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The Profession.

In driving out into the country on the Grand River Road a few days ago, a Detroit lawyer encountered a horse and buggy driven by a woman. As she was driving on the wrong side of the road he determined not to give up his rights. As a consequence the two horses finally came to a standstill with their noses rubbing each other. The lawyer stared at the woman and the woman stared back. Then he pulled a newspaper from his pocket and began reading. In a minute she had her knitting out and was industriously at work. Ten long minutes in a broiling sun passed away, and the lawyer looked up and asked:

"How long are you going to stay here?"

"How long are you?"

"All day."

"And I'll stay here a whole week."

He read and she knit for another ten minutes, and then the lawyer called out:

"Do you know that I'm a lawyer?"

"I don't care for that," she replied. "I'm the wife of a Justice of the Peace."

Oh—ah—excuse me, madam. Really, but if I'd known you belonged to the purfesh this would not have happened. Take this side, madam—take the whole road!"

"Oh, no, no, no! I'm sorry I detained you. Here—drive on, and excuse me if I have been guilty of unprofessional conduct."—"Detroit Free Press."

State Elections.

The following is a list of State elections to take place during the month of November:

Colorado will elect Supreme Judge Nov. 3.

Connecticut will elect State for one year only and the members of its house of Representatives."

Iowa will elect governor, other state officers and legislature on Nov. 3.

Arkansas holds special election Nov. 10, to elect Supreme Judge.

Maryland will elect a controller and clerk of court of appeals on Nov. 3.

Massachusetts will elect, on Nov. 3, governor, other state officers and legislature, and vote upon an amendment to the constitution.

Mississippi will on Nov. 3, elect legislators, governor and other state officers

New Jersey will elect part of the senate and assembly on Nov. 3.

Nebraska, Nov. 3 will elect a Supreme Judge and regents of the State University.

Pennsylvania will only elect a State Treasurer on Nov. 3.

New York will elect a governor, and other state officers, five Supreme Judges and both branches of the legislature and there will be lots of fun.

Virginia has a lieutenant governor, an attorney general and legislature to elect on Nov. 3.

In Austria telegraph operators are overworked and underpaid to a greater extent than in any other country. The statement is made that within thirteen months no less than nine of 800 operators have become lunatics. The said fact is attributed to the constant strain on the mind, the small pay and the slender chance for promotion. Fifteen years ago telegraphers in Austria, after a service of twenty years were advanced to be officials of the ninth class, while to-day there is a large number who, although they have served as long as seventeen years, are still in the eleventh class and have 1,500 to 2,000 colleagues ahead of them for promotion. In other countries operators are treated better, and even in Russia they are paid an additional annual sum of 100 roubles for every language they acquire, and also receive extra compensation when working instruments. This extra pay stimulates them to improve their education and at the same time they derive a rest from their monotonous duties.

An armed mob attacked the Laughlin mill at Martin's Ferry, Ohio, in which about 100 mill employes were lodged, and a brisk skirmish ensued, over 200 shots being exchanged. The mill was protected by twenty-two guards, two of whom were seriously wounded. Three of the strikers were shot, one of whom has since died.

She Changed her Grip.

The feat of covering an octave of the keys of a piano is too much for the small hands of some girls, and a surgical operation for adding to the spread capacity of the fingers has come into considerable vogue. It consists in dividing certain fibrous bands in the little finger. Most of the pupils of a certain professor of music have submitted to it. There is not much pain involved, and no disfigurement. The improved finger is left with none of the dependence upon its nearest neighbor which is its natural characteristic. One of the maidens was telling me about it. She declared it to be a perfect success.

"But a funny thing happened," she added. "You know Ben? He's my best wooer. We'd clasped hands by the hour, don't you see? and his familiarity with my gentle grip was very accurate. A party of us girls went to Philadelphia to have our little fingers slit by Dr. Ferbes, who invented the operation, I believe. From there I made a trip west, and on returning to New York my fingers were all healed. Ben came to see me, of course, and that evening we sat in a sort of artificial gloaming in our parlor—gas turned low—see? Oh, 'twasn't any impropriety, for a chum of mine was on the sofa with us. Ben reached for my hand, and got it; but he thought it was my friend's, because the improved finger radically altered the flexibility, the sentimentality, the individuality of the clasp, so to speak. He turned so red that I felt a glow from his face in the dark, and, dropping my hand, he begged t'other girl's pardon."—"Chicago Inter Ocean."

