TWO KINDS OF PAWNBROKERS. A Member of the Fraternity Perpends Upon

the Ways of the Pledging Public. "There are two distinct classes of pawnbrokers in New York," said an East Broadway member of the fraternity who clearly did not belong to the better class, as he sat behind his closed doors a few nights ago and fumigated the old clothes he had taken in as collateral with the smoke of a bad five

cent cigar.

"They supply the needs of two diametrically different classes of customers. One class may be called the 'old skirt and petticoat army,' and the other the 'watch and ulster brigade.' One deals with persons who, for the most part, hypothecate their goods to obtain money to have fun with, and the other with the masses who pawn clothes to buy food. Of course each class enters occasionally upon the dobroad distinctions.

"All pawnbrokers, whatever their status, find their busiest time on the day before a holiday, but while we in the more squalid portions of the city are taking in every conceivable kind of rubbish until our shelves are loaded our brethren in other localities are dragging valuable securities into the light of day and exchanging them for cash. The reason for this may be summed us in a few words: on festival occasions persons of aristocratic tendencies want to look well, while plain, struggling people are content to feed well. If the necessity arises, the gen-

tleman about town will draw upon his dinner for his ring or sealskin coat, and the toiler will hypothecate his own Sunday suit of clothes or his wife's best gown for the holiday meal. Two days later, when the merrymaking is over, the valuables are likely to go back into retirement, but the rubbish, unfortunately, is pretty sure to remain on our hands for some time. "I do not include Sunday in this

category of holidays. We do quite a different kind of trade on Saturday night, when we keep the office open antil 11 o'clock. Sunday garments are interchangeable property between us and our customers, and we do not value them in the usual way, but largely in proportion to the punctuality with which their owners take them out at the end of each week. Thus if we have once lent a woman \$2 on a cloak we do not want to decrease the amount of any subsequent loan for a long time, though the garment may greatly fall off in value, if she is regular in redeeming it on Saturday night and putting it up again ou Monday morning. Poor people are gen-erally good church goers, and if the head of a family is earning anything at all, the ghost is apt to walk on Sunday, and so our shelves are usually cleaned of Sunday goods be-fore 11 o'clock.

There are a good many people who deal with the more exclusive class of pawubrokers, who adopt the reverse of this rule. They put up their goods on Saturday night, and take them out, if they can beg or borrow sufficient money, on Monday, spending Sunday at home hilariously with some guest. These are not God fearing persons, and I am glad to have nothing to do

"Oh, yes; I have to charge my poor customers a little more than I would if I were lending larger amounts on better security. The law allows such small interest that I increase my income by putting fifty-six cents on a ticket for a shawl when I have only lent the owner half a dollar. If she does not like it she can leave it, you know. There are very sad scenes, of course, in the office sometimes, but the tears must all be shed before the counter; we have no time for them be-hind it. "-New York Sun,

The human family living on earth today amounts to about 1,450,000,000 souls, not less, but probably more. They are distributed all over the earth's surface, there being no considerable spot where man has not found a footbold. In Asia, the supposed cradle of the human race, there are now about 800,000,000 of people, densely crowded, on an average of 120 to every square mile. In Europe there are 320,000,000, averaging 100 to each square mile, and not so crowded, but everywhere dense and in many places overpopulated. In Africa there are approximately, 210,000,000, and in the Americas, North, Central and South, 110,000,000, and, of course, relatively thinly scattered. In the islands, large and small, there are probably 10,000,000. The extremes of the whites and blacks are as five to three; the remaining 700,000,000 intermediate brown and tawny color. Of the entire race 500,000,000 are well clothedthat is, they wear garments of some kind to cover nakedness; 250,000,000 habitually go naked, and 700,000,000 only cover the middle parts of the body; 500,000,000 live in houses, 700,-000,000 in huts and caves, and 250,-000,000 virtually have no place to lay their heads.—St. Louis Republic.

Overdoing It.

A prominent fault to be found with New York drawing rooms is the too great profusion of furniture and bricbrac crowded into them. It trips you on the floors, drops down at you from the chandelier and cornices, makes it dangerous to stretch your legs or move your elbows when you sit, and renders it impossible to find a bit of unoccupied wall big enough to lean against. It is a great pleasure, of course, to have lots of pretty things, but they need not all be on exhibition at once. One fashionable woman in this city, who can afford to buy almost anything that strikes her fancy, has a store room in her house filled with bric-a-brac and furniture. Every week a dozen or so of these precious treasures are brought out and arranged about the rooms, and as many others as have been on duty for a time are packed away again. Thus her parlor has always a certain expression about it, so to speak, widely dif-ferent from the look of a bazar, highly fashionable, but exceedingly unrestful, that a too well filled room has.

tomer with tender feet should be fitted with shoes late in the afternoon. The feet are then at their utmost size, for activity enlarges them. - Shoe and A METROPOLITAN WILDCAT.

