

MOUNTAINS OF SUGAR.

The Tremendous Quantities of Saccharine Consumed in This Country.

Americans ought to be the sweetest people on earth, as has been asserted, food goes to make the race. The quantity of sweets landed at this port during a year would amaze any one who has not given the subject special attention. It would appear that Americans are preserved in sugar, afloat on rivers of saccharine. From West Indies black strap to golden syrup, from dainty lady-fingers to solid pound cake, from molasses candy to the most delicious bonbons, Americans beat all other peoples as absorbers of saccharine, the French not excepted. No adequate idea of the enormous quantity of sugar consumed in this country can be conveyed by a statement in pounds. The figures, however, indicate that Uncle Sam has a tremendous sweet tooth.

The total sugar importations for the year 1885 amounted to 2,498,192,000 pounds, or about 1,000,000 tons, valued at \$71,604,698. To this tremendous aggregate Cuba alone contributed 1,261,563,000 pounds; Brazil sent 223,062,000 pounds; Germany (best sugar), 203,283,000 pounds, and the Sandwich Islands (free sugar), 191,622,000 pounds. Smaller quantities were imported from the West Indies and other countries. To the aggregate of imports must be added the domestic product to find the total consumption of sugar in the United States.

The best imported sugar is the centrifugal, in form of coarse crystalline particles, varying in size according to the grade or quality of the article. The lowest form of the product is called melacha, a thick sirup, of which comparatively little is now imported. Samples of sugar are taken from a specified number of casks of every cargo by Government samplers and sent to experts, who determine the grade as a basis of fixing the duty thereon. The instrument employed to indicate the degree of variation in the quality of sugar is called a polariscope, and a variation of one degree means a difference of 1-4th of 1 per cent. duty, a small fraction, but on millions of pounds it means thousands of dollars.

The manner of handling sugar in the port has recently undergone a change. It is another instance of the condensation of business methods, whereby the same results are obtained by fewer workers. Formerly the great bulk of sugar was stored in the warehouses and withdrawn by rollers from time to time—a method which gave employment to a great number of coopers and laborers. Now the bulk of it goes direct to the refineries, and a good many workmen have lost their occupation in consequence.

In the busy season, which usually begins about March 1 and ends about the middle of July, as many as twenty-five or thirty vessels are distributed at one time along the Brooklyn water front, discharging their cargoes. An idea of the bulk of an average sugar cargo can only be formed by seeing, say, 1,600 hog-shoots, of an average weight of 1,500 pounds, spread out upon the dock. One hundred of such cargoes, if piled in the form of a pyramid, would make a sugar Cheops. Every package is weighed by a Government officer or a sworn special. The former receives \$1 a day, six days in the week; the other 30 cents an hour for actual service. The weigher's position is no sinecure. He is a worker. He must stand at the scales from seven a. m. until sunset; he must endure blazing suns and face the coldest winds.

What becomes of the million tons of imported sugar, not to mention the domestic product? Ask the ladies, ask the children, ask the baker and the confectioner, ask the housekeeper.

It goes into millions of cups of coffee and tea daily; into cakes, preserves and pies; into fruits and sauces and a hundred other things. The Western flap-jack swims in saccharine fluid; it permeates the luscious griddle cake. The cunning confectioner and skilled housewife mold the crude article into multifarious artistic shapes and invest the substance with a delicious consistency. If the supply were suddenly stopped, society would be converted into sauerkraut.—N. Y. Evening Sun.

—City Editor—"Just in time. I want you to rush out to the fair grounds, go up in that balloon, and write—" Reporter—"Balloon! Well, now, I don't know about that; I have a family to support." "That's so; I didn't think of that. I'll send young Jones, and you take his job. Hurry up and stop him." "What is his job?" "I want him to write up a five-column article on the small-pox hospital."—Omaha World.

—A new plant, said to have electrical properties, is described by some of the German journals under the name of *Phytolacca electrica*. "It gives a slight electric shock to the hand when its stalk is broken, and it affects the magnetic needle, disturbing it considerably if brought very near. Its energy varies during the day, being strongest at about two o'clock in the afternoon, and falling away to nothing at night."—N. Y. Ledger.

—It is not a bad rule to keep orchard lands in as good heart as the corn-field. To do this some manure is necessary. If large crops of fruit and grass are removed, considerable manure is needed to keep up the fertility. Tillage serves partly as manure in the cornfield, but old orchards that are seeded down are not thus benefited.—Prairie Farmer.

