POEMS VERSUS PEANUTS. my love brings poems Thursday nights and pentuts every Monday; as writes from early morn till eve, Except, of course, on Sunday. periors of sweetness long drawn out, othopes cut through the middle, sale case he tried to weave in rhyme The heary Sphinx's riddle.

B's very gay, then tacitura, And scattlingly sardonic
was poetiring Piato's school—
(that's where we got "platonic"), per these he scours the country through From Cisco's bay to Fundy's, treally, if the truth were told,

DeWitt C. Lockwood, in Century,

A CUP OF COFFEE. How Obnoxious Personages Are

Disposed of in Turkey. Coffee in Turkey is not, as with us, a amption; it is one of the instituness of the country; and a very much nore important institution than persons she have not traveled in the Turkish

lapire can possibly imagine. Apart from its household use, coffee seeds, alike to the Moslems and to the savelous mixture of races that inhabit as headquarters of Islam—the world's atural center, geographically and nologically-the principal means of all dissipation for all classes.

The Moslem is the most temperate of es; all intoxicating liquors are fores of the higher class Turks, in large tiles like Constantinople, Smyrna and ilea, whose contact with Eur peans us destroyed their inner faith in the het, and made them practically bough not avowedly infidels, ever

When the day's work is done, a little able-topped table on the edge of the dewalk, a tiny cup of coffee, and a white or "hubble-bubble" (the Eastserchant or the poorest hamas street-porter) needs to pass the time, of to elevate him into the seventh sen of indolent and serene enjoy-

A wonderfully striking spectacle can dewed on any fine summer Sunday rnoon, from the deck of one of the enger steamers that ply up and on the Bosphorus, between Galata or stari and Thesopia, Buyukdere and arak. Almost every terrace and igneof vantage on these lovely shores literally covered and carpeted with seming population of Constantino all quietly enjoying themselves, hat his or her little table, over inesimally small cups of coffee pipes-or eigarettes, in the of the Greek and Armentladies, who are the most ous representatives of their The beauty of the scene is ened by the fact that the ladies dress, the most part, in silks of the brightbees, the Turkish ladies, when out doors, mostly in a silken wrapper of tene color-cerise, mauve or crimson the broad masses of color thus producra most artistic effect. On a holiday, et-sighted observer would imagine mselves bright enough at intervals th great thickets of roses, trailing es of Bourainvillias and other dazlag creepers, were laid out in contins parterres of the most brilliant s-the flowers being, as a matter fact, very human indeed. There is no ivalents; and hardly any movement al the hour for retirement arrives. rks, Greeks, Albanians, Armenians & Jews are all content to while away dernoon, seated in passive enjoyat without any excitement or occuion beyond sipping their coffee. The beverage—if I may so designate mi-fluid of somewhat denser con-

t whatever his shortcomings may visit of ceremony, be it to a merator to a pasha, is incomplete withthe coffee. Sweets, often a jam in la Scio, of orange or lemon soms, or of rose-leaves, are general-landed round, and no little dexterity equired to gracefully lodge a spoon-under a heavy mustache (the atpialways left me in a lamentable as of sticky misery!) but whatever is given or withheld, the coffee is and drigueur. And it can not be ned without mortal offense. Avantage is taken of this social

my than the richest cream-also

man it dispensable part in the cere-

et-for a Turkish gentleman would er lose his clife than be guilty of sch of etiquette-to utilize coffee in most important function in the al economy of Turkey. It is not such to say that it bas many a time ared and will many times again into the destinies of the entire Emand of the East.

upof coffee is almost invariably ed as the means of administering and polson is the ultima ratio rhish statecraft. More so now is former times, since the practical ice of the death penalty by the

death penalty has not, it is true, formally discarded, but it is imto get the reigning Sultan to te an execution. The story goes his childhood his nurse predictim the loss of his own life if he over sign a death-warrant. age and lawlessness have, of increased to such an alarment that I hear the Sultan has sanctioned the trial by courtand aummary execution of is taken in arms: but when I was by the scruples of his Imperial drove officials charged with the of particularly formidable es to the surreptitious adopingenious but unrecogmethods for the disposal of ble prisoners. An escort, condangerous brigands to a distant

hied, having in some way en route to disembarrass themof the culprits. The story usual hat they had attempted an eshad been shot or pitched overa mif-defense. We all know that sty is good till another is told;" never any one to tell that Needless to say, no indisconvenient questions were striy well, to the satisfaction

Excepting some pirates in Rhodes. who were found hanging on trees in front of the landing-place cafes, one fine morning, shortly before my arrival in the island, and whose case was (like themselves), I fancy promptly disposed of without reference to Constantinople. I am not aware of any execution having taken place in Turkey since the banging of Hassan Bey, the mad officer who ran amuck, Malay fashion, among the ministers of state in the palace yard. He was very speedily and unceremoniously suspended to a lamp-post on the Stamboul bridge over the Golden Horn. They did not even trouble themselves to cover his face: eye-witnesses told me that the circumstance that attracted the most general attention was the preposterous length of his tongue, which protruded from his mouth and stiffened so protruding. after the fashion of some of the grotesque gargoyles that adorn early Gothic cathedrals.