A City Woman's Remarkable Experience

A New York woman had an experience a few nights ago which she will EUGENE CITY, OREGON. not soon forget-one which, considering her environment, was very surprising Her home is a ground apartment, occu pying two floors, however, in one of the high class apartment houses in Fiftyninth street overlooking the park. The library is on the second floor, and in this room she was seated one night when a peculiar noise from the family parrot, who was in his cage in au opposite room, attracted her attention.

Thinking the bird was merely restless and wanted his cage covered, she picked up a soft woolen couch cover and started across the hall. At the threshold of the second room she saw cronching on the top of the parrot's cage a gray cat, which had succeeded by his weight and clawing in inclining the cage almost to the tipping angle, poor Poll meanwhile traveling up and down the upper side in a frenzy of fright. The unequal struggle could not have lasted many seconds longer, and, urged by the crisis, though really alarmed at the unusual size and fierce appearance of the cat, Poll's mistress advanced into the room shaking the couch cover and attempting, after the manner of women, to "shoo" the cat

She had half crossed the apartment when the animal made a spring at her, and but for her quick movement in covering her head with the couch cover which she held her face would have rewhich he was enmeshed; then, aided by ing the humble romance which ended the desperate push which the now terrified woman gave him, leaped to the floor and dashed into the library. Mrs. --- recovered her senses and

closed the door between berself and the cat, then violently rang the bell for assistance. The maids responded and, after carrying Poll to a place of safety in a remote room, an attempt was made to dislodge the cat from the library. At sight of her pursuers the creature began to rush about, jumping through a brass screen with force enough to break it. knocking over bric-a-brac and loose books, and ending by scaling the window casing as if it were a tree and runthis high perch he glared down at those beneath him until Mr. - 's arrival shortly afterward. He was then prod-ded down and leaped through a window opened for him to the pavement below. darting off to the park as soon as he reached the ground.

Policemen and others familiar with Central park say that stray city cats often find homes in its sequestered nooks, growing wild and raising progeny that become almost as fierce and terrible as a genuine wildcat. In this instance the animal was doubtless driven from its haunts by hunger, and, getting in on the ground floor, was attracted up stairs to the parrot's cage by the scent of the bird and its food .- Her Point of View in New York Times.

Curiosities of Superstition.

When Egypt was in the height of her power, when she was most highly civi-lized and delighted in being called the "mistress of the land and sea," her people worshiped a black bull. There was some discrimination, however, even in this form of worship. In order to be an "Jist Nora and Jamesy object of mad adoration it was necessary that the bull calf be born with a of his forehead, and the advent of such a creature in any herd was the signal of wild demonstrations from the Mediterranean to the border of the Lybian desert. Even as late as the time of Cleopatra, "star eyed goddess, glorious sorceress of the Nile," such animals were tipped with the same metal. Herodotus a hungry man can't work." tells of a man who died with grief because he sold a cow that soon after became the mother of a black bull calf marked with the sacred white circle in

his forehead.-St. Louis Republic.

When Bishop Goe, of Melbourne, was curate a famous pugilist in the parish, who went by the name of Jim the Slogger and who had never darkened a church door, called at the parsonage asking him to baptize the baby. Accordingly the bishop repaired to Jim's louse, but was surprised on being admitted to see Jim lock the door and pocket the key. "Be you the parson come to sprinkle my kid?" he asked. On the bishop assenting, he continued, "Yer can't sprinkle that kid till you and me

has had a fight, parson." The unfortunate parson protested, but finding protest useless "stood up" to The battle went for the bishop, and Jim, pulling himself from the floor, muttered, "He's the parson for me. The baptism was proceeded with and, as the story goes, Jim took to church going from that day .- Pall Mall Gazette.

There is a new shape for the dinner table-a triangle. The host is seated in the middle of the shortest side and the hostess at the meeting of the two longer ones. This arrangement brings the entertainers and the entertained nearer together than at the ordinary square or round tables. A single cloth is not used on these triangular tables, but rather narrow scarfs of heavy open work. Between the scarf and the center piece the space is filled with benbon and salted almond dishes.—Food.

A Gas Burning Grate.