—A certain farmer sticks clothes pins through a board, nails up the board and hangs his whips in the pins. Saves money and whips.

SHE, TOO, COULD SHINE.

How a 'Prize Millionaire's' Wife Cleaned Out a Fashionable Hotel.

A few days ago a lady from San Francisco, who had a very solid bank account, went to Lake Tahoe on a pleasure trip with her daughter. She concluded that she would have a good time, and accordingly took along some plain, serviceable clothes and no jewelry. When she struck one of the fashionable resorts she found herself in the midst of a lot of people making a vulgar display of clothes and diamonds, and every time she turned around she was the subject of the most unmerciful snubbing. She was put off in an obscure corner to eat, and not one of the fashionable guests condescended to show her the slightest civility. The lady bit her lips for a few days, took in the situation and with true feminine instinct decided on revenge. She dropped a line below, and presently there were deposited at the hotel twelve Saratoga trunks waybilled to her address. She and her daughter retired to their rooms, and that evening came down to the dining-room in a blaze of lace and diamonds that took everybody's breath away. No such gorgeous or tasty toilets had ever bewildered the guests at that hotel before. It blinded the eye to look at the pair as they quietly entered the room. The steward, after recovering his poise, rushed forward and pulled out two chairs from the most fashionable table in the hotel. She shook her head and replied: "The old table will do," and went to the obscure corner, where she had eaten all the time.

The utmost consternation spread through the dining-room, and the low hum of voices rose to a fashionable buzz as they warmly discussed the situation. Wasn't it awful? They had been snubbing a woman and her daughter all the week who could out-dress them all. In the evening they attempted to hedge, but couldn't to any considerable extent. The dudes tried to shine up to the girl, but she wouldn't have it, and those who tried to scrape an acquaintance with the mother found it like trying to run a tunnel into an iceberg. For awhile she flashed like a comet through that hotel into a constant change of ravishing toilets, each more costly and bewildering than the others, until, like the kings who pedestrianized in Macbeth, they threatened to stretch out till the crack of doom.

At the end of the week it was learned from the chambermaid that she had only gone through half of her immense Saratoga. There were several women there who had displayed at least a dozen different toilets, and they felt that they would just die if she beat their record. But she kept right on and when she was three ahead of their score they packed up and left. One by one she vanquished the leaders and the rank and file capitulated, displaying the rarest generalship imaginable. If "Mrs. X" appeared in any special color to make a spread in the morning, she adopted that color at once, only in a dress that eclipsed the other as the sun outshines the dog star.

She was the absolute John Sullivan of the toilet ring, and knocked out all who had the temerity to stand before her. The last of her opponents was a relict, vulgarly dressed woman from San Francisco, whose flashy toilets had attracted general attention and admiration from persons ignorant of harmony and color. Whatever dress this woman donned in the morning the fashionable Nemesis was on her trail with a color that literally killed the other. The heretofore cock of the walk was unable to stand her defeat, and, packing her trunks, started home.

The army of snobs was routed, and one by one dropped out of sight. They just settled up and quit. Then the quiet little lady resumed her plain clothes, put on an old straw hat with her daughter and went fishing. As the last jag left, she absolutely had the cologne to be down at the wharf fishing in an old calico dress, cotton gloves and straw hat.

The landlord considered that she literally cleaned his place out, and she thinks she had an awful lot of fun.—Carson (Sec.) Appeal.

STANFORD'S PASSION.

The California Millionaire's Genuine Love for Fine Breed Horses.

Stanford's only passion is for fine horses, and this taste he has gratified on his estate at Palo Alto, in the heart of the Santa Clara valley. There he has a large number of fine thoroughbred horses, and when he goes down to his country home it is his pleasure to sit in a large chair in the center of a ring and see his favorite young flyers brought out for trial.

It was while watching one of these fast trotters—an animal which had the enormous stride of twenty-three feet—that the millionaire conceived the idea that in some part of his course the horse must entirely clear the ground and have all four feet in the air. So he decided to have his horse photographed while in motion. He secured the services of a skillful photographer named Mybridge, and he arranged an ingenious system of cameras worked by electricity by which an instantaneous view of the animal was given as he passed the home line. About \$40,000 was spent on these experiments; but they overthrow all previous notions on the subject, and the work which Stanford had written and published, entitled "The Horse in Motion," is a valuable contribution to science. Senator Stanford has also done more than any one else to improve the breed of horses in California and to demonstrate that the climate of that State is superior to Kentucky for the breeding of swift trotting and running stock.—Cosmopolitan.

