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PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,

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— BY —

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ONE LIFE.

[The Argosy.]

Her little white hand is resting
On the arm that held it of old,
And he thinks it is only the night breeze
That makes it so soft and cold

Her eyes into his are gazing—
Eyes ever so faithful to him,
And he thinks it the shadowy twilight
That makes them so strange and dim.

Her pretty face turns toward him;
Ah, when did her face turn away?
And he thinks it the silvery moonlight
That makes it so faint and gray.

Oh, spirit that lingers and falters,
Take courage and whisper "Good-bye."
A life!—why a life is nothing,
When millions each minute die.

With millions each minute dying,
What matters one life or death?
One fragile and tender existence?
One tremulous passing breath?

A life? Why a life is nothing!
What matters tho' one burn dim?
Alas for the folly of reason—
One life is the world to him!

THE BRIDE OF DEATH.

A CONDENSED NOVEL WITHOUT A MORAL.

Evansville Argus.

"Good-bye, Herbert."

"Good-bye, Eurydice, and oh, how sweet the thought that this will be our last good-bye, for to-morrow night, darling, you will be mine, mine to love and cherish and protect from all the chilling blasts of adversity. Is not the thought a sweet one, Eurydice?"

"Aye, Herbert, and yet—" and a chill seemed to shake the frail young form, and an anxious look came into the starry eyes.

"And yet, what, Eurydice?"

"Oh, Herbert, it is a dull foreboding that something is going to happen me. I know our future looks bright, but still the feeling will come, though I strive to keep it back."

"Then why feel aught of fear, darling? Surely my strong arms can protect you?"

"Yes, but you have said 'good-bye,' and soon I will be left alone, and then, oh, Herbert, how I wish this night was over. I cannot, oh, I cannot drive back the feeling that some great harm is coming to me."

But Herbert drew the fair young head to his breast and showered kisses on the golden locks and on the quivering lips, and with the kisses peace seemed to settle in her heart and the frightened look passed away.

"Good-bye, again, darling," said Herbert.

"Good-bye, Herbert," she said simply, and he was gone.

Eurydice started slowly to her room. It was a cosy nest, and one meet for the radiant being who reigned there, but as she entered the old fear came back and her footsteps seemed clogged with lead.

Rousing herself she seated herself before the long pier glass and commenced to slowly let down her coils of golden hair, and as she looked at the fair reflection she murmured: "Yes, I am lovely, and no wonder Herbert loves me so. Oh! fair face that hides a heart of lead. Oh! if this anguish would leave. Oh! if the morrow were only here—— My God, what is that?" cried she, as a noise in the corner was heard. "Oh! has it come so soon?" and by a strong effort she rose to her feet and swinging half around faced this unknown something that was in the room.

For a moment the dilated eyes saw nothing, and then as they rested on the unknown something, there was a low moan, the limbs suddenly gave way and the lithe young body sank with a "dull thud" to the floor.

A little crimson stream trickled from the half open lips, a quiver, and all was over and the spirit of Eurydice Boggs passed over the dark river.

And the mouse, frightened by her fall, ran back into its hole.

NEWPORT.

Life.

Newport is a city about which no two authorities agree. It is claimed by one distinguished American writer that it is "the centre of refinement, fashion, intelligence and wealth." Another, equally eminent, declares it to be "shoddy, pinchbeck and greasy, with newly acquired and vulgarly used wealth." One noted English critic, who was feted there last year, says that "Newport is the heaven of the toady and the snob," while a Frenchman who had similar experience declares it to be "the Mecca of the rich who can be worshipped for nothing but their wealth." A correspondent of The London Globe says: "It is the paradise of two sets of fools—the gilded clique who spend tens of thousands in the effort to outshine their neighbors, and the obsequious clique that beggars itself for the privilege of witnessing the pitiful contest."

ONE WOMAN'S WORK.

Chicago News.

The queen of Madagascar is dead. Her whole life was spent in efforts to spread Christianity among her people. She abolished idolatry; she was the friend of religion, learning, and the useful arts. There is many a monarch on the European throne who could have been better taken than she; whose lives have not been so prolific of good to their subjects. She has left a name and memory that would grace any queen in Christendom.

FASHIONS IN MEN'S HATS.