In a house stove introduced in England the grate is swung on trunnions and can be reversed. After fresh coal has been added at the top the reversal is made, and the green coal is thus brought to the bottom in an easy manner. By this means the gases from the coal, passing upward through the red portion of ing the chimney .- New York Journal.

Work for the Summer A young woman who has a dressmaking establishment in East Thirty-first street, New York, makes her rent by storing furs, wraps and winter dresse for her customers during the warm weather. The garment is cleaned, renovated and packed away, and when called for is freshened with new linings, ribbons, buttons or frills, and a sufficient sum charged to cover the bill, including insurance.-Exchange.

Several women have been permitted to practice dentistry in Denmark after having passed the regular examinations A DISGUISED HERO.

He saunters along with a laggard step; In his face no pride or passion— His clothes are not of the latest cut— His hat is quite out of fashion.

He store to drink at the horse trough there. Of the water cool and dripping, The generous draughts of a thirsty man, No meager, half way sipping.

A tramp, perhaps, or worse; who knows? At the roadside now he's sleeping— But, hark! What terrible sound is that? Loud screams and mad flames leaping.

A house on fire, with its dire results; Weak women and babes in danger, With water scarce and absent men— But where is the sleeping stranger?

A man stands there in the very place Of the careless footsore creature; But this one has courage to do and dare Marked out in every feature

Yet he is the same, this hero brave, The shiftless seeming stranger; He careth not for leaping flames, He careth not for the danger.

The babes are safe in their mother's arms, And hushed are the sobs and sighing, But down on the greensward, over there, The hero bold is dying.

On lifting the cape of his seedy coat (Put there by loving favor)
They found three medals, on each inscribed,
"To the Hero, Our Brave Life Saver." -New York Ledger.

## A MODERN HERO.

To the Memory of Michael Rooney, this simple was erected by his Fellow Working

a plain white slab in a cemetery in one of ceived the brunt of the attack. As it our large cities. But you might read them was, the cat clawed violently for an in- a hundred times without guessing at the stant at the mass of woolly material in little tragedy they indicate, without knowdust of one poor and humble man.

In his shabby jacket and mud laden bro gans he was scarcely an attractive object as he walked into Mr. Camp's great tin and hardware shop one day and presented himself at the counter with:

"I've been tould ye advertised for hands, ver honor."

"Fully supplied, my man," said Mr. Camp, not lifting his head from his ac count book. "I'd work faithful, sir, and take low

vages till I could do better, and I'd learn -I would that." It was an Irish brogue, and Mr. Camp had declared that he never would employ an incompetent hand. Yet the tone at ning out on the bare curtain pole. From tracted him. He turned briskly, and with his pen behind his ear he addressed the man who was only one of fifty who had answered his advertisement that morning

for four workmen. "What makes you expect to learn faster than other folks? Are you any smarter?"
"I'll not say that," said the man, "but d be wishing to: that 'nd make it easier.' 'Are you used to the work?"

"I've done a bit of it."
"Much!" "No, yer honor; I'll tell no lie; but

know a bit about tins."
"You are too old for an apprentice, and ou'd be in the way, I calculate," said Mr Camp, looking at the brawny arms. Be sides, I know your countrymen-lazy fellows who never do their best. No: I've been taken in by Irish hands before, and I

won't have another." The Virgin will have to be afther bring ing 'em over in her two arms, thin," said the man despairingly, "for I've tramped all day for the last fortnight, and niver a job can I get, and that's the last penny I have, yer honor, and it's but a balf one. As he spoke he spread his palm open and

displayed an English halfpenny.
"Bring whom over?" asked Mr. Camp, arrested by the odd speech as he turned

sary that the bull calf be born with a "The wan's me wife, the other me child," circular white spot in the exact center said the man. "Oh, sir, jist thry me. will give me a job? I want to be airning, and the whole big city seems aginst it, and me with arms like thim." He bared arms to the elbow as he spoke, and Mr. Camp looked at them and then at his face. "I'll hire you for a week," he said; "and ceress of the Nile," such animals were now as it's noon go down into the kitchen shod with gold and had their horns and ask the girl to give you your dinner—

> And with an Irish blessing the new hand obeyed, while Mr. Camp went upstairs to Rooney worked hard and actually learned

fast. At the end of the week he was engaged permanently, and soon was the best workman in the shop. He was a great talker, but not fond of drink nor of wasting money. As his wages grew he hoarded every penny, and wore the same shabby clothes in which he had made his first ap-

"Ivery cent I spend," he said one day, "puts off the bringing Nora and Jamesy over. Better no coat to me back than no wife and boy by me fireside, and anyhow,