THE PROMINENT CITIZEN.

A Quaker Character That Flourishes Wherever Man Does Congregate.

It is the ambition of some men to figure in the role of prominent citizen. They have an insatiable craving to see their names in print. They attend all meetings in which "our more prominent citizens" take part, and nothing pleases them more than to have their names appear in the morning papers in the long list of vice presidents.

The prominent citizen signs requests to a theatrical manager or star to accept a complimentary benefit, after scrutinizing the list of names to make sure that there is a preponderance of prominent citizens like himself, though it has been remarked that he rarely buys a ticket.

It is for the accommodation of the prominent citizen that chairs are placed on the stage on public occasions, and we have seen him swell up with the consciousness of his own importance as he marched proudly to his seat, looking as though the whole affair was arranged with the sole view to lifting him up for the admiration of the multitude of ordinary citizens seated below, who had no prominence to speak of.

So long as he maintains a dignified composure and discreetly holds his tongue, he is safe, but sometimes the prominent citizen—the kind we are writing about, of course—is betrayed into the weakness of making a speech, and the shallowness of his claim to any consideration above his fellows becomes painfully evident, leading simple people to inquire how he got to be a prominent citizen, anyhow. It is embarrassing to have a question of that sort put in motion, and no prominent citizen who feels at all insecure in his position should ever do anything to arouse it.

There is rarely a procession without a carriage at the disposal of the prominent citizen. It would be extremely undignified for him to walk like common mortals; besides that, in a crowd he might be mistaken for one of the most insignificant in the procession, and no suspicion of his greatness. Seated in an open hack, with a flaming badge pinned on his coat, strangers on the sidewalk might be led to inquire: "Who is that man?" and he is in hard luck if there isn't some one at hand to reply: "That is Colonel Blank, one of our most prominent citizens."

No one enjoys being interviewed by the newspaper reporter like the prominent citizen we are describing. He is ready to give his opinion on any and all subjects, from a fracture in the sidewalk to a break in the Cabinet. If a series of interviews should appear in a newspaper headed, "What our prominent citizens think of it," without his name appearing it would make him sick, and he would probably call upon the editor demanding an explanation. Instances have been known of his writing out an interview with himself, unasked, and putting it in the reporter's hands.

It is on an excursion to some other city that the prominent citizen shines in his greatest glory. To have his coming announced in the papers; to be received at the depot by a delegation of prominent citizens, some of them as transparent humbugs as himself; to listen to speeches of welcome, and make a speech himself, if some friend is kind enough to write it for him; to be feasted and treated to free drinks, and taken around in a hack to see the prisons, poor-houses, public libraries and breweries, with a lunch and speeches at each stopping-place; to be stared at by barefoot boys; to have the band play "See the Conquering Hero Comes;" to be introduced to people as the man "who has given so much prominence to his city," the introducer not embarrassing himself or others by entering into any details—all these are what give the prominent citizen such exquisite joy. Then it is that he is in his perfect element.—Texas Siftings.

Driving Away Mosquitoes.

Various substances are used to drive mosquitoes away. In some parts people anoint their bodies with fish oil as a protection against them. The Chinese are said to be very clever in the use of such protective unguents. In India, mosquitoes are smoked out of a room by burning chips of wood and incense. A few sprigs of wormwood placed about the pillow sometimes protect the sleeper from their attack. A correspondent asserts that if a piece of raw meat is hung over the sleeper's head the mosquitoes will fasten greedily on to it, leaving the human being in peace. In the morning scotes of the gorged creatures can be destroyed by dipping the meat into a bowl of boiling water. Dark, damp or ill-ventilated rooms are the favorite haunts of mosquitoes, which seldom molest you when you sleep in the veranda or on the house roof; or if you have the punka going all night over you, with the doors and windows wide open, you are pretty safe.—London Graphic.

An Ancient Family.

There are more ways than one of calling a person an old goose. Perhaps the neatest is that adopted by Koscisko Murphy. Miss Esmerelda Longcoffin is very proud of her relations to the Longcoffins of Virginia. Taking offence at some remark made by Koscisko, he said, in a cold, haughty tone of voice: "Sir, I wish you to understand that I belong to an ancient family." "Yes," replied Koscisko, yawning. "I've read of that family. They saved the Roman capital."—Texas Siftings.