New York Tribune.

It is a fact worthy of notice that the only article of men's dress in the fashioning of which the wearer's taste plays no part, is the hat. The styles of hats are due altogether to the taste and fancy of the manufacturer, so that twenty-four hours before the new style is displayed in the hatter's windows no one but the "finisher" knows what shape it will assume.

CLEARING AN AMAZONIAN FOREST.

New York Times.

When, says a recent writer, it is desirable to make a clearing in an Amazonian forest a leaning tree is selected, and all the trees in front of it are cut on one side. Then the vines are severed and the leaning tree is cut down, bringing all the trees near it to the ground with a crash. Soon the hot rays of the sun fit the brush for quick destruction by fire.

MADAME MODJESKA'S TRIUMPH.

Her Own Account of Her First Success in this Country at San Francisco.

[Philadelphia Press.]

"After a few months of country life I got very tired of the corn and potatoes, the pigs and the chickens, and went up to San Francisco to see if I could not get a chance to resume my profession in this country."

"How did you succeed?"

"It is a very funny story," said the distinguished actress, laughingly, "and I never look back to it now without amusement. I had friends there, but they, like myself, were strangers to the language you speak and to the people I must approach. But I had determined to make a trial, so I met Mr. John McCullough, and he was very kind and gentlemanly. I asked him to give me a chance to play. He finally consented, and decided I should play Ophelia in Polish to Mr. Booth's Hamlet in English if he could get his consent. When he made the request to Mr. Booth he refused to play with me. He did not know me, and probably thought I was an enthusiastic amateur, and not an artist. I could not speak the language to convince him, and, therefore, I got no chance to play.

"I determined to learn English, and I did. I got a teacher at once and began learning the language as a boy does the multiplication table. I studied night and day. I would catch a few words and then repeat them over and over again until I had them secure, and then kept on to get the pronunciation right. It did not take me a great while, because I put my whole heart and soul into the work. When I could speak reasonably well, I learned to read Adrienne Lecouvreur, and it was only a few months from the time I first began to study English, before I went to Mr. Barton Hill, manager for Mr. McCullough, and asked for a hearing. He did not receive me very cordially, for he probably thought I was a novice who was stage-struck. I was so earnest in my request, however, that he finally said:

"Madame, if I consent, may I express my honest opinion to you? May I criticise you frankly?"

"Yes, even remorselessly," I replied. "All I ask is that you will hear me." It was agreed that I should come to the theatre the next day. Can you imagine anything more disheartening than appearing for the first time to read the lines of a play in a theatre, with only one man for an audience, and that one a critic who starts out with the feeling that you are consuming his time unnecessarily? This was my situation when I reached the theatre in San Francisco to read Adrienne to a doubting manager in a language which I had only just begun to learn. A chair was sat upon the stage for me to speak to and Mr. Hill sat in the stalls. There were no admiring friends in the seats, no other actors, no scenes, no properties, no audience to stimulate and aid me. Only the chair to talk to and the one unsympathetic man to judge. I had, however, determined to succeed, and with these dismal surroundings I began reading the lines. As I proceeded I watched Mr. Hill carefully. I soon noticed that I had interested him, then he seemed aroused, and finally I made him cry. When I had finished I said, 'What is my fate? Will you give me an opening?' 'Not only an opening,' said he warmly, 'but weeks, and as many of them as you want.'

"Mr. Hill reported to Mr. McCullough and he asked me to read the play again and for him. The next day I repeated the same performance for Mr. McCullough and Mr. Hill that on the first day I had given to Mr. Hill alone. He was very kind to me and spoke highly of my advancement. They arranged at once for my appearance, and I began in Adrienne, Mr. McCullough appearing with me. I was successful from the start, and from that day to this have to thank the American people for their great kindness and consideration. I have met with much success in this country. This is the simple story of my beginning here in this country. Of course, I have learned much since my first start. We never cease to learn in this profession."

"French Flat" Tenants at Home.

[J. D. Osborne in The Century.]