In the event, then, of the "removal" gee in Turkey then, of the 'removal' of any public personage being deemed by the Sultan's advisers a matter of state exigency, a cup of coffee obviates all necessity for scandal, and all occasion for the possible popular excitement-to say nothing of European criticism -that would be provoked by an execution, public or private, in due course of law or by order of the Sultan. A prominent statesman dies suddenly or after a short and unaccountable illtess; and you hear his friends remarking under their breath, that the pacho had "taken a cup of coffee."

The poisons used vary according to hiden by the Koran; and none but a the importance of the case, and the need for concealment or the reverse. No great skill is required if the party

to be "removed" be comparatively unknown, or if no reasons exist for avoiding an immediate denouement. But in the case of a personage possibly of European celebrity, the cause must not be too rapidly followed by, or too clearly connected with, the effect. Some of the eunuchs of the palace are credited with the secret of a drug (the knowledge very probably brought by them from rapipe) are all that the richest TurkAfrica, whence they were purchased as slaves), often used in cases of importance, the catastrophe produced which does not come to pass for a couple of months after the fatal cup of coffee has been tendered and swallowed. It was thus that was compassed the death of Midhat Pasha, the able and honest, but too hasty and inconsiderate reform er, who gave Turkey her first brief Par liament, very soon and very rightly suppressed by the Sultan as totally unfitted to the circumstances of the Empire and incompatible with the principles of Ottoman government. Not long before his death, poor Mid-hat, a most estimable and pleas ant Turk, and, like "Arabi the Egyptian," a true patriot, wrote from his exile in Syria to a friend of mine at Constantinople, mentioning the setting in of the rapidly-increasing corpulence which is an unmistakable symptom that this drug is at work, and saying that he knew he had but a few weeks to live. The Turk never indulges in unseemly struggles against kiemet (fate); his destiny is always accepted with the most exemplary resignation. From the com mencement of his exile it was a matter of noteriety that the "cup of coffee" would be given, sooner or later; so that at the banks of the Bosphorus, in his many friends took it as a matter of course when the end came. None of the his would inevitably have entailed his catsup, and good without asking for that being bow-strung or beheaded; so that money. I couldn't do it, you know, judged for the shifts and expedients to

> While my yacht waslying off Smyrna, in 1887, I took advantage of the oppor again soon. I walked down the street Minor, in the old kingdom of Crossus, passing close to the tomb of his father, Alyaltes. On my way overland to Sardis I visited the city of Manissa, the ancient Magnesia, once the cradle and the capital of the Ottoman Turks.

lie opinion has driven them.

ales, private, diplomatic or public; howhere in the world is every de-On paying my respects to the Gov of ceremonial more strictly ob-nel than among the Turks, every nel whom is one of nature's gentleernor, since promoted to the Governorship of Trebizond, I found myself very courteously received by no less remark able a personage than at once the vigorious principal political opponent of Midhat Pasha and the presiding judge at his trial, probably also the actual contriver of his final disappearance from this world's shifting stage. Evidently a man of first-rate ability, crafty and astute far beyond the average even of orientals, steeped as they are from the cradle in dissimulation, he gave me the idea of an enemy to be dreaded, no matter how long he might have to bide his time-a foe "not to be denied," as "the

fancy" say of a fighting bull-terrier. However, I felt perfectly safe in the consciousness of my own insignificance, and had no fear or hesitation in com plying as gracefully as in me lay, which I remember was precious awkwardly) with the customary formalities of Turkish reception etiquette.

So, before bowing my farewell, I duly swallowed the proffered painfully sticky preserve-except what remained pendant to my mustache-and, without question or scruple, took from the delicate filigree stand in which it was served, may be by the same fingers that prepared Midhat's draught of doom-who can say?-a very satisfactory and refreshing cup of coffee. - Captain F. S. Dugmore,

in N. Y. Ledger. A Frenchman's Novel Vocation. A new celebr ty is making his appearance along the boulevards. He is a welldressed, intelligent-looking youth. He saunters along the terraces of the principal cafes, scanning the faces of the consommateurs until he catches sight of one that strikes his fancy. Doffing his hat politely, he thus accosts the gentleman he has singled out: "Will monsieur be good enough to ask me any question be pleases relating to the history of France, from the time of Pharamond down to Napoleon III.? I can tell monsieur the day, even the hour, of the birth, marriage or death of any historic al personage." In nine cases out of ten this walking encyclopedia has so wel chosen his man that monsieur, thus addressed, puts him a number of questions, would occasionally arrive all of which are answered correctly and instantly, to the astonishment of th persons around and to the profit of th inventor of this novel method of earn ing a livelihood.-Paris Letter.

