The Lord Mayor of London's Show.

At last the ninth, the Lord Mayor's day, came. It is also the Prince of Wales' birthday, so the city would be very gay-looking with all the flags flying.

We crowd into the cars and are soon in Cannon street. In the streets we have passing visions of pink silk stockings, canary-colored breeches, and dark green coats and gold lace, also tri-colored rosettes as large as saucers; and pass by shop-windows full of sweet, eager little faces, in the place of hose, shirts, sewing-machines, etc.

At last we arrive at our destination in Cheapside, where, through the kindness of a friend, a window on the first floor of a large building is waiting for us. How impatient we are until we hear the band of the Grenadier Guards, which heads the procession. After this band and that of the Royal London Militia, come the Worshipful Company of Loriners, preceded by jolly watermen in blue and white striped jerseys and white trousers, bearing banners; more watermen follow to relieve them; the beadle of the company with his staff of office; the clerk in his chariot; the wardens, wearing silk cloaks trimmed with sables, in their carriages, and amongst them Sir John Bennett, the great watch-maker of Cheapside.

Then comes a grand yellow coach, in which rides the Master of the Company, attended by his chaplain. After the Loriners come the Farriers, the band of the First Life Guards, banners, beadle and mace clerk, wardens and master. After them the Broderers. As these pass slowly along, an excitement is caused by the behavior of the horse of a hussar, who is mounting guard. It does not like the proceedings at all, and still less the greasy asphalt on which it stands, dances round, backs into the Worshipful Master of Broderers' carriage, and finally rears and falls, unseating its rider. The hussar is quite cool and quiet, soon reseats himself, and rejects the offer of a fussy little man in red to hold his horse.

And now comes the Worshipful Company of Bakers, preceded by their banner, with its good old motto, "Praise God for all." These are really very jolly and well-favored looking companions, most of the members bearing large boquets of flowers. After them the Vintners' Company, with the band of the Royal Artillery; ten Commissioners, each bearing a shield; eight master porters in vintner's dress; the Bargemaster in full uniform, and the Swan Uppers. These are men who look after the swans belonging to the corporation of London, which build their nests along the banks of the Thames, and they mark the young swans each spring.

The "Uppers" look very well in their dress, consisting of dark cloth jackets slashed with white, blue and white striped jerseys and white trousers.

After this company had passed, a grand shout announced the coming of the elephants. These, as some small boy has observed, are "curious animals, with two tails—one before and one behind." First came a number of large ones, with Mr. Sanger, their owner, who was mounted on a curiously spotted horse. They were gorgeous with oriental trappings and howdahs. On the foremost one rode a man representing a grand Indian prince. He had a reddish mustache, wore spectacles, a magnificent purple and white turban, and showy oriental costume. He produced a great impression on the crowd. In other howdahs sat one, two or three splendid Hindoos, whose dress was past description. Then came several young elephants ridden by boys; one of these was seized with a desire to lie down, and had to be vigorously roused; but, on the whole, they behaved in a wonderfully correct and dignified manner—now and then gracefully swinging round their trunks amongst the sympathizing crowd, in search of refreshment.

The elephants were escorted by equestrians in state costumes, and followed by six knights in steel armor, with lances and pennons, mounted on chargers. One of these "wouldn't go," and had to be dragged on ignominiously by a policeman. Then the Epping Forest rangers came. They were picturesquely dressed in green velvet coats, broad-brimmed hats and long feathers. After these, trumpeters, under-sheriffs in their state carriages, aldermen, the Recorder, more trumpeters, and then a most gorgeous coach—with hammer-cloth of red and gold, men in liveries too splendid to describe, and four fine horses—brings the late lord mayor. The mounted band of household cavalry follows. These really look splendid in crimson coats covered with gold embroidery and velvet caps, riding handsome white horses.

There is a stoppage just as they come up. They are rapturously greeted by the crowd, and requested to "play up." The mayor's servants, in state liveries, follow on foot. After them rides a very important person, the city marshal, on horseback. The city trumpeters come now, preceding the right honorable the lord mayor's most gorgeous gift coach, drawn by six horses. In it sits Sir Thomas White, supported by his chaplain, and attended by his sword-bearer and the common crier. An escort of the 21st Hussars brings up the rear. Policemen follow, and after them a stray mail-cart, a butcher's boy with his tray; after that, not just the deluge, but the crowd.