A NOTED POOLSELLER.—Bob Cathcart, one of the most successful of modern poolsellers, died at Cincinnatti on Wednesday last. He was born in Baltimore 44 years ago, his family being among the wealthiest and most influential in the state. His education was finished and his manners polished. During the Hayes Tilden campaign he was employed by John Morrissey to sell polls on the election and doing this he became known all over the country. At the New York Exchange he sold over $1,000,000 in pools. It is said by his associates that he made no less than $25,000 a year and spent every dollar dollar of it by his open-hand liberality.

An insurance agent applied to a woman in Austin to induce her to get her husband's life insured.

"Will I be sure to get the money if he dies right off?"

"Certainly, madam."

"But will you give me any assurance that he will die right off?"

"No, madam, we cannot do that."

"Well, then, what good will it be to me to get his life insured if he doesn't die? I knew there was some catch about this insurance business."

The Linkville "Star" opportunely says: "Now that the contract for the re letting of the carrying of the mail from Yreka, Cal., to Plevna, Or., is to shortly take place, would it not be advisable to forward a petition asking that it be continued on to Linkville, Or., as it will not be long until the railroad will be completed, and the establishing of a daily mail between this and the point to where the station will be."

A society paper, in describing the order in which a bridal party passed down the church aisle, says: "The bride walked on the arm of her father." This may be all right, but it seems to us that a church was hardly the place for her to display her acrobatic accomplishments.—Chicago "Rambler."

A man has 240 bones in his body. Shad, which weighs a tenth part as much can go him 140,000 better.

Conveying a Dead Child Home.

The strength and tenderness of a mother's love was again illustrated yesterday, and though the tale is told in the Coroner's record only in coldest words it is one that goes straight to the heart. Yesterday morning a pale and sad eyed woman got off the train from New York at the Union depot. A bundle in her arms that appeared to be nothing but a roll of blankets was held so tenderly and gazed upon so expressively that any one might know it contained a baby. The woman passed from the crowd with the bundle, and some time later the Coroner was notified that he was wanted to hold an inquest upon the body of Emil Zitz, aged two years and nine months. The mother told her story to the Deputy Coroner. Some time ago she went to New York to visit relatives, and while there the child took sick. The doctor who was called in said it had had diphtheria, but that it had passed away and been followed by croup. The child, he said, would certainly die. Far away from home, the mother was helpless. She was to fetch her baby home, and finally on Wednesday evening she boarded the train with the baby wrapped in a blanket. The train sped on toward home, but just as it rattled across the Hudson river the little boy passed across that other river that flows forever in perpetual shade. The mother made no cry, but only folded her baby closer to her heart and sat in silent sorrow while the train plunged on toward the home of which the little one had been the light. All that long night she sat alone, and all the next night, the baby strangely quiet, it appeared to the other passengers. Finally morning and home dawned upon her and she took [illegible] brother-in-law. The suppressed tears burst forth, and the frantic mother told them of it. She said that she could not tell any one of the death of her child, for she had read how the dead had to be given up at sea, and she thought that maybe they would take her child away from her on the train. A verdict of death from diphtheria was rendered.—"St. Louis Globe-Democrat."

A Declining Art.

Are the days of dancing over? Can the merry Master no longer kick his heels against the ceiling in unison with the orchestral baton, nor the frolicsome maiden can can over the polished floor in roguish mood? May the bashful youth and the coy miss ne'er smirk and smile, as the prompter announces his "ready all;" nor the waste effulgent nate be squeezed with impunity at the welcome mandate, "swing your partner!" Alas, we fear not!

A convention of Dancing Masters has lately been held in New York City, at which the decadence of this amusement was discussed. Not only is the number of dancers declining, but the devotees Terpsichore are less artistic than in former years. Only back-parler sets and annual hops are now indulged in, to any extent, it seems, and it does not even appear that these are indulged in "to any extent." Hence the lamentations.

How comes it about? What manner of amusement is it that rural swain have set themselves about, which is superceding the mazy swings and light fantastic trippings? We trow not. How could an apple-cut be successful without the fiddler and his fiddle? Nor the husking bee, nor even the wind-up of the threshing season? Still, we trow not.

The Masters in convention have deliberated upon measures to restore to primitive acceleration the dalliant heels of youth, but with what result has not yet transpired.

The American bison or buffalo is about extinct, and the great trade in robes, which it used to require fleets of steamboats to carry, is now reduced to a few bales annually.

He—"You don't sing or play. Then I presume you write or paint." She—"Oh, no; I'm like the young men we meet in society. I simply sit around and try to look intelligent.

Any one who performs anything useful for society is a working man in the true sense of the word.