It's slow work saving." It was slow work, but he kept at it. Other men, thoughtless and full of fun, tried to make him drink, coaxed him to accompany them to places of amusement or to share in their Sunday frolics. All in vain. Rooney liked fun, liked companionwould not delay that long looked for bringing of Nora over, and be was not "mane enough" to accept favors of others which he would not repay. He kept on his way, a martyr to his one great wish, living on little, working at night on any extra job by which he could earn a triffe, and talking to any one who would listen of his one great hope and of Nora

and little Jamesy. At first the men, who prided themselves on being all Americans, and on turning out the best work in the city, made a sort of butt of Rooney and his Irish ways. But he won their hearts at last, and when one day, mounting on a workbench, he shook his little bundle, wrapped in a red handkerchief, before their eyes and shouted: "Look, boys, I've got the whole at last; I'm goin' to bring Nora and Jamesy over at last?" all felt a sympathy in his joy, and each grasped his brawny hand in cordial congratulations.

They parted in a merry mood, most of the men going to comfortable homes. But Rooney's resting place was a poor lodging house, where he shared a garret with four other men, and in the joy of his heart the poor fellow exhibited his handkerchief his bard earned savings tied up in a hard wad in the middle, before he put it under his pillow and fell asleep, he awakened in the morning be found his treasure gone. Some villain had robbed

At first Rooney would not believe it lost. He scarched every corner of the room, shook his quilt and blanket, and begged the fire, previously at the bottom, are those about him to "quit joking and give almost entirely consumed before reach- it back." But at last he realized the truth. 'Is any man that bad that's thaved from me?" he asked. "Boys, is any man that

And some one answered, "No doubt of it, Rooney; it's stole."

Then Rooney put his head down on his hands and wept. It seemed more than he could bear—to have Nora and the child put months away from him again.

But when he went to work that day it emed to all who saw him that he had picked up a new determination; his hands were never idle. At noon he scratched out a letter, blotted and very strangely scrawled, telling Nora what had happened, and the men noticed that he had no meat with his dinner.

Indeed from that moment he lived on bread, potatoes and cold water, and worked

as few men ever worked before. It grew to be the talk of the shop, and every one wanted to help Rooney. Jobs were thrown in his way, kind words and friendly wishes helped him mightily, but no power could make him share the food or drink of any other workman. That seemed a sort of charity to him. Still he was helped along.

A present from Mr. Camp at pay day set Nora, as he said, "a, week nearer." The little hoard grew faster than the first. At last, before he hoped it, he was able to say, "I'm going to bring them over," and to show his handkerchief, in which, as be-fore, he tied up his earnings—this time, however, only to his friends. Cautious among strangers, he hid his treasure, and kept his vest buttoned over it night and day until the tickets were bought and over the road. sent. Then every man, woman and child capable of hearing or understanding knew that Nora and the baby were coming. The days flew by and brought at last a

letter from his wife. "She would start as he desired, and she was well and so was the boy, and might the Lord bring them safe to each other's arms and bless those who had been so kind to him." That was the substance of the epistle that Rooney proudly assured the men that Nora wrote herself. She had lived at service as a girl with a certain good old lady who had given her an education, the items of which Rooney told upon his fingers, "The radin', that's one; and the writin', that's three; and moreover she knows all a woman can." Then he looked at the men and asked, "Do ye wondther the time seems long between me an' her, boys?" So it was Nora at the dawn of day, Nora

at noon and Nora at night, until the news came that the Kathleen had come to port. It happened on a holiday afternoon, and half a dozen men were ready to go with Rooney to the steamer and give his wife a welcome. Her little home was ready. Mr. Camp's own servant had put it in order. "She hadn't the lolke of that in the ould

countbry," said Rooney, when all was arranged, "but she'il know how to kape it ranged. tidy At last the dock was reached. A crowd of vehicles blockaded the street; a troop

of emigrants came thronging up; fine cabin passengers were stepping into cabs; drivers and porters were shouting in the usual manner. Nora would wait on board for her husband-he knew that. The little group made their way into the vessel, and Rooney searched for the two so

dear to him, patiently at first, but by and by growing anxious and excited. 'Why don't you ask the captain?" suggested one, and Rooney jumped at the thought. In a few moments he stood before a portly, rubicund man, who nodded

to him kindly. "I'm looking for me wife, yer honor, said Rooney, "and I can't find her. I bade her wait for me." "Women don't always do as they are

bid, you know," said the captain.
"Nora would," said Rooney; "but maybe she didn't come," At the name of Nora the captain started. In a moment be asked, "What is your

"Mike Rooney, sir." "And your wife was Nora?" "That's her name, and the boy with her is Jamesy, your honor."