At Westminster Hall the lord mayor swore to do his duty; and then the embassadors, her majesty's ministers of state, the nobility, judges, and other persons of distinction, joined the procession, and proceeded to feast with his lordship and the lady mayoress at Guildhall.—*Jennie A. Owen, in St. Nicholas.*

The Birds of Paradise.—When the Portuguese discovered the Molucca Islands they found there dried birds' skins of so beautiful and strange an appearance as to call forth the admiration of those gold-seeking navigators. The Malay dealers called them Manuk-Dewata, or "Birds of the Gods," which was translated by the Portuguese as Passaras da Sol. The Mohammedan conquerors of that country invented the legend that these birds, which no one had seen alive, came from Paradise, that they lived exclusively in the air and never alighted on the earth. Speculation added to this story that these birds had neither feet nor wings, and the dried skins brought to Europe strengthened this belief, as the wings and feet were really wanting, having been removed by the natives. The birds of Paradise are very lively and continually in motion. Their voice sounds like a long "wak, wak," or "wok, wok," and can be heard a long distance. It is not known how they build their nests. They live on fruits and insects.—*Scientific American.*

A sympathizing heart is a spring of pure water bursting forth from the mountain side. Ever pure and sweet in itself, it carries gladness and joy on every ripple of its sparkling current.

Tricking a Magician.

In the car with Mr. Heller and a friend, in Boston, the other day, were some half dozen people, among them an estimable old lady who had evidently been doing her marketing, for she carried a basket on her lap containing groceries, vegetables, and in particular a large quantity of eggs. Mr. Heller sat down beside the old lady, and for a few instants nothing of moment happened. Mr. Heller stooped down and picked up two eggs from the floor, and handing them to the old lady remarked that she was losing them. The old lady, a little surprised, thanked the polite gentleman, and everything again relapsed into silence. In a few moments a repetition of the scene. The old lady wondered how it was she hadn't noticed the eggs fall, and still more when Mr. Heller a third time picked up several eggs, which he insisted had dropped from the basket. This so puzzled the old lady that she got up, and taking the eggs out of the basket, she disposed of them on the seat, and taking the vegetables out in the same manner, put the eggs back and the other articles on top of them, and then sat down again. Mr. Heller then leaned over to a gentleman who was on the other side of the old lady, and remarked audibly:

"I saw you do that. It's wrong."

"What do you mean, sir—what's wrong?" said the gentleman addressed, rather indignant at being spoken to in this way.

"You shouldn't have taken those eggs."

The old lady turned toward the gentleman, and looked at him very suspiciously while he answered with great gravity:

"Are you mad? I took no eggs."

"But I saw you," said Heller.

By this time the attention of the other passengers in the car was directed to the conversation.

"It is false!" exclaimed the one accused, evidently feeling very uncomfortable.

"That is too much, sir, when I say I saw you," said Heller, and with that he arose, and passing before the old lady, who looked half frightened and half angry, and stood before the gentleman accused.

"What do you say to that?" said Heller, taking from the man's overcoat two eggs and handing them to the old lady; "and that!" taking two more from the other pocket.

"Lord, O Lord, who would a' thought it!" said the old lady.

The gentleman from whose pocket the eggs had been taken, rose from his seat and stood opposite Heller, saying:

"I don't understand this; perhaps we can find some more."

"No doubt I can," said Heller, putting his hand in a side pocket and taking out three eggs, and two more from his trousers. This occupied some minutes, as Heller proceeded very deliberately and slowly, to the evident surprise and indignation of the other occupants of the car. "And here, look here," continued Heller, taking a box of spice from the man's hind pocket.

"Put that man off the car," said somebody.

The car was stopped and the man on whom all this had been played waited for no further development, and bolted through the car as fast as his legs would carry him.

The old lady confounded herself in thanks to Mr. Heller, and said she would never have expected—he was such a nice looking gentleman, etc. Mr. Heller's friend whispered to somebody next him, however, and pretty soon everybody in the car was laughing, the old lady being the only one who remained in ignorance that this was one of Mr. Heller's jokes.

By and by the car reached Cambridge and Mr. Heller and his friends got off. As they were walking along the friend said he thought he had noticed that Mr. Heller had had a pin in his scarf.