The small boy wishes some of those people who feel so shocked or grieved because he goes in swimming without clothing, would chip in liberally for a bathing suit.—Boston Globe.

ABOUT OFFICE BOYS.

The Only Way to Have a Good One is to Hire a New One Every Week.

The office-boy question has almost as many sides to it as the servant-girl question. Yet it is with diffidence that I offer my share in the discussion. There are certain characteristics of the office boy, however, that ought to be brought out; and as special instances are more valuable, or at any rate more interesting than general statements, let me relate something about two individual boys: One of these was named Joe. He was a genius in his way, but his way was not my way. His talents were of a mechanical order. He ought to have been made apprentice to a fashionable plumber or a first-class burglar. It was one of his duties to "tend door." His seat was separated from the outer door by a small anteroom. He was a very active boy, but he would work hard for three hours to save himself two or three trips across the room. The door closed with a catch, and he rigged a wire to that, passed it through staples around the three sides of the anteroom, and so into the room that he sat in.

When a knock came at the door, Joe, sitting triumphant on his stool, would pull the string, and presto! the door was mysteriously opened. This arrangement pleased him a great deal more than it did me. One day I heard a peculiar grunting noise in the anteroom. I called Joe, but he did not come. I went to the door to see what was the matter, and there I found him hanging by the knees from the ceiling, head downward. He had knocked the cane seat out of a stool, screwed a pulley into a beam overhead, and rigged up some ropes in such a way that when he stuck his knees through the seat of the stool and pulled with all his might on the ropes, he was elevated, knees first, toward the ceiling. Then he tied the end of the rope fast to the stool. After doing this, he found that he could neither untie nor get his legs out, so he had to stay there. There are only two out of many instances that might be cited.

Joe was of very little use to me, and he covered my rooms with such a lot of nails, screws, pulleys, wires, strings and other things of the sort that I hardly knew the place. He had to go. Ned was a different sort of boy. He was older than Joe, and he did so well the first week that I thought I had found a treasure. I therefore willingly advanced him another week's salary. He did not come on Monday. Tuesday morning he said an aunt of his had died, and he was obliged to attend the funeral. The excuse was accepted. I did not know then that Ned had fifteen aunts, all liable to die at any time; a sick father and mother, and seven little brothers and sisters who were constantly meeting with accidents.

Neither did I know that his borrowing habit was inveterate. When he left me I figured up, and found that I had paid him, in four months, about twenty dollars more than his salary, mostly in loans of twenty-five to fifty cents. The list might be extended almost indefinitely. One boy is an artist and covers all available walls with drawings. Another is anxious to improve his handwriting, and practices on the backs of your law papers and pamphlets, or uses up your best letter paper and envelopes. Almost all office boys are good—for a week. After that they get careless, indifferent, and sometimes decidedly "uppish." The only way to keep good office boys is to get them fresh once a week.—John W. Penrose, in Epoch.

THE CHLORAL HABIT.

A Drug That Should Not Be Taken Without a Physician's Advice.

Chloral hydrate is one of the best sleep-producers known to science. It leaves few pernicious after effects, and does not lessen pain like opium or produce the delightful, dreamy condition that follows the use of the last-named drug in many people. As taken by some as an habitual dose to induce sleep it is not free from danger. Sleep should be natural in order to be refreshing. The effect of chloral is to induce an artificial condition resembling natural sleep in some respects, but not giving the weary brain all the rest it needs in order that waste of substance shall be followed by complete repair. The chloral habit is not easily formed, for the taste of the mixture in which it is necessarily given is not pleasant. There are instances of it being formed and the consequences are mental and physical debility, the former sometimes amounting almost to complete imbecility. Like the other drugs of its class, it should not be taken except by the advice of a competent physician. Insomnia—sleeplessness—is better treated by exercise carried to fatigue, by baths, avoidance of stimulants, including tea and coffee, and by methodical attention to diet, ventilation of sleeping apartments, and massage when necessary, than by any of the drugs which produce a condition more or less closely imitating sleep.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Bradstreet's has a unique statistic in the presentation of its strike record for six months, from which it appears that at various times during the first half of the year laborers have been on strike to the total number of 234,734, against 363,895 for the same period last year. The number of strikes was 523 to 200, so that the strikes have been more numerous, but have involved much fewer numbers than last year. The number of employes in the building trades who have been on strike is 63,000, in transportation service 51,000, in coal mining 18,000, in boots and shoes 17,000.