The captain looked at Rooney and then

said, "Sit down, my man: I've got something to tell you. "She's left behind?" asked Rooney. "She sailed with us," said the captain. "My man, we all have our trials; God sends them. Yes, Nora started with us."

Rooney said nothing. He was looking at the captain, now white to the lips. "It had been a sickly season; we had illness on board-the cholera," said the captain, "Many died-many children, When we were half way here your boy was taken

"Jamesy!" gasped Rooney. "His mother watched him night and day," the captain went on, "and we did all we could; but at last he died, only one of many. There were five buried that day." Rooney groaned.

"Keep up if you can, my man," said the aptain. "That night Nora was taken ill also, very suddenly; she grew worse fast, In the morning she called me to her and said, 'Tell Rooney I died thinking of him; tell him to meet me.' And, my man, she

dry eyes; then, turning to his friends, he "Boys, I've got me death," and dropped to the deck like a log.

steady himself, looking at the captain with

They raised him and bore him away. They carried him to the little bed which had been made ready for Nora, wearied with her long journey. There at last he opened his eyes. Mr. Camp bent over him, and the room was full of Rooney's fellow

Better, Rooney?" asked Mr. Camp. "A dale betther," said Rooney; "it's easy now. I'll be with her soon. And look ye, masther. I've learnt one thing-God's good. He wouldn't let me bring Nora ver, but he's taking me over to her-and Jamesy-over the river. Don't you see it. and her a-standin' on the other side?"

And with these words Rooney stretched out his arms. Perhaps he did see Noraheaven only knows-and so he died .- Eve lens J. Fryer in Independent.

A Born Infidel.

A little sprite of a girl about 4 years old was very cross one day and her mother, reproving her, said: "Nellie, you must not get into such tempers; you must try hard not to," "I do try," whimpered Neilie, "but something inside o' me is wrong, and I feel cross, cross, cross." "You must pray to God and ask him to take away the cross feeling." "I did ask God and he paid no 'tention." "You must ask harder," said the mother; "there is another one who is trying to get you away from God."

Nellie was very much interested in this "other one" and wanted to know all about him. So her mother told her as simply as she could the old version of the rise and fall of Satan, and that little girls must be good so Satan couldn't get them. Nellie listened, folded her little hands complacently, shook her wee head in a comforting way and made her mother weep by saying: If God made an angel that lived right in heaven right 'fore his eyes, and the angel acted that way, God can't 'spect much of me."—New York Tribune.

London is said to have no less than 18,000 newspaper women, and the Ladies' School of Journalism, like our Normal college, turns out fresh material at the rate of 200 a term. There are no less than twenty-two press clubs, where the fair scribblers meet to lunch, read, gabble and exchange notes. The sucses are few and the salaries lamentably small. Mrs. E. L. Lowe edits The en, which is the leading women's per in England. The English Woman's Review is under the management of

is responsible for The Manchester Jour-

Mrs. Ellen Mitchell, who has been a member of the Chicago board of education for the past two years, was a friend of the Brownings, and corresponded with the poet up to the time of his death. Some of the letters she received are in the Fortnightly club, a society com-posed of a few brilliant women and a NOT A BAIT FOR ROSEERS.

Gld Railroad Man Tells Why Pay Trains Are Never "Held Up." "Why is it that train robbers never plunder a pay train?"

Because they know their reward would be too insignificant. That is the way an ex-railroad man

put it recently.

"Less money," he added, "is carried on a pay train than any other kind of Some folks imagine that the train. pay of the employes of the two great systems terminating here, aggregating hundreds of thousands monthly, is piled away in the cars, and is hauled

"Isn't that the case?" "No. The trains would be robbed before they got well out of Savannah. Besides, who would be able to keep up with a car load of money? It is largely silver, and the ten cent pieces and the nickels and the coppers would run away with things."
"How is the business conducted,

"Easily enough. In fact there is

but one way to properly carry it on. That way is to draw on the banks at

each city for enough to pay off until the next city is reached. For instance, in leaving Savannah over the Savanin leaving Savannah over the Savan-nah, Florida and Western railroad or an enormity. A young lady from Chattanooga the Central railroad just enough money is taken to pay employes, including agents, track hands, operators and others at each of the stations. This amount is not very large. The largest amounts are paid out in the cities; for instance, in Macon the engineers, firemen, conductors and yard hands, and others of the Savannah and Western railroad, are paid off; in Augusta the employes of the South Carolina division of the Central are paid off; the same is true with the Savannah, Florida and Western rail-

> paid out amount to a little more than a transfer of money procured from the banks, through the paymaster of the railroads, to the employes. The sums paid out on the line between the headquarters of each division are small compared to the amounts paid out in the cities. None of the engineers or firemen or conductors or brakemen are paid off at points along the line.