-One of the most encouraging features of the great movement of modern missions is the growing enthusiasm among medical and other stadents in this and other countries. Fifty years ago medical missionaries wer almost unheard of; now a missionary society and usually deserving of much scarcely be found.—London Christian.

WOMAN'S WINNING WAYS.

How Mrs. Stinson Conquered One of Her Husband's Impatient Creditors. "Say, boys, am I softe" said Tommy

gine-house on Tuesday night. you so, Tommy," said the driver. "Why, stantine) renounced all right of succeswhat's eatin' you now? You look as if sion to the throne to marry a French you wasn't feeling a bit happy, but you governess. don't look soft."

I was afraid I wouldn't stay mad enough over night if I slept in a good bed, Irish sisters that took the town by so I kept my clothes on and slept on a storm, in the Mayfair Chapel at midhair-cloth lounge, and got up mad-night with a ring of a bed-curtain! te smile, and, puttin' out both hands, she said: "Why, Mr. Magruder! Well, this is a surprise, and a pleasant one. You'm quite the stranger. I am glad to see you!"

"'Where's your old man?' says I as gruff as I could, seein's I was talkin' to a lady.

'Oh, John,' she says. 'He's gone down to the store and will be back soon. ain't goin' away without comin' in?"

"Well, I felt my mad goin' then; but I wouldn't let it go, and I answered her savage-like. 'I come up to talk turkey with John,' says I, and that's as far as I got when she palled me in and slammed the door. 'Now, see here, Tommy,' she says, with her sweetest smile, 'I ain't goin' to let you go back till after dinner. The idea of coming way up here and not coming into the house. You ought to be ashamed of yourself;' and then she talked about the folks and acted so sweet and pleasant

I saw John coming through the gate. Then I got glum again, but, Lordy, it wasn't any good, for he was just as hearty as she was, and they piled it on so thick that I didn't get a chance to say what I came up to say. They were so blamed glad to see me, and so pressin', that I didn't have the heart to kick, and the consequence was I sat down to dinner.

"They had country sausages, and I couldn't help saving that they was good. With that Mrs. Stinson said: 'Oh, do you like them? Well, I've just made a lot, and I will give you some to take home with you. Don't say no. European powers, whose light and lead. You've got to take them. No, you ain't ing he -trove to follow, interfered to get robbing me; I made too many of them. the place of exile of their fallen disciple and I want you take a bottle of my changed to Europe and to comparative catsup, too, and blamed if that woman safety. After all, half a century earlier, didn't wheedle me into taking a big so complete a political downfall as was package of sausages and a bottle of after them being so good, and as which the daily increasing force of pub. I was going away they walked to the gate with me and gave me a good send off, telling me to be sure and come up madder at every step, and looked at the

package of sausages and catsup. "'Forty dollars,' says I to the package, and then I chucked it as far as I could, and heard the bottle smash against a rock in the field. That's how mad I was at myself then, and I ain't got over it yet. I don't care what you fellows say, but I am soft, and there is

no wiping it out."-N. Y. Sun. WOMEN'S STRAW HATS.

Feminine Tollet Come From

The glory of a woman's toilet is her bat. To her it is dearer and of more concern than even the fold, the texture, the cut and the make of her robe. Her hat is the cynosure of the eyes of all her female acquaintances, the attractive point which brings the gaze and criticism of her gentlewomen friends. Curiously enough, however, there is nothing about her dress that is more of a mystery to her. From the tip of her nicely-fitting shoes to the top of her well-shaped hat the best informed woman of the world knows more about every article that goes to make up her toilet than she does about the headgear which, next to a woman's hair, is her true glory. Of course every woman is aware of the texture of a felt hat, but this article is intended to solve the mystery surrounding straw hats.

What are women's straw hats made of? It seems a simple question and yet it is not one that the ordinary woman can well and truly answer. The braids are all imported; many from China. If I were to tell a young lady that the hat she wore was made of straw from the plantation of the Emperor of China, I doubt if she would believe me, and yet it is so. Some of this braid is called Neapolitan and is wide and coarse. The straw of what is known as Neapolitan pear-ledge is found in Chu Foo. It grows tall and the top is fine and the bottom coarse, one stalk thus giving two or more kinds of braid. Venetian grows tall and is the opposite of Neapolitan pear-ledge, whose base is coarse. The top of the Venetian is coarse and is called mottled braid. The center is somewhat finer, and of the stalks which are nearest the ground is made the fine Venetian braid.-Chicago Tribune.