CONCERNING TINFOIL.

A Mammoth Industry in Which Every Tobacco Consumer is Interested.

"What was that he threw away?" "Oh, only a piece of tinfoil from his tobacco."

Only a piece of tinfoil. Did you ever consider how large a manufacture of that article, apparently of so little value, is carried on? Will you believe it when you are told that more than 1,000,000 pounds of the foil are used annually to cover the smoking and chewing tobacco manufactured in the United States alone. The method of making it is interesting. The tin is of course first taken out of the mines, the best of which for this purpose are in Australia and the Dutch possessions of the East Indies. The metal is found in veins or fissures called lodes, though it is also often found in a dispersed form in loose stones, which when found continuously are called streams. The rock containing the ore is blasted with gunpowder and carried to the stamping-mill, where it is pounded and washed. It is next smelted and the tin run into blocks containing from 200 to 400 weight each. This is the condition in which the metal is kept for ordinary use. Two means are used to reduce it to the necessary thinness. The old manner of hammering by hand after first being cut is still used to a great extent. By this process, however, only one surface could be produced, and to obviate this difficulty rolling mills were invented. Prior to their invention nearly all the tinfoil was imported, but their use has completely revolutionized the trade. The metal is now placed between two heavy rollers, which gives it a finished surface on both sides. It is then cut into widths from twelve to fifteen inches, rolled upon wooden reels and carried to cutting machines where it is cut according to order. It is then packed in boxes of one hundred pounds each, being laid in without pressure. There is another difference between the foil which is beaten and that which is rolled. The former is full of small holes, but the foil to be used for tobacco wrappers must be airtight.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

A Surprising Reception.

"Book Agent—I am offering to the public a new work, the 'Encyclopedia Universal, Eternal,' only five—

"Omaha Man—Come in, sir. Don't stand there in the hot sun.

"I—I guess you didn't understand. I am selling—"

"Certainly. There, take that seat by the window. I am delighted to see you."

"Permit me to explain. This book, glorious work, is complete in forty-five volumes, at five dollars a volume, and I am the agent for it."

"I am sorry you brought only one volume. Can you get the rest soon?"

"Oh, yes, but—"

"By the way, there's the bell. Stay to dinner, won't you?"

"I—I beg pardon. This is very strange. Am I awake or dreaming?"

"Yes, the house don't look very pretty, does it? You see, this is a private lunatic asylum, and I am one of the patients."—Omaha World.

Valuable Discoveries.

The Government of Colombia is authorized to grant a reward of \$10,000 in silver to every one who discovers a new merchantable article of export. Under this law Senor Rafael Vanegas has filed two claims, one for the discovery and employment of a valuable medicinal plant; the second for the discovery that wild cocoa trees exist in profusion in the virgin forests which stretch from the waters of the Ariari down to the River Guayabero. If investigation should prove the correctness of this statement, it will throw millions of dollars annually into Colombia and place a valuable article within the reach of many who are now deprived of the use of it owing to the price.—N. Y. Post.

Surprised Turks.

Dr. Washburne, president of the American College at Constantinople, brought with him from the United States one of Edison's phonographs, which he exhibited to a company of Turks. He talked into the orifice and the machine ground out of its vocal tinfoil long sentences in its squeaky way. The amazement of the spectators was kept out of sight. They pretended that it was no marvel to them at all, but when the phonograph spoke in Turkish they could not contain themselves any longer, and frankly admitted that they could not understand how the machine had learned the language so quickly, since it had been in the country only two weeks.—S. S. Cox, in Youth's Companion.

The emergency of weather has made every body solicitous as to his health. A very young doctor was instructing a circle of friends the other night, telling them what, how, and when to eat and drink. "The medical profession is agreed," he said, grandly, "that a chronic impairment of the digestive functions results from drinking while one eats; it was never intended that solid and liquid food should be sent into the stomach together." "According to that, doctor," said a bright young woman, "bread and milk is a terribly unwholesome dish?" The doctor is still thinking about it.—Buffalo Express.

A Yonkers man is charged with making this neat proposal of marriage: "Now, now dear, you say you have \$50,000 in your own name; why not put it in mine?"

MUTILATED MONEY.

Rules Regulating the Redemption of Worn-Out Paper Money.