They are the employes that get the largest pay." The railroad man related an incident which took place several years ago, which he said put matters in a bad light and made the pay train tempting to train robbers. A newspaper reporter on one of the dailies in a western town wrote a long article, stating how much money it required to pay off the employes of the road, and concluded by saying it was singular that the robbers seldom held up the pay trains. The figures the newspaper man gave were correct, and the

article attracted widespread attention. Several officials of the road went to and began to suggest a remedy for government.
what they considered a very bad praction of the legislation of The general manager explained to them that the amount of money car-

ried on pay trains was small compared to what is carried on a regular mail published an interview with the general manager, giving the facts and

A Financial Transaction. A young man who is employed in the office of a leading local architect never said anything more; in an hour she was greatly chagrined to discover, was gone."

Rooney had risen; he stood up trying to night, that the conductor of an Indiana avenue car had foisted upon him a half dollar in which there was a plug half as large as the coin itself. He was primarily disgusted at being made the victim of such a palpable fraud, and he declared his intention of handing it back to the offending conductor, if possible. Accordingly he timed the man's car and boarded it on the following morning. That night he returned home and proudly boasted that his ruse had been successful and that had handed back the spurious half whence it came. In proof of this he exhibited the change, and among it he was pained to discover a plugged nickel which could not have deceived a blind man. He resolved to give this back to the same conductor, and the next time he boarded his car he so arranged the nickel in his fingers that the plug would not be conspicuous when he handed it over. Just as the con-ductor approached him, the man sitting at his left said: "Excuse me, sir, but I see you have a nickel there; I have a dime, and if you will give me your nickel I will pay both fares." As there was no visible way out of it, the young man handed the plugged nickel in silence, but he went out on the front platform and froze during the rest of the trip, lest the stranger should discover the plug.—Chicago

A Mushroom Myth.

It is a popular error that mushrooms grow to their full size during a single night, and that they dissolve and vanish after the sun shines upon them. They are rapid in growth and rapid in decay; but the same mushroom may be watched growing and expanding for two or three days, and then gradually decaying away. Much depends on the dampness or dryness of the season. In some seasons they are exceedingly plentiful, while at other times they are comparatively rare. This also is believed to depend on climatic conditions. It is not unusual for cultivated mushrooms to become attacked by a parasitic mold, which renders them unlit for food. This misfortune rarely happens to the wild form until it is in process of decay. The catacombs of Paris are noted for their production of mushrooms in immense quantities. From the Mery caves as many as \$,000 pounds are sent to market daily. We have heard an's Review is under the management of of a crop being grown in a hat box.—Miss Helen Blackburn, and Miss Becker Pall Mail Budget.

Coming Into Use Again.

nal of Woman's Suffrage.-London Let-Safety chains between passenger cars are largely in use, and although probably one-third of such cars in this country are not yet so equipped, the tendency is toward their general use. Passenger cars will sometimes uncouple around curves and drawbars will sometimes break or pull out; hence precaution against the results of occurrences is advisable. The Car Builders' association has properly undertaken to remedy the lot of purse proud women who are not so literary. But they pay the bills and the blue stockings do the edifying and mystifying.—Chicago Letter. great differences of form and location of safety chains now existing by agreeing upon a standard, prescribing size and length of chain and hook.—Railway Age

A MASK OF GOLD.

Rich satins decked her form with charms cuate, Her step was grand, her features cold, her mit As high as that of any jeweled queen. Admiring througs dropped roses at her gate, Where liveried servants stood in humble walt.

Where liveried servants stood in humble wait.
But high: Death came, a silent guest uncome
He stilled the scene where revelry had been.
And left the proud to mourn in tey state.
She left her glory to the greedy world.
Her gilded halls, her treasuries impearled;
But while her golden knell on earth was totled.
Her long neglected soul, with penury shod,
Disguised no more in shining masks of gold.
Stood like a beggar pleading alms of God.
—E. W. Shurtleff in Bostou Transcript.

Murderous Science.