-A "tough" bird-the jay. A cheating bird-the gull. A boasting bird-the crow. A dishonest bird-the robin. A rude bird-the mocking bird. untruthful bird-the lyre bird. A low spirited bird-the blue bird. A "cabinet" bird-the secretary bird.

-The village of Dafia, on the island of Lesbos, has a woman said to be 135 years old who still has the complete use of all her senses. The same island contains three other inhabitants who are said to have passed their hundredth birthday-Ismail Apa, 110 years old; Khalil Apa, in his 119th year, and Aschil Babs, aged 115. All three of work. They have built for themselves these centenarians, it is said, earn their several churches in the interior for their

MARRIED AT MIDNIGHT. Righ-Born English Duke's Extraordi-

The Russians make some very roman-Magruder, as he sat down in Seven's en tie marriages. Peter the Great took unto himself a servant maid, and in our "Well, there ain't any body around own days two Imperial Grand Dukes these corners that would dare to tell (one of them was the Grand Duke Con-

But the despotic will of the Czar "Well, I was beginnin' to think I was makes it rather difficult for subjects gettin' soft, and you'll say I am after I to indulge in such vagaries, and Entell you about my trip to-day. I've been gland is, after all, par excelence, the collecting, or tryin to collect, to-day, country of runaway matches. Think and I don't think I'm any good at the how for hundreds of years the infamous business. John Stinson borrowed forty marriages at the prison of the Fleet, dollars of me two years ago, and I've the King's Bench prison, the mint, the been gettin' it back in promises ever Savoy and the chapel in Mayfair floursince. He pays installments of wind ished, and how hard it was to abolish every month or two, and that's all I get them, such men as Charles James Fox Now, John's a pretty good fellow, but opposing their suppression. He had a lately I have been gettin' a leet' sore kindly feeling for them, and well he on him about them seads, and the more might, for his own father had been mar-I thought of it the madder I got. On ried there. And the high-born Duke of Monday night I went to bed mad about Hamilton, whose proud house looks with it, and swore I'd go up to his house and disdain on Guelphs, regarding them as nail him for the amount in the morning. lowly interlopers, marrying one of the beautiful Miss Gunnings, those famous

der than I was when I went to Besant and Rice's charming novel, bed. I went without my coffee to keep "The Chaplain of the Fleet," has bed. I went without my coffee to keep "The Chaplain of the Fleet," has mad and left my tobacco at home. I described so vividly the peculiarities of was afraid to go up on the train for fear those strange weddings that we refrain of losin' my mad, so I walked out to his from dwelling any longer on Fleet marplace, two miles over the first mount- riages, lest we might be repeating a ain. and I didn't take a single nip on twice-told tale; but it will be news to the way. Oh! I was bound to stay mad many of our readers to learn that clean through, and I was biling when I Greena Green was in full force till 1857, reached his farm and knocked at his when the new marriage law-reluctantdoor. Mrs. Stinson came to the door, ly enough granted, came into effect, reand the moment she opened it she began quiring English men and women to reside six weeks in Scotland before being able to contract a legal marriage in that country-bereft it of its ancient glories

Hither, in October, 1818, came rattling up the great North Country roads that brilliant legal luminary, Lord Erskine, Lord Chancelor of England. Did he ever, when seated in great dignity on the "woolsack." recall that wild gallop Why don't you come in? You surely and wilder escapade? His signature scratched with a diamond is still to be seen on a window of the old "Queen's Head Inn," at Gretna, and a copy of the certificate is hung up in the room in

which he was married. Lord Eldon, in his twenty-first year, a penniless barrister, with brains a plenty and briefs but few, eloped with Miss Surtrees, of Newcastle. He, as well as Lord Brougham, his successor in the Chancelorship of England-truly, a frisky trio of Lord Chancelors-patronized Coldstream on the eastern border. But great names of far more recent date that I forgot all about being mad until are to be found on these curious border registers. Foreign Princes, English Earls, innumerable Baronets, etc., etc.

In 1845 Lady Adela Villiers, youngest daughter of the Earl of Jersey, whose sister was married to "Prince Nicholas Esterhazy, the Hungarian magnate," ploped with Captain Ibbetson, following the example of her grandmother, the only daughter of a rich Mr. Childs, the banker, who, in 1782, wentoff with Lord Burghersh, afterward tenth Earl of Westmoreland.

