deck were being eaten rapidly away, and the flames circled round and round over the hurricane deck. li king the glass of the state-room doors, to disappear now and anon through the black curls of dense and stifling smoke, then again to streak the black sky like the livid pulse of destruction that it was, and then to soar away and vanish into the oblivion of heat to sear the in-

visible aloms of the air.

Baltimore American: It is no exaggeration to say that the cigarette is doing as much harm to the rising generation as alcohol. All physicians who that fact

LIGHTHOUSE BIRD CATCHERS.

Studies For the Ornithologist-Dazed

and Frenzied Birds. [Philadelphia Press.]

they'll be "Run, wife! Go below or dashed to pieces!" The keeper of the Atlantic City lighthouse was watching the bydraulic floating lamp in the top of the tall tower one night lately, and had just brushed a speck from one of the 1586, when Et. I eter's square was the theatre of a great event. One hundred rays from the great fixed light that warns off all floating ocean life from destruction, were streaming, when, turning his head in answer to a strange flapping and whirring noise, be uttered the exclamation.

"What shall I dof" asked the plucky little woman, who is in the habit of keeping him company during the early part of his vigils. "Go for the net! Drive them off! Take

my overcoat with you and save all you can! In the almost white heat glow of the lamp, outside of whose radius everything was impenetrable blackness, a spectacle was presented unequaled in any of Dore's grotesque imaginings. Through the light, like motes Caligula was nearly erect, when the in a sunbeam, and thicker than musquitoes, chafing ropes began to give way. A powerful voice shouted, "Acqua alie hundreds of dazed and frenzied birds, of various sizes, were circling and gyrating, performing a mad aerial dance round and round the lantern

Mrs. Wolf came in directly. "I can do nothing with them," she said; "there are thousands and thousands of them." From out the bulging pockets of the overcoats birds began to fly, now dashing at the windows as if to get out again, and the three or four palpitating feathered mites she held in each hand began fluttering and struggling to get "Because I would rather die myself free. They were of many hues, these south-can see hundreds killed by the fall of ern travelers thus arrested and carried out of their northward migratory course, although in the flerce splendor of the illuminated arc outside they had all appeared luminous and white. There were robins, flickers, mudbens, and a few rail birds, and one poor little pee-wit, perching itself sociably on its rescuer's shoulder, uttered its peculiar note.

"Did you notice that scarlet tansiger in the house as you came up?" asked Abraham Wolf, the keeper, of his guest, the scribe. "Well, that gorgeous fellow got here from the West Indies somehow. I picked him up in the net one night during a heavy thunder storm. The net, you see, is on the land side, where all the birds come, and keeps them from spattering their blood on the glass. But the wild ducks, they tear the nets to shreds, We have had a few spring birds the last week or two, but this is the first large flock, Our house during the summer is nearly al-ways full of them. We leave them loose and let them go where they want to. One night my wife and I took over 300 birds alive and let them go next morning. Rail birds, cat birds, wood thrush, missel, thrush, thistle birds and all the soft billed fly-catchers are the most numerous, but we get almost every sort. I keep a record of their visits for the American Ornithological society to help throw light on migration. I like to throw light on anything, you know-it's in my

The Child Who Got Paddled. ("Gath's Letter.")

Twenty-five or thirty years ago, I think, at Marysville, Cal., which was then an established, yet shanty-like, town, lived Judge Stephen Field, and in his law office was a young fellow named George Gorham, who boarded with a plain family, and at the table another guest was a florid, Welsh-looking In the same house, or the next stranger. house, lived an Irishman named Murphy, moisture on the dial, and the hand or who had a bright, interesting daughter, but he was fond of paddling her when any thing went wrong with him. This paddling had been going on some time, and one day the boarders held an indignation meeting and resolved to go next door and see old Murphy. and tell him that if he did not stop correcting that child on every and all occasions they would take him down to the stream and duck him, etc. None of the guests were especially brave, but they put on a very brave front and held the indignation meeting.

Several years afterward one of those parties, Field, was called to be justice of the supreme court. Still later by several years the Republicans in California nominated Gorham for governor, and they put on the ticket with him the present United States Senator Jones. When Jones met Gorham he said: "Are you the little fellow from Long Island who boarded at Marysville with me! Don't you know me?" "No, I don't "Why, I'm Jones, the Welshthink I do." looking fellow who formed one of the posse to go in and make old Murphy stop keeping that child screaming. They shook hands warmly, and then Jones said: "Gorham, do you know what has be-come of that Mary Murphy!" "No." "Why, "Why, she is now Mrs. William Sharon."