The American Analyst tells of the heartless treatment a young woman recensy underwent at the hands of some so called "Christian Scientists, in Boston, Mass., which resulted in her cruel death, and says: In Brooklyn a temporary stop has been put to this peculiar phase of fanaticism by the incarceration of several of its homicidal adepts in the penitentiary. more flagrant case, however, has been brought to the public attention than this one in Boston, and it is to be hoped, in the interest of reason and humanity, that the authorities in that center of culture will interpose their authority so as to, at least, prevent the likelihood of a repetition there of such

Tenn., suffering from consumption, was induced to place herself in charge of an aunt, who is an enthusiastic disciple of the "Christian Science" faith, as expounded at the Eddy college in Boston. The so called doctors told her that "nothing was really the matter with her; that her malady was chiefly imagination, and that prayer and faith in God were sure panaceas." She bore up heroically and followed the treatment to the letter. She helped in the work round the house, did part way. By this means the largest sums of the cooking, and got out of bed at daybreak, all because her doctor so recommended. The unhappy invalid used often to ask for something to eat between meals, but this was strictly forbidden. At lunch she frequently asked for a bit of meat and fowl, but this was also strictly forbidden. Towards the end she failed rapidly and often said: "In belief I'm dying. In belief I have the most dreadful pains. The day before the doomed girl died she prepared her own breakfast Her aunt was away all the afternoon and she slept alone that night.

The World's Most Powerful Tribunal The highest court of the United States holds a unique place in our form of government and one not found in any other governmental system. It weilds a power greater than is exercised by any other judicial tribunal in the world. In no country of Europe or the east has any court authority to make or unmake the supreme law of the land, to limit the prerogatives of the sovereign, to control the powers the general manager about the matter, of the legislature, to shape the form of

These functions are exercised by the supreme court of the United States. It holds a power above that of the chief magistrate of the nation, superior to that of congress, higher than that of any state, and equaled only by that and express train, but the matter was which made or can amend the constinot settled until the newspaper man tution. It can enlarge or limit the prerogatives of the president or the powers of congress. It can change stating the manner in which the business was conducted on pay trains. The railroader said, however, that the danger of pay train robbery is very slight. The robbers have posted themselves about these matters. Savanorah servers of congress. It can change come out at the other end complete a come out at the other end come of the come of the complete a come out at the other end come of the come of selves about these matters. - Savannah country. It can introduce radical changes into our form of government. Not only can the supreme court wield these vast powers, it has long done so and may long continue to do so .-Eaton S. Drone in Forum.

Understood Electricity. This department gets its share of queer patrons. A fashionably dressed handsome woman sailed in here recently and wanted "a permit to practice electricity." She had been cured of a feminine weakness by the use of a small battery and she wanted to doctor other people. I asked her what kind of a current she used, and she replied, "I use both kinds-sometimes the positive and sometimes the negative kind, according to the case I'm treating." "How long have you been studying electricity?" "About a year." 'And you know all about it?" this battery of mine has six cells, and it has both kinds of currents, and"-I interrupted again to ask, "But do you employ an alternating or continuous current?" "Say, mister, I guess you don't know much about electricity anyhow. Are you going to give me a permit to practice or not?" I referred her to Dr. Dudley, and he sent her to the secretary of the state board, not knowing any other way to get rid of her. When I asked her if she knew anything about medicine-meaning, of course, the science-she answered: "Oh, yes, I know about a good many kinds, especially those that are good for wo-men and little babies," She acknowledged however, that she had never studied either medicine or midwifery. Secretary Board of Health in Globe-

The Seventh Son.

In France a seventh son in direct succession is called a marcou. In Orleans, during the present century, the following was written concerning the marcou: "If a man is the seventh son of his father without any female intervening he is a marcou. He has on some parts of his body the mark of the fleur de lis, and, like the kings of France, he has the power of curing the king's evil. All that is necessary to effect a cure is that the marcou should breathe upon the part affected, or that the sufferer should touch the mark of the fleur de lis. Of all the marcous of the Orleannais he of Ormes is best known and most celebrated. Every year, from twenty, thirty and forty leagues around, crowds of tients come to visit him; but it is particularly in Holy week that his power is most efficacious, and on the night of Good Friday, from midnight until sunrise, the cure is certain."—St. Louis Post Disputch.

The telephone company of Glasgow has completely fitted up an elaborate tele-phonic arrangement in Woodside church whereby the subscribers are enabled to hear the entire service with the utmost distinction and ease.—New York Journal.

It is easy enough for bullheaded clowns to sneer at nerves, but the highest natures are not necessarily those containing the greatest amount of moral brass,

The man who never went to the theater in his life is usually the man who declares loudest against the immorality RAILROAD TICKETS

Safeguards Adopted in Printing and Preparing the Pasteboards. "See this?" said the foreman of a be job printing establishment to a reports.