There may be seen the signature of Lady Florence Paget, daughter of the Marquis of Anglesey, the handsomest woman in England, and the last Marquis of Hastings, uncle of Lady Flora Hastings, the late Duchess of Norfolk. The lady was betrothed to Mr. Chaplin, the present Minister of Agriculture, the richest commoner in England. She and her flance went into a great London jewelry house to have her finger measured for the wedding ring. The "shop" had another entrance at the back, on a different street; this entrance was shut off from the main part of the store by a kind of parlor.

Excusing herself on some pretext or other, and asking Mr. Chaplin to tunity to travel in the interior of Asis about half a mile, gettin' madder and await her return, the fair flance went into the parlor and out through the other door where a carriage and four and the Marquis of Hastings were waiting for her, and they were well on their way to the border before the trick was discovered. -N. Y. Mercury and Journal.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL -The Bible has been translated into

sixty-six of the languages and dialects of Africa. -One-half the population of Japan is

in the southern part, but the most of the missionary work has been done in the northern-central portions of the empire. -The first missionary arrived in Corea in 1884; the first convert was baptized in

1886. Now there are more than 100 Christians in the country. -According to the Book Buyer there were 377 works on theology and religion published in 1886, 351 in 1887, 482 in 1888,

and 363 in 1889. -Rev. J. L. Dearing says the eager ness of the Japanese for Christianity is overstated. They are eager for education, but Christianity is a stumbling-

block to many. -An association of teachers of girls schools was lately organized at Madras, India, with forty-five members. Mrs. Isabel Brander. who originated the idea, was elected president.

-The Baptist denomination in Liberia is the only self-supporting religious body in that country. There are thirty-one churches with 3,000 members. They have a mission among the aborigines.

-The Topeka 'Capital' (Kansas)

says: "The teacher ought to make a continuous study of means for best applying the rudiments of education in building up men and women fit for the practical work of life."

-The Methodist Church has decided to build a college in Kansas City, Kan. Property worth about \$1,000,000 has been acquired there and the educational committee of the church recently met to arrange for the erection of a suitable building.

-The British and Foreign Bible Sc ciety has, during the eighty-one years of its existence, issued from its London house alone 29,000,000 of complete Bibles, nearly 33,000,000 of New Testaments, and 11,845,000 portions of the Bible. This makes a total of 72,500,000 books issued from the London headquarters.-Christian at Work.

-East Africa has of late engrossed so much attention that readers may be in danger of forgetting the claims of missions and the progress of the Gospel in other parts of that vast continent. The venerable Bishop Crowther, who has recently arrived in England, speaks highly of the immense strides which Christimity is making among the West Afr. can natives, a very encouraging feature being the self-denying enthusiasm which converts display in helping on the good use when attending the oil market.

PLANNING A CAMPAIGN.

Emigrants That Will Not Come Among Us to Farm or to Build.

A foreigner who proposes, if possible, to emigrate to this country is said to have held a conference recently with one of his race who had already been here. It this statement is true, the people of the United States have reason to be deeply concerned, for these emigrants do not come among us to farm, or to build or to

Their business is to kill, and they do their work well. Their power, silent and sure, is more deadly than that of cannon or dynamite; they spare neither the young nor the old; their track across the continent is marked by black lines of graves.

One of the parties to this reported conference was the vigorous young comma bacillus or cholera microbe. Probably none of our readers have ever seen this creature, or even its picture, but it lives and moves to do a deadlier work than the fabled dragons of old times.

"My ancestors," it is reported to have said, "crossed the sea to the New World again and again, and counted their vic tims by thousands and tens of thousands. What chance is there for me now? My race has the power to reproduce itself to an illimitable extent. If I can make my way from Persia across Europe and the Atlantic, I can increase by the millions should the conditions prove favorable. I can double the death rate in summer."

His companion was the microbe of th influenza. Its picture has not been drawn by scientific men. It has just finished a triumphant march over Europe and this continent, leaving disease and wasted vitality and death behind it. Soldiers and infants, empresses and paupers, as we all know, were among its victims.

"The field is ready for you in America," it said. "Young and old there exhaust their vital forces by excessive work or excessive play, by incessant struggles to be rich, or by drink. On the farms and in country villages little attention is paid to drainage; garbage manure heaps and other abominations are left to fester under the hot sun. Ir some of the great cities sewer gas pollutes the air; in others the drinking water is foul with corruption; in all of them the people listen with good-hu-mored indifference to the warnings of scientific men."

"It is pure air, cleanliness and temperate living that kill me," said the deadly microbe; "but I foresee great triumphs yonder. I shall have thousands of victims!" and he prepared for his de-

-"A fable!" says the reader. "No such conference was ever held." It may be so, but a fable is a story that has a moral.-Youth's Companion.