The Parisians themselves are getting tired of their many-storied houses. The people of the provinces, and especially those of French Flanders and of the countries on the German and Swiss borders, say (it is a proverb with them): "A Paris house is a hell." Life is one long quarrel in most of them. Tenants must put up with a great many annoyances, if they would not be constantly in hot water. A Frenchman once told me that a servant of the story below him complained that his footman threw dust out of the window, and appealed to the hall waiter to stop it. The servants of the higher stories heard the complaint and resented it. All of them threw bushels of dust out of the window upon the luckless servant of the first floor.

There is more unhappiness, less happiness, in Paris than in any other place on earth. There can be no happiness where houses are built as dove-cotes and families are huddled like pigeons. Did you ever read Dickens' description of a London rookery tenanted by Irish? It is a true picture of the incessant warfare waged in Paris houses.

Better Than the Brakeman's "Yawp"

[Scientific American.]

A simple and effective device for announcing to passengers on cars and boats the name of the next station or landing, consists simply of a box containing a revolving drum made of light material, and having printed upon or attached to its face the names of the several stations of the route, arranged in the order named. There is in the front of the box a window through which the names may be read as they are brought into position by the pawl and ratchet mechanism at the end of the box.

A North Carolina man has invented a machine that will pack 100 pounds of bran in a fifteen inch space.

PARTNERS IN A "RESTERRAW."

Two Colored Gentlemen Who Had Taken Lessons in the Financial Art of Self-Defense.

[Arkansaw Traveler.]

Brocky John and Government Pete, two colored gentlemen of eminence, raised a crop of cotton together, and with the profits, moved to town and established a restaurant. When the first of the month came, John went to Pete and said:

"Whut we gwinter to pay off wid?"

"Blame 'f know."

"Whut we gwine ter eat ter mor'?"

"Blame 'f know."

"Wall," said John, after perplexed reflection, "how's we gwinter run dis heah resterraw?"

"I doesn't know dat, nuther."

"An' yer doan seem ter be much consarned 'bout it."

"No, I'se restin' easy. Dun got 'nuff ter eat fur one week, an' ef I al'ers feels as full as I does now, I doan want nuthin' ter eat."

"Yer's a fool, Pete, dat's whut yer is."

"Oh, no, yerse'f's de fool, 'cuse yer's bodderin' 'bout su'thin' whut yer hain't got. I'se gwine stay 'roun' an' heah, money ur no money, I bet by de time de udder fokes gits 'nuff ter eat I'll be chawin' su'thin'."

"Yass, Pete, but aller our money's dun gone."

"Dat's all right. We was de ones whut spent it an' we ain' got no room to complain. Go on away an' study flosofy."

Soon afterward John slipped into the house, took the toe of a stocking from a hole in the wall and mused: "Thought times would git hard, so I jes put a little su'thin' aside for myse'f."

Shortly after John went out, Pete slipped in, took an old pocket from under a box, and said to himself, "sorter thought dat a dark an' rainy day would come 'roun' bimeby, an' thought I'd better look out for ole Peter. Ole Pete, lemme congraterlate you right heah, ain't a man ter fool 'way his time. Doan like ter fling 'spicions on a man's caracktor, but it doan seem ter me dat ole John is er hones' man nohow."

Fanny Fern and Family.

I told Mr. Derby, the veteran publisher, how delighted I used to be when Fanny Fern's bright meditations ufed to come out in The Boston Olive Branch.

"Yes," he said, "The Olive Branch paid her $3 for each article, with which she barely managed to support herself and her children in a miserable manner. I thought I saw merit and money in them. They were widely circulated, and The Home Journal used often to copy them. Her brother, N. P. Willis, the brilliant editor of that paper, associated with Morris, saw nothing in Fanny's writings. He gave her no encouragement, and I sent her word that she had better go to making shirts; but Gen. Morris liked her work very much, and so did the assistant editor, James Parton. The latter gave glad hospitality to many of her fugitive paragraphs. This led to his acquaintance with her, and I think it was after he had married her that Willis was served up in her novel as Apollo Hyacinthe. Her first husband was Charles Eldridge, of Boston, but when he died she formed an ill-assorted marriage with a Mr. Farrington, whom she was obliged to leave. About the time that her writings attracted my attention Robert Bonner made her the splendid offer of $100 a column for The Ledger. I went to Boston and got her to collect her 'Fern Leaves,' which had a great circulation. She accepted a royalty instead of the $1,000 down, which I offered her, and she made $10,000 the first year.