My informant says that consequently there met at Washington City Jones and Sharon in the United States senate, Gorham. secretary of the senate, and Field on the supreme bench-all brought out of that boarding-house. Mary Murphy grew up to be an interesting woman, and the paddling was only temporarily disadvantageous.

A Sultan's New York Mail.

[New York Cor. N. O. Times-Democrat.] The doing up of a mail for the sultan of Turkey chances to come under my observa-tion in the office of the Turkish consul, There were numerous letters, which were none of my business; but a rackage of papers seemed public property, and so it is an impropriety to tell about them. What do you suppose they were! You will exclude religious papers from your guess, because come into contact with him a much you know that his majesty isn't likely to care for reading praise of Chris tianity. It is impossible that you will presume that the secular newspapers of America do not contain much to interest him, a potentate who knows little of this free country. But, after all, you will never hit upon the kind of ephemeral printing that is collected by order and sent to the sultan. The bundle was composed wholly of illustrated police weeklies, of the kind excluded from several of the states, and the publication of which here has bee. followed by the indictment of the owners. I was unable to learn whether it is altogether his own taste which he consults in this selection of American journalism, and I gallantly refuse to believe that the pictures are liked in his

Wanted to Write a Card.

[Exchange.] "I want to write a card. I'm from Newport, Ky., sir, and I may be exceedingly green, but when a lot of giddy girls pin a card on my back with 'keep off the grass' written on it in big letters, and I go around town all morning with it hanging to me, I think the limit has been reached and the matter becomes a subject for newspaper comment. Therefore, I desire to write a card, and a strong one."

He backed out when informed that it would cost him 25 cents a line.

A Mother Out of Place. [Philadelphia Call.]

A pretty girl dropped to the floor in a faint the other day while she was playing the piano in the parlor. Her life might have been saved if a physician had been called in have examined the subject acknowledge in the kitchen at the time, and did not hear time, but her mother was washing dishes

Some Facts Concerning Australia.

[Cincinnati Times-Star Interview.] "Sydney is a very handsome city indeed. The structures are built of stone and brick, the streets are wide and clean. The houses are not made four or five stories high, for there is no oceasion for it. Ground is not so scarce yet. It is said that Port Jackson, its harbor, is the most beautiful in the world. In this harbor you will find vessels from all nations; also men-ofwar of most all empires It is the center of export ng and importing. The city itself is growing very rapidly basides. Last September another medical college was opened in Sydney, now making two in Austra'ia. The other one is in Melbourne."

"What do you mainly import and ex-

"We export a great deal of wool, mostly to angland, and also meats, then copper, tin and other minerals, skins and tallow, etc. We import, however, from all countries. I rom England we get cotton, silk, woolen goods dry-goods, etc.; from Germany we also get woolen goods. From america we import rural implements, machinery of all kinds, espe. ially tools; tormerly wheat from California. Dried apples and canned goods are very largely imported from your country. Tobacco also come; from here. The best cigars and tobacco in Australia best cigars and tobacco in are American. You may believe me," jokingly remarked Dr. Faithfull, cannot get as good a cigar here as in Australia; especially the tobacco itself is much better in Australia. For a good American cigar we usually pay there from 12 to 18 cents."

"Tell something about the country in general?"

" well, the country is as large, I suppose, as is the I nited States, with the exception of Alaska. The main occu-pation is grazing. The mines are known as 'quartz' and 'alluvial.' The latter are situated near rivers. Mining is a very dangerous business. It is something like gambling. Sometimes you may strike a good thing, and at other times again you lose all you have invested. The wages are as high in Australia as here, while the cost of living is much cheaper. The population is mostly composed of Englishmen, or of English descent, but the merchants are of all nations. The climate is about the same as in California. We have a good many schools and they are free for all who cannot afford to pay. At present school-houses are being built all over. We have new-papers, quite a number of them. They are cheaper than in this country. For instance, Sydney's Morning merald, the be t in the city, a twelve-page paper, and much larger than your papers, costs only 4 cents. Our street-cars are propelled by steam, and cost 6 cents; but if you purcha e a t:cket, which you can get on every corner, it will only cost you 4 cents.