A JAP AT ANNAPOLIS.

All About a Pretty Malden of Tokio and

an Amusing Fight. In the Naval Academy at Annapolis is the son of a wealthy and honored Japanese, who is taking a course of training preparatory to entering the Mikado's navy. This cadet has an enemy, another Jap, who is living in Washington. It is said that in a three-cornered firtation between these youths and a beautiful maiden who resides in Tokio the naval cadet came out victorious. Unable to control himself, the vanquished rival at last took refuge in that meanest of warfare, the telling of tales. He wrote to his friends in Japan that the cadet was a bad man, described his faults, and made the poor fellow appear a heartless ogre. These tales finally reached the ears of the girl, said she did not believe them. Then she sat down and wrote her cadet lover all she had heard. In due time her tear-stained missive reached Annapolis; and since then-a month ago-the maligned Jap has eaten beef by the pound, and given himself up to swinging Indian clubs, sparring and practicing the broadsword exercises. A week since he found himself devoid of an ounce of superflous flesh and thirsting for gore. During all this time he had been careful to continue friendly with his rival, and a few nights ago invited the latter to his room. When they got there the cadet locked the door, tied the key to his belt, closed the windows, cleared the room of bric-abrac, and piled chairs, tables, etc., on his bed. Then he stripped, telling the other to do the same and prepare to re-ceive the most awful thrashing on record since David slew Golfah. A minute later the cadet seized his rival by the throat and slammed him against the wall. When the slanderer crawled to his feet he was promptly knocked through the glass doors of a book-case. Ten seconds later he was whirling around the room like a crazy cyclone. When the cadet was tired he washed himself, put on his clothing, and told the other that he would be back in five minutes with witnesses to hear an apology. Then he went out, locking the door after him. But while he was absent the tale-bearer tore down the cur-

quest that she persuade her lover to re-main in the United States navy.

tains, made a life line of them, and

swang out of the window, dropping to

the ground. He did not dare go to Wash-

ington alone for fear he should meet the

cadet, so he paid a policeman to accom-

pany him thither. On the way they did

meet the cadet and his friends, and an

apology was voluntarily forthcoming.

Last Saturday night a number of Amer-

ican cadets went in a body to the

Japanese colleague, congratulating him

and approving his action. They sent

happy maiden in Tokio, but added a re-

their respectful compliments to

A Word to Young Men. Young men make a sad mistake when they think it necessary that they should have a personal acquaintance with the dark and seamy side of life. Many a man who has peered into the abyss "just to see what it was like," has lost his balance and fallen almost hopelessly. A young man was talking to a pilot on one of our big steamers. "How long," he asked, "have you been a pilot on these waters?" The old man replied: "Tweney-five years; and I came up and down many times before I was pilot." "Then," said the young man, "I should think you must know every rock and sand-bank on the river." The old man smiled at the youth's simplicity, and replied, "O, ao, I don't; but I know where the deep water is." That is what we want—to know the safe path and keep to it.— Farm and Fireside.

A Michigan poetmaster has been so pestered by young men gossiping with his pretty female carks that he has placed over each devery window a printed card which reals: "This window for P. O. business only! Not for visitOF GENERAL INTEREST.

-There are two hundred million scres of arid land in the United States which can be cultivated by irrigation. Six million acres of this region have already been redeemed.

-The growth of the cities in the the marvels of its development. There are \$50 of them, with an aggregate population of nearly 16,000,000. -White mahogany is exceeding rare, Express.

but sparingly introduced as borders for tables and delicate frame work of upto be sailing on the matrimonial sea holstered suits. It has a soft enamellike gloss, and is very costly. -The American Museum of Natural

valued at \$300. It is a little over a foot in length, its holding capacity being two from Madagascar, and is a relic of an extinct monster bird.

-The first submarine telephone line -running between Montevideo and feel all right, don't you?"-Fliegende Buenos Ayres-is thirty-two miles long. Blatter. the entire length with the overland line being one hundred and eighty miles. There are five intermediate stations, all of which can telephone and telegraph simultaneously with all the other sta-

-At an auction sale of household goods the other day in a little town of er's Bazar. France an old painting was sold for \$40. A few minutes later a picture dealer purchased it for \$800 and before the day was over he was offered \$15,000 for it. It was a Rembrandt, with his signature and date in a lower corner. The dealer derbilt or Wanamaker. -The meanest man in Maine lives

near Lewiston. He had an only son, who was drafted and killed in the war. The father now says: "I was shortsighted in not paying \$400 for a substitute, for I have been forced to hire a man ever since to help carry on the farm, and it has cost me thousands , bove the price of a substitute. Besides, he was a master hand to work and the smallest eater I ever saw."