"So I have," said Mr. Heller, and he felt for the pin, but the pin was not there. "Could I have put it in my pocket!" and he searched in his vest. "Halloo!" he exclaimed, "where's the money?" and he nervously sought through all his pockets. "Sold, by Jove!"

Mr. Heller was minus a cameo scarf-pin, $28 in bills and a gold match-box. He had for once struck the wrong man, who, while Heller was extracting eggs from his pockets, had been quietly going through Heller. Strange to say, when Mr. Heller got back to Boston, he mentioned the incident to nobody and enjoined strict secrecy on his friend. All of which shows that it takes two to play a joke, and the "biters are sometimes bitten."—*New York Democratic News.*

The "Drawer," in the *Harper*, has this from the very down Easternmost section of our precious country. It is customary with the students in our college to say "Not prepared," when called upon to recite a difficult and not well memorized passage. On a hot summer afternoon, in the year —— the class was sleepily stumbling through the introduction to Butler's Analogy. The reverend doctor was quite as familiar with the subject matter as with the numbers of chapters and sections, and had a way of his own in calling for a recitation, which sounded quite as much like a call to judgment as a call to recite. The lesson was going badly and the doctor, nestling in his chair, called out, "Mr. T——, you may pass on to 'Future Life.'" Mr. T—— was too much of a wag to let the opportunity slip, and promptly responded, "Not prepared." The reader can easily imagine the effect on the risibles of the class.

This bit of precocity came under the observation of a friend out West, who sends it to the *Interior*. May P——, of Omaha, a bright little girl of some five or six summers accustomed, when at table, to being "lifted higher" with a copy of Webster's Unabridged, was spending a few days with friends in Chicago, and stopping at one of the large hotels of the city. At her first meal the dusky waiter, with due ceremony and kind politeness, seated her on an ordinary chair, and placed before her the bill of fare. The little miss ran her eye up and down the formidable array of names, then turned to the attendant and, with the dignity of a maturer mind grappling with some weighty subject, in an imperious manner and tone exclaimed, "Please bring me a dictionary."

A head equal to the greatest events, and a heart superior to the strongest temptations, are qualities which may be possessed so secretly that a man's next-door neighbor shall not discover them, until some unforseen occasion calls them forth.

An old negro cook says, "Sass am powerful good in ebery ting but chil'n. Dey needs some oder kind ob dressin'."

A Reverie.

Passing through New Chamber street a while ago—a part of this city that one cannot pass through too quickly—we noticed a strange kind of a garden. Upon a wooden shed, over the side-walk, were arranged, along the edges, twenty-six half barrels, filled with earth and planted with Morning Glories. These had twined about perpendicular cords, tied to horizontal wires stretched four or five feet above. The perpendicular strings were placed so closely together that the foliage of the vines formed, as it were, a second story to the rickety old shed. It occurred to us that the poor man who had taken so much trouble with his shed-garden could not be destitute of kindly feeling, though living in the midst of squalor and depravity. Perhaps he felt as much pride, experienced as much pleasure in these early-morning flowers as do the wealthy in their costly borders. It seems a wise and a just provision on the part of a benevolent God that it should be so. And it is soothing to all tender-hearted people to believe that happiness, in whatsoever degree, is not inseparable from the luxuries or even from the necessities of life.

A vast deal of pity is wasted upon the seemingly hard lot of others. We look at the children of the poor and say, "Poor things!" When they die, we say, "It is better so." The honest laborer, who toils hard to support a large family, is ever an object of our commiseration. The man who, having accumulated an immense fortune through years of successful business application, loses it all at once, is especially to be pitied. "Having tasted the sweets of riches and luxuries, you know, it comes hard upon him. There is a little provision in human nature that renders the manufacture of all this pity an ineffectual expenditure of moral force. It is the power of accommodating itself to the circumstances in which the individual is placed. The infant, whether born in affluence or poverty, is equally pleased with a rag baby until it is educated to understand the superiority of a wax doll, and the cigar-box upon spools answers every purpose of the painted chariots purchased in toy bazars. The food of the laborer is not relished according to its quality or variety, but according to the appetite which may afford a pleasure to him who eats pork and beans that is never known to him whose table is always spread with the daintiest of food.