"Are many mutilated notes presented for redemption?" asked a reporter of a clerk in the United States Sub-Treasury on Wall street. "Yes, more than the public has any idea of," he replied; and the obliging clerk at once volunteered to initiate the reporter into the workings of the department having charge of that particular branch. The chief rules regulating the work are as follows:

Paragraph 16 reads: Mutilated United States notes, gold certificates and silver certificates are redeemable by the Treasurer only, at the count of ten per cent. of the face value of the original proportion, provided no part or piece, provided not less than one-half of the whole note is presented.

Paragraph 18. Fragments less than half of notes subject to discount under paragraph 16 are redeemable at the face value of the note owner or other persons having knowledge of the facts that the missing portions have been totally destroyed.

Of National bank notes it says:

Paragraph 21. Notes equaling or exceeding three-fifths of their original proportion, and bearing the name of the bank and the signature of one of its officers, are redeemable at their face value.

Paragraph 22. Notes of which less than three-fifths remain, or from which both signatures are lacking, are not redeemable by the Treasurer, but should be presented for redemption to the bank of issue.

More \$1, \$2 and 5 notes are redeemed than of any other denominations. Notes were shown to the reporter that were scolloved, torn in half, with corners missing, holes the size of a silver dollar, seemingly taken out of the center of the note, and some thin that mere handling would reduce them to shreds. The silver certificates of \$1 and \$2 were well represented, even though in circulation but a year. They were principally torn; not worn, as in the other cases. A piece of glass the exact size of a note, divided into squares and oblongs, is used to measure the size of the mutilations. One-half of the glass is divided into five parts, formed by two cut horizontal with the ends—each oblong being one-tenth of the glass. The other half is cut into twenty squares, each representing one-fourth of the glass. This glass, when laid upon a note, at once reveals the extent of the mutilation.

The money is received and examined by a special clerk, who, after returning the proper amount to the person presenting it, turns the note or notes to a clerk whose duty it is to pack and prepare the same for shipment to Washington. A large stack of bills was before the last clerk and he was busy sorting them according to their denominations. They are then put into packages of one hundred notes. Ten packages are tied together, forming a bundle containing one thousand bills. Silver certificates are perforated when being packed.

The bundles are expressed to Washington, where the notes are reduced to a pulp, which, in turn, is molded into various shapes and sold to curiosity-hunters.

More than \$30,000,000 in mutilated notes are redeemed each year at the Sub-Treasury.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

REALISTIC ADVENTURE.

An Incident from the Early Life of the Artist W. D. Howells.

As the dusk was setting in on a beautiful autumnal day about thirty-seven years ago, a man and a boy were driving a cow along a country road in Ohio. They had come a long distance and were weary; but though the boy limped, the conversation did not flag as they trudged along.

They wore evidently not farmers; both had the appearance of living a city life, but had they been observed, the things they were saying, and set their looks, would have attracted attention; for they were talking of Cervantes and Shakespeare.

The cow needed much urging, and it was late at night when they reached some white-limbed sycamores beside the tail-race of a grist-mill on the Little Miami river, on the other side of which was the small log-cabin in which they lived. A question then arose as to how they should get the cow across. They did not know the depth of the water, but they knew it to be cold, and they did not care to swim it. The elder wanted the boy to run up under the sycamores to the saw-mill, cross the head-race there, and come back to receive the cow on the other side of the tail-race. But with all his literature, the boy was young enough to be superstitious, and afraid of the dark; and though the elder urged him to go, he would not form him. They could see the lights in the cabin twinkling cheerfully, and they shouted to those within, but no one heard them. They called and called in vain, and were answered only by the cold rush of the tail-race, the rustle of sycamore leaves, and the homelike lowing of the cow.

They then determined to drive her across from the shore, and then to run up to the saw-mill and down the other bank, so as to catch her as she reached it. When they came there, she was not to be found, however; she had instantly turned again, and during the night she made her way back to the town from which they had brought her.

The log-cabin was a small one, with a corn-field of eighty acres behind it, and it was nearly a quarter of a century old. The boy who entered it after this adventure was William Dean Howells, and the man was his father, who had recently brought his family from Dayton to take charge of the saw-mill and grist-mill on the river. The incident illustrates the simplicity of the early life of one who has since become the foremost American novelist.—William H. Rideing, in St. Nicholas.

—Oat straw is best for filling beds. It is well to change the straw as often as once a year.