Father and Son. IM. Quad's Letter.1

I want my boy to rub against every day life a little while he is a boy. It he has the idea that a hunter's life is full of juicy buffalo steaks and victories over grizzlies, I'm going to send him into the woods for a week to live on woodchuck meat, carry a cold in his head and be jumped out of his boots the first time an owl hoots. If he asks for money I'm going to give it + hin, but and on one side two huge barrel-shape I want to sit down of a Satu.day night tanks each with a spigote was placed a money I'm going to give it thin, but know of a laze captain who will take him on a trip from Letroit to Saginaw. and if he can't cure him in just one voyage nobody else need try.

Sit down and talk to your boy as you would to your brother. Don't bulldoze because you happen to be his father and have the bulge on him. Argue and reason. Don't expect to make assertions and have him swallow them as gospel truths unless you have backing. Teach him what to avoid, and what to cultivate, and turn him loose for a while. If he seeks the good he has the right instincts; if he runs after the bad, don't walk him into the woodshed for a pounding until you have asked yourself if he doesn't come naturally by that failing.

A Good Institution. [Cincinnati Commercial Gazette]

A novel and salubrious institution has been established in New York city. It is known as the "New 1 ork Labor Exchange and Lodge." Its manager is Mr. D. M. Davidson. We may gather its purpose from the following "bill of fare:

Atsolutely clean "square" meals . . . 10 cents Shave or hair cut. 5 cents
Absolutely clean beds . 15 c ats
Fungiation and bath compulsory the first night and every week to insure cleanliness.

It is intended to "assist" honest men who have hard luck in finding employment. It is said people come there in a horrible condition of filth, but the compulsory bath for their persons and the sulphur fumigation of their clothing is a purifying process that restores a sense of self-respect, and they start out in the morning in search of work with a renewed spirit of manhood.

Although not a self-supporting enterprise, yet Mr. Davidson thinks it soon will be, but its beneficent effects are such that it has the sympathy and support of the best people in the city. Davidson claims that it has already saved hundreds of men from ruin.

Where Were Dolls First Made? [Congregationals.] Nobody knows, but they have been

used since very early times, and by children in all countries, savage as well as civilized. The largest manufactories for dolls are in England, and, as in other trades, there is a very minute division of labor. Some carve the heads and the bodies, others paint the faces and necks, others prepare legs and arms, and still others cut out, sew, and put on the dresses. The extent to which dolls' glass eyes are manufac-tured is surprising. One firm in Birmingham received a single order for over \$2,000 worth. It is said that the blue-eyed dolls are the favorites in England and black-eyed ones on the continent of Europe. Black dolls are made of gutta-percha to export to this country, where they are in demand by the colored people.

THE BARBER ON MARRYING.

He Narrates the Experience of a Friend to His Assistant. [New York Sun.]

"A frent uf mine gits marrit, Suntay," said the German barber in the Bowery last week, "He bopped der quesdion in der ladest adyle. Der olt-fashioned-luf-in-a-coddage grackers-und-kisses-peezness peen blayed owid. Mine frent he leans ofer his sweedheart und dakes her lily-vite hant, und seezing a momend pedween der raddle uf dwo elevated drains, he sayt: 'My brecious, my sveet und lufly darling, I vould like to pronounce yourselluf my vife.'

" 'Chonny, my own sveet luf,' she hat sayt, 'are you sure you can afford it? I vould not deceefe you, tarling; you haf calt me brecious und you vill find me so. Affegshun costs nodings, but silylishness und high-tone cosds a heab uf money. Can you all dot affort, my own dear luf?

"He von arm blaced ber vaist arount, und vile he trank in der ligwid egstacy uf her admiring gaze, he reblied: "I dink I can der pall keeb rolling righd sdraighd along, my own, my sveet, sveet plessing." "'It's kind af you Chonny, she replied, 'not

to dalk apowd such foolishness as luf on a

basemend mit sixbence a veek, for der vorld

is now run on peezness brincibles, und such dalk makes me dired. I had to git a diworce avay from my first husband pecause he vos old-vashioned like dot. I musd a first-glass allowance haf to pegin mit, so ve ton'd fall owid apowd money. Does not proke to bieces up me und my second husband, alresty. Und now, my luf, I haf pesides dot only von dings to say: ve mused haf a blain dalk vonst effry dree months. Den, my sveet tarling, if I shall some oder man luf more as you, I vill vrankly dell you so your face in front, und you must der same dings done by me. Also, if I should got dired uf you mitowid falling some oder man in luf mit, I vill sheak blainly, und you must py me sbeak choost der same. For 1 can'd stand vighting und rows, my tarling. My third husband used to arkue und dalk mit me, undil I vos combelled a diworce to git away from him on ac-

kound uf my boor nerfs.' "Vell," said the barber, "my frent vos mit dot conwersation cradely bleased, und blanding a tousand kisses her cheeks und mout owitsite, he dolt her uf der drubbles he got mit dwo breflous vifes, alretty, so dem should not habben again mit her; und haffing brebared der vay for a diworce in case dem should vish to haf it, he vent avay dickled mit his pargain.