Of rich men there are two classes. One has inherited riches—the other has made his own fortune by "hard knocks," or by economy and devotion to some pursuit. If suddenly deprived of his wealth, the first will experience a span new sensation. The world is new to him, and possibly he may find it far from sociable or friendly, and in no wise exercised in the matter of assisting him to rebuild his fortunes. Here is a virgin field for our fallen millionaire. Here is a chance for the development of energies and talents he himself may never have dreamed of. The days of ennui are gone. He will not be "bored" for the future in devising new ways of "killing time." Any man with enough to eat and to wear, his mind all the time intent upon any pursuit, has no business to be wretched, and is no worthy object of people's sympathy or pity.

The other, who has made his own fortune and suddenly finds himself at the bottom of the ladder again, has the successful experience of years with which to aid him in rebuilding his fortune—and there are few of this class who do not deny themselves more in the acquisition of wealth than the poor laborer who never aspires to it by his daily toil.

There is but one condition that human beings cannot accommodate themselves to and be happy. It is a condition of actual suffering or helplessness.

Enjoyment and luxuries are oftener enemies than friends. Indeed, any situation in life, which does not provoke mental or physical action, is a destroyer of happiness. Let us, therefore, set a higher value upon sympathy and pity, that we may bestow them more liberally upon worthy objects. Assist the sufferers of your own neighborhood. Look first of all to your own household and next to those who, for one reason or another, have claims upon your assistance. When that is done, you may pity the misfortunes of all the world besides, if your stock hold out.

Meantime, let us learn a lesson from the shed-garden and its half-barrels of Morning Glories. We need not compassionate the man who has been at such pains to produce what to our pampered eyes seem trivial results. If we cannot have spacious gardens, let us be content with little ones, and let us bear in mind that a barrel-garden, made attractive by one's own hands and ingenuity, is incomparably more creditable to the owner than a grand garden that money has purchased. "For unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required."—*Rural New Yorker.*

A Coat Lined With Money.

A war correspondent writes: "Comedy goes side by side with tragedy here as everywhere, and even at a time like this men can laugh. A Jew who has come down from Aski-Saghra is in a condition of much perplexity about the means to be adopted for the recovery of a stolen coat. Anticipating evil times in Eski-Saghra, the Jew had sown up his money in his heaviest fur overcoat, and with this held himself ready to leave town at any moment. Somehow when the dreaded time arrived he missed the coat, and had to come down here without it. Walking about the streets of Adrianople he descried this very coat upon the shoulders of a big Circassian, with whom he entered into humble parley for its recovery, professing to have taken a great fancy for it, and offering a most un-Jew like price for it. While he pretended to examine the fur, he ascertained that his money remained undisturbed. The Circassian declined to sell, and the Jew then put in a claim as owner of the coat, and succeeded in bringing the Circassian before the Governor of the town. The Governor declined to consider the Jew's claim proved, and that hapless Hebrew is now following the Circassian like a second shadow, beseeching him with special iteration to strike a bargain. It rests on Rochefoucauld's authority that a man can always enjoy the misfortunes of his friends, and the friends of this especial Hebrew seem to find some consolation for their own sorrows in watching and laughing at the countless ruses and manœuvers with which Jewish ingenuity inspires the hunter of the coat.

Russia has, in the last six months, exported wheat to the value of over $13,000,000, against wheat to the value of $8,000,000 for the corresponding period last year. So, in spite of the war, she has had food enough for her own people and a handsome surplus for outside nations.

The Infirmities of Age

Are harder to bear than the ailments of middle life or youth, since the resistant power in the system has diminished with declining years, and disease and pain have more power over the enfeebled body. It is therefore the more essential that that resistant power should be augmented. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a benign tonic cordial, is admirably adapted for the purpose. It counteracts the infirmities peculiar to age, and succors worn out nature. It vivifies the feeble frame, adds new oil, as it were, to the flickering lamp of life, diffuses fresh warmth through the chilled veins, and gives comfort as well as relief, thus lightening the burden of age and retarding in a measure the progress of decay. Ladies in delicate health, as well as aged persons, derive great benefit from this wholesome stimulative tonic, which is absolutely pure, unobjectionable in flavor, and is recommended by physicians of repute.

Doors, Windows and Blinds.

Wilson & Brothers.