"Yes," was the reply. "What is the machine doing?"

"Printing and numbering railroat tickets," said the gentleman. "Railroad tickets?"

"Yes, sir." "Tell me how it's done," said the scribe.

"Certainly. You must bear in mind however, that this class of printing is purely a specialty, and only about to out of the various printing establish ments in this city are prepared to do the work. In fact the work cannot well be done with the ordinary printing press. But let's see how it's done.
"Very often a special kind of cart.

board is used in printing the tickets though the ordinary kind is usual, serviceable. All colors are used, as many times several impressions are necessary to turn out a complete ticks ready for stamping and selling. Let take an ordinary coupon ticket. It generally consists of several parts that may be detached. Well, the reading mater such as the special directions to the conductor, agent or passenger, is usual printed on an ordinary press, just as an other class of printing is done. If then are several colors on a ticket so man impressions are necessary. That's all there is in it."

"How about the numbers?" "Oh, that's the difficult part of a We'll explain later on. Excursion the ets, usually in the form of 'coupon' ties ets, are printed in the same way. It see this? Here's the peculiar part of the work. The printing and numbering local, or what are called 'car tickets,' be this machine is a unique process. 7 cardboard is cut into pieces just the of the ticket desired, then they an placed in one end of the machine pass to the press automatically, & pose we are printing 'round trip' ticks The bits of pasteboard, when the li machine begins to work, pass one one under the press, the 'form' be made up in sections. The first impr sion prints the number, the 'form' ri instantly, descending again and print the ticket. Again the 'form' rises at descends, while the ticket is put

along just its length, when another in

pression of the 'form' stamps the numb

on the other end of the ticket.

"You see the tickets must be number ed consecutively, sometimes both the ing' and 'returning' ends having same number, while quite as often two ends have different numbers, for sons best known to the railroad co pany. Again, the two ends of the ticket' may be in different colors, possibly each in two colors, with a d ferent color running across the face the entire ticket. In such instances t process of printing becomes very i tricate, but still the little machined it at the rate of 10,000 an hour, or 40 000 if necessary. The numbering isda at each end of the machine, the form being cylindrical in shape and point consecutively from one upward until large number is reached, when to 'forms' are put in. Bits of pastebox go in at one end of the machine an come out at the other end complete u

same shape and size." 'How about the printing of 'commuters' and so on?"

"Well, a special machine is used printing books, the work being done sections-that is, the separate 'leaves' the 'books' are printed in one she which is afterward cut in smaller plee and the numbers are put on by a se arate machine. Take a 'thousand mis advertising ticket, for instance. T consecutive miles must be numbered the little sections of the 'leaves' of the book. The number of the book, if name or initials of the road and son other necessary details have to be printed. All but the number of the books generally printed at one impression, hundreds of books may be printed for the same form.' But each book me bear a different number, so a different form is required. The big sheet is or up into pieces, and the book number printed on a machine especially adapte to it, and these sheets are cut into small er ones and the book bound as any old

"What does it cost to make such book?" "About ten cents when many of the

book."

same kind are made. To get out an gle book would cost from \$50 to \$52 Cincinnati Times-Star. Thackeray's Realism.

Thackeray is verily as great a real as a great artist can be. He prides in self on presenting life as it is, uns oned by the hot spices of artificial mance. Nay, he employs devices to trap the credulity of the reader—the vice, for example, of making Aris
Pendennis, whom we know independently, tell the story of his young fine
Clive Newcome, and the noble, the period continue of the noble, the story of the period continue of the noble, the noble of the noble, the noble of the noble o hearted gentleman with whom he

Yes, Thackeray is a great reals ever there was one. His characters no decorative figments to amuse fancy. They have become some of men and women we know best-person friends or foes of our own. It can us for living in these late days of a formed parliament that we have late enough to have known Colouel Second These Comp. come. They were no tears of sentiment that we wept over his me dom; it was a very genuine itch we to kick Barnes,—Blackwood's Mag-

The Necessity of the Times. Inventive faculty will not be reached high tide until some cont fects an envelope flap warracts stick. One of the considerable disforts of life takes the form of a adhesive mucilage that allows the velope upon which it is placed to F open again and again as it is down, until in a fine frenzy the writer is driven hither and you for mucilage. And the finer the qua the stationery the more trials lie

wake of the envelope. If they are trusted to the mails ' out an extra dab of mucilage, the be depended upon to arrive at their tination invitingly open-or seem to the sneakish individual, who of our civilization does exist, who I pable of going against all writes unwritten laws and tampering seal. A padlocked envelope is of the necessities of the times.