der monkey parber got into himself mit dot frent uf mine ven my frent vos delling vot a goot ding such a brobosal of marritch vos. und how fine diworces are, und all dot. "'Yah,' der monkey parber hat sayt, 'dot's

"Chiminy Hookey! vot a Tickens uf a row

vot I call der insdallment blan uf marritch. "'Vot der teffil do you mean?' sayt my

frent. "Der monkey parber vent right avay on der same he alvays doue. 'Dat's der new fashion of marritch in sifflized gundries,' be sayt, 'but it's olter as der hills mit der saffages. My ungle, vich vos a sailor, alvays got in der Santvitch islands a vife in det

same vay each dime he vent to Honolu-"Bang! Py Hooky! how dot monkey parker did git a licking! My frent viped him up mit der floor."

How Circus Lemonade Is Made,

[Philadelphia Record.] Signalling that it was all right, the circu man lifted up the flap of the tent for the re porter to enter, and quickly followed him in

"This," he said, "is where all the circus lemonade is made, and," glancing at his watch, "if you will wait a few moments you will see it done,"

In the center of the tent stood a large box

and see how he spent it, and show up strong rests somewhat similar to a saw-hors some of his foolsh bargains. If he wants to sail the boun ing billow I of them proceeded to unlock the box, the sides of which at once fell apart d closing a very compact and solid-looking engine, the steam for which was conducted through a pipe leading to one of the boilm in the cooking tent, while the other two brought a large tub, which they laid on the ground and nearly filled with flitered water drawn from one of the tanks. A steel lemon squeezer was then attached to two iron arm of the engine, and a very worn and dilapdated-looking half of a lemon placed in it the squeezer then being lowered into the tab Steam was turned on, and the squeezer be gan its work, the lemon emitting the most harrowing groans of agony from and rth water as the pressure became more and mare severe. Gradually these doleful sound ceased, and the liquid assumed an amber-lik

hue, while a faint odor of lemons filled is air of the tent. "That'll do; take it out," said the engineer shutting off steam, and the dripping squeeze was withdrawn from the tub, the unbapp! half lemon being carefully dried in a class cloth and placed in a small iron safe which was then locked. The liquid in the tub wa then stirred vigorously with an hermetically sealed glass bulb fastened to the end of a stick, the bulb being filled with the bes white sugar. The man who stirred the mit ture stopped at intervals to taste it, and after remarking "there, I guess it's swal enough, let's get a out, Bill," with the ball

of his companion carried the tub away. "This machine is the only one in world," said the engineer proudly, as h "and in patted the engine in a loving way, secret couldn't be bought for \$50,000. Why with this here machine I can make mon lemonade with one lemon than any other circus man can with 500 bushels of 'em. To pressure on that squeezer can be graduated from one pound to 250,000 pounds to the square inch, and one lemon will make lemosade for six months at the rate of 100 galloss a day.

One Hundred and Thirty Years.

[Chicago Herald.] A correspondent who has passed some years in Russia states that in the village of Velkotti, in the St. Petersburg government an old woman is living who has just attained her 130th birthday! The old lady is in the enjoyment of good health, but complained her deafness. Her hair is still long and pler tiful, considering her age. She has outlive three husbands; and had a family of nisteen children, all of whom are now dead the last one to die being a daughter of # She lives with one of her great-grandchildren a man of 50.

The Death of Profits,

[Boston Commercial-Bulletin.] An old and accepted economic doctrine that "competition is the life of trade," bd many manufacturers are finding that com petition has been carried to such a ruinos extreme that it has been the death of profits

In search from A to Y they passed-And "Marguerita" chose at last— But thought it sounded far more sweet To call the baby "Marguerite"
When grandma saw the little pet
Sbe called her "darling Margaret
Next, Uncle Jack and Cousin Aggie Sent cup and spoon to "little Maggie,"
And grandpapa the right must beg
To call the lassie "bonnie Meg" —
(From "Marguerita" down to "Meg!")
And now she's simply little "Peg.
—[St. Nicholsa