In glancing over the broad and ample field of San Francisco industries and as a representative of its class we are pleased to call attention to the enterprising firm of Wilson & Brothers, manufacturers and dealers in doors, windows, blinds, sash and building material, Nos. 18, 20 and 22 Drumm street, San Francisco. Twenty years ago the Messrs. Wilson came to this city and commenced business on a much smaller scale than that of to-day, but by strict attention to the rules that govern a successful business they have attained a trade second to none in the city, and a most complete and nicely arranged brick building, rendered earthquake-proof by internal supports of timber bolted to the walls, and fire-proof by iron window and door frames further protected by iron shutters. It is three stories high, the floors being connected by a large elevator. This is Worth's elevator, invented and made in this city, and is the only one of the kind in San Francisco. It is hydraulic and has two upright cylinders instead of horizontal as in the most of them. The size of the building is 45x10x137¼. The stories are high and airy, making it one of the finest edifices for business purposes it has been our lot to see for some time.

The basement contains weights, glass, etc., etc. The first floor, offices and a general line of doors. The second, blinds, sash, etc. The blinds and sash are painted, the glazing done and all are ready for market. The third floor is the glazing and painting department. Several men are employed in painting and glazing. The stock is perhaps the largest carried by any house in San Francisco in this line and that of the best.

Their manufactory is located in Pleasant Valley, El Dorado county. It is very extensive and we are informed consumes annually in the neighborhood of one to two million feet of lumber. By manufacturing close by the supplies they can save on the transportation. The articles inspected by us were well made, showing that they employ good machinery and careful workmen.

The trade of the house is most extensive, reaching all parts of the Pacific Coast, the Oceanic Islands and Australia. To this firm must be credited the honor of pioneers in the Australian trade and is a striking evidence of the enterprise of the Wilson Brothers and their principles of go-aheadativeness. It requires considerable capital and peculiar merits of manufacture to accomplish it. The members of the firm are Mr. N. I. Wilson, to whom we are under obligations for information, G. O. Wilson and H. Wilson.—*S. F. Commercial.*

Life Insurance Claims Adjusted.

James Munsell, Jr., has established special facilities in the East for collecting all kinds of claims on policies in Eastern Life Insurance Companies in liquidation. Parties, who have already filed claims direct with Receivers, will find it greatly to their advantage to place the collection of their dividends in the hands of this agency, which will relieve them of all further trouble, and settlement will be made with claimants at this office. Under this arrangement, Harvey M. Munsell, of New York city, will act there as attorney in fact, representing the interests of claimants on the spot, and receive and receipt for them the three dividends as fast as made by Receivers.

It is a matter of great importance that claimants should place their polices only in the hands of persons of experience in the insurance business, in order that their policies may be properly valued, and their interest efficiently as well as faithfully represented. Appreciating this fact, several attorneys-at-law, in San Francisco and elsewhere, have placed the claims of their clients in the hands of this agency for presentation with the Courts and Receivers in Eastern States.

Special efforts will be made to have all non-registered policies restored by the Courts to the status of the original policies that were duly registered, which, if successful, will enable claimants to participate directly in the special fund, which fund is nearly intact.

For the direction and information of claimants in the interior, who are unacquainted with us, special reference is made to the Managers of the principal Life and Fire Insurance Companies in San Francisco. Parties holding policies must take prompt action in order to protect their interests and secure their claims, because it is absolutely imperative that claims be filed in the East within a specified time, which in some instances has nearly expired.

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James W. Bell, squirrel inspector of the Bell School District, is making preparations for a vigorous fall campaign against the joint enemy. It is proposed by the residents of the district to kill the squirrels on pasture as well as grain land. Wakelee's poison will be used, which Mr. Bell indorses as the best poisoning preparation of which he has any knowledge.—*Redwood City Times and Gazette.*

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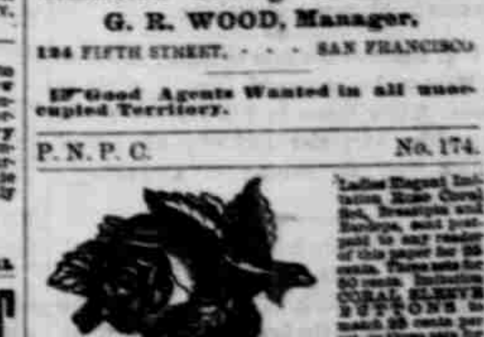

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