-A coincidence that is very remarkable is reported from Boston. A teamster who had been hurt by a car running into his wagon brought suit for damages against the railway company. The case ame up a few days ago, and the jury decided to visit the scene of the col-lision—a steep hill. They embarked in a car belonging to the defendant, and had just reached the hill when the car ran into a furniture wagon, breaking two of the windows and shaking up the urymen. The teamster received a verdiet for \$1,100.

-A Tokio correspondent gives some amusing specimens of English as it is written by the Japanese. Among them are these, from a library company's rules: "The Proffession of our Company is supplying the all Japanese Classical and Modern Books or Chinese and English Language Books to Readers for recieving duly Lending Price." "The object of our library is for the Reader who desired to Read many book at one time for searching useful matter. Therefore all book which is ready in our Company, is permit to Read; but the prevailing Book at present is wished for Reader to be lend from the procedeur of sending." "Who has read the Book of our Company, above Three month by the Polish way of the reading, thought of our Company will send the Signature of Special and may be lend by paying Lending Price that mitigating 1-10 of it.

NATURE'S RECORD BOOK.

Season of Growth.

How Trees Keep Track of Each Successive It is not known to every one that a ree keeps a record within its stem of spective countries. the character of each successive season I grew to be quite fond of the Senor, since it began its growth. If a peach he was so generous and simple and amount whether the summer of that clock-like regularity. year was warm or dry, or otherwise fa- | The Senor was married I learned and vorable or adverse; and by the condition of the wood the character of the winter will be denoted. Severe early frost will leave a layer of soft, decaying wood, and later nosts will be indicated by a change of color, if nothing more.

If a summer has been so dry as to cause a total rest between the growths of June and September, the annual ring for that year will be a double one, and sometimes barely distinguishable as one, but liable to be taken, by a not very close observer, for two different years'

At a late meeting of the Botanical Soclety of Edinburg, Sir Robert Christisun gave the results of measurements of large trees of different species, made annually on lines of girth marked permanently with paint. In the very unfavorable season of 1879, the deficiency in summer temperature was nearly 10 degrees. In seven oak trees of different species the deficiency in annual increase of girth was 10 per cent. In eleven other deciduous trees it was 42 per cent; and in seventeen pines it was 20 per cent. different species of the same family giving very nearly similar results.-Vick's

HE KNEW HIM WELL His Memory Assists Mr. Cooper in Squelching a Blackguard.

In an up-town resort the other night was William Cooper, the owner of the big onyx quarries near Esperanza, Mex-ico, who had dropped in to meet a imbibing liquid refreshments, Mr. Cooper wears here the same broadbrimmed brown plush sombrero as when he is riding over the mountains to his quarries. It attracted the notice of the party at the bar, and one of them, in an insulting tone, proposed to drink to the health of the author of "Where Did You Get That Hat?" His voice caused Mr. Cooper to look quickly around, over his rugged, bewhiskered face. He found that he knew the voice, and stepping up to the man, he said, quietly but bride or groom. An intimate firmly: "That hat is all right, but beold me would keep you out of Ludlow to find himself divorced. street jail and save your family from starving? My name is Cooper, sir, but I had no whiskers then." The gentleman who told me this incident relates that the man at the bar turned white and red by turns, gasped, half-strangled, but finally did the manly thing by saying: "My God, are you Cooper? Well it's all so, gentlemen, just as he says, and I beg his pardon and yours."—N. Y.

-A town clerk in Maine, who is also a druggist, combines business enterprises and public spirit by offering to give free a marriage license and a pint of cologne to every bone fide applicant for a mar-riage certificate during the next two "A LITTLE NONSENSE."

-A young man, whose wife's father was very kind to him, said that he was Pa excellence as a father-in-law.-Merchant Traveler.

-Another Coolness in the Jason Famfly.-Mrs. Jason-"Mrs. Willers is go-United States is not among the least of ing to Florida again this winter. She is going down there for her lungs." Mr. Jason-"How did she happen to leave them there? Forgot 'em?"-Terre Haute -Young wife-"Are you happy, dear,

with such a kind and loving mate?" Husband—"Yes, indeed; but don't you think we'd better put into port a little History in Central Park has an egg while and ship a cook?"-Kearney Enterprise. in length, its holding capacity being two gallons, and, in round numbers, it equals you to-day?" "O, doctor, I have terrible one hundred and fifty hens eggs. It is pains all over my whole body, and it seems impossible to breathe! Of course I can't sleep at all, and I haven't a par-

> -He was a man noted for his Chester fieldian address, and had been very ill. "You have been at death's door," marked the doctor as his patient began to mend. "Really, doctor," replied the man of the world, "do-do you know whether I-ah-left my card?"-Harp-

ticle of appetite." "But otherwise you

-Mr. Layman-"See here, doctor, you said there wasn't any such disease as hydrophobia." Dr. Schmerz (emphatically)-"No, sir, there is not." Mr. Layman-"But old Grubbs got it all the same, and last night he died." Dr. now hopes to sell it to an American Van- Schmerz (meditatively)-"Well, a man who goes and catches diseases that don's exist ought to die."-Puck.

-Kind lady to tramp-"Here, my poor man, is a pair of very good shoes which my son has cast aside. He wore them society last winter. You may have them." "Excuse me, but I'm claiming to be an Oregon flood sufferer, and those fancy things wouldn't fit the story. I'll send Billy the Kid to see yer-he's working the dude-kicked-out-for marrying-a-poor-gal fake."-Jury.

-"Mary Ann," shouted a Swampoodle matron, as she stood in the doorway. "M-a-a-r-y Ann!" "Phwat is it yez do be wantin'?" 'I was desirin' to remark to yes that Nellie Bly kin git roun' th' earth in less than eighty days, and it's yerself that doos be two hours and twinty minutes gittin' from the grocery two blocks off wid a pitcher av milk. Turn ver arit'metic on that and see if it helps yer proide any."-Washington Post.

-Mr. Slimpurse (who has been accepted by Miss Wealthy without inquiries as his financial standing)-"I wonder, my darling, if your parents will give their consent." Miss Wealthy (thoughtfully)-"Mir has always been very particular about the moral character of young men I associate with, and I'm afraid she'll ask a good many ques-tions." Mr. Slimpurse (joyfuity)—"Oh, I can get references from half a dozen ministers." Miss Wealthy (delighted) -"That's spl d! Then after that all you'll have to do will be to get references from half a dozen bankers, and you'll catch pa."-N. Y. Weekly.

MARRIED BY PROXY.

A Wedding Celebrated While the Bride groom Was Many Miles Away.

Senor Ulplano Obando was, until recently, Consul of the United States of Colombia at San Francisco We, the Senor and myself, lived at the

same hotel and, by mutual agreement, we each instructed the other in the language, customs and manners of our re-

tree, for instance, be examined after it eager to learn our ways. His consular has been cut down, the ring of wood duties consisted mainly in drawing his formed in each year will show by its salary, which he did every month with

the picture of his wife, which he always carried about him, was that of a charmin senora of the regulation Spanish type of beauty.

Bogota was the home of this loving pair, Mme. Obando being the niece of the President of the Republic.

One day the Senor said to me, in his broken English: "I must go home to my wife. I can no longer bear this separation. Besides, my father has been married to her about long enough." His father, I thought.

'What on earth do you mean?" I asked. "When were you married,

"About six months ago," he replied. I knew he had been in San Francisco year, so I said: "Oh. I see, your wife did not like San

Francisco, so she returned home. "She has never been here." "And yet you say you were married to her six months since?"

"Certainly: I gave a power of attorney to my father, who married Inez in my stead."
"Now, see here, Obando," I remarked.

"I am afraid you're making fun of me. This idea of your wife being your step-mother at the same time, and your father's wife being his daughter in-law -oh, no, it won't do."

The Senor, however, was in earnest, and then I learned one of the peculiar customs in vogue in the South American republic

As a matter of policy or convenience friend. At the bar were a party of men it had been necessary that Senor Obando should marry his affianced, and therefore the necessary instructions were wired to Panama, conveyed thence down the Magdalena river to the port, and by muleback to the capital. In the same manner the news of the ceremony was conveyed back to San Francisco and Senor Obando was a duly married

man. Marriages of this sort are by no means while the insuit caused a flush to run infrequent among Spani .- American people. The "proxies" are generally male relatives of either prospective fact, may perform the office, though in fore you insult the wearer of it hadn't you better remember that four years that the friend betrays his trust, and ago I loaned you fifty dollars, which you the fond, absent husband returns home

These marriages are perfectly legal and are recognized by the Church. They are somewhat like "binding slips" in insurance, the "policies" being deliv-

ered afterward. Upon the return of the husband, though, he must be married publicly. In case he dies before seeing his "proxy" wife, then his "vicarious" "proxy" wife, then his "vicarious" widow inherits his property, the same as if she had been married in the regu-

lar fashion. Senor Obando returned to Bogota, and the last time I heard from him he was occupying a high official position and living happily with his wife, to whom he had been "regularly" married. -N. Y

Herald.