"After she became famous and independent her brother, N. P., began to recognize her in a gingerly manner, and toward the close of his life, when he became sick and morbid, she went and took care of him and did all she could to comfort his declining years. She constantly contributed to The Ledger almost to the last day of her life. By the way, Fanny Fern's daughter, who married Mortimer Thompson (Doesticks), afterwards contributed to The Ledger, and the Miss Effie Thompson, who now writes for the same paper, is Fanny Fern's granddaughter."

Dean Stanley's Penmanship.

A correspondent of The Manchester Examiner says that he once received from Dean Stanly the most inscrutable epistle he ever beheld. It was written upon poor blue paper and in two kinds of ink, the latter portion in black and the former in ink about the color of brown vinegar. The writing had a thin, scratchy look and suggested the thought that it had been written with an old pen with only one prong, or with the point of an old stocking-needle. There were no distinct letters as such, but a series of nervous pecks at the paper with something smeared with ink.

"I tried over and over again for several days," says the correspondent, "to decipher the missive, but to no purpose. I procured a magnifying glass, and was simply dismayed at the result. I held it up to a strong gaslight, and tried to read the front through the back, and the back through the front. I tried to read it perpendicularly, horizontally and from each of the four corners diagonally and at last flung myself full length upon the hearth-rug, spread the tanalizing document upon the fender, and sought a friendly revelation from the glow of the fire, but in vain. As a last resource I took it to a clever schoolmaster, who, after looking carefully over it from beginning to end, somewhat discouraged me by asking me who it was from and what it was about. He labored at it more or less for five weeks and then gravely assured me that the man who could read such writing was not yet born."

A Dangerous Weed.

[Fannie Brigham Ward.]

Everywhere in Mexico one finds the poisonous weed toloachi, though it grows most thrifty in the tropical lowlands of the tierra caliente. It is a harmless looking plant, much resembling northern milk weed, and quite too dangerously common in a land where suspicion rules and jealousy amounts to madness. It does not kill, but immediately acts upon the brain, producing first violent insanity, and then hopeless idiocy. A few drops of the tasteless fluid, mixed with milk or other food, does the diabolical work with inexorable certainty, and cannot be detected except in its effects. It is whispered that poor Carlotta had hardly landed at Vera Cruz, on her sorrowful mission to this country, before it was administered to her, and her deplorable fate is cited as one among many instances. Of all the dangers in Mexico this is one of the most appalling. Any political enemy, jealous rival, or credo, may thus revenge himself, in a more fiendish manner than with the stiletto, and without fear of detection.

Chicago Verses.

[Philadelphia Call.]

Contributor: Your verses beginning, "Two little feet so small that both nestle in one warm buffalo robe," are declined. We never print Chicago poetry.

"No, sir," said a practical American, "no bric-a-brac on the mantel for me! It's a nuisance. Where's a man to put his feet?"

Colton: Most of our misfortunes are more supportable than the comments of our friends upon them.

BRAIN-WORKERS' DRINKS.

A Boston Bartender Tells of the Various Liquids Most Affected by a Number of Notable Men.

["Nelse" in St. Paul Pioneer Press.]

I asked a bartender the other day what were the peculiarities and favorite drinks of some of his patrons of note. He had quite recently been employed in one of the largest drinking establishments in New York, and replied that every man usually had a favorite drink which he generally called for upon ranging alongside the bar. Whisky was called for nine times out of ten in one form or another, but fancy mixed drinks of all kinds were extremely popular.

"Here is Oscar Wilde, for instance," he said. "He is very popular among the gay 'boys' of Gotham, and can drink most of them under the table and give them their choice of the liquor. He is one of the longest headed drinkers I know of—the result, I think, of his calm, even temperament. Nothing disturbs him. He likes everything, although he shows a partiality to Vermouth cocktails. Champagne is also a great favorite with him. He does not care for Mumm's or Delbeck, however, the former not being 'dry' enough and the latter too 'dry.' Something between these two is his choice, although he is not 'set' in the matter. He takes very kindly to American drinks, like all Englishmen, and is very fond of whisky and seltzer, and also gin fizzes. He can't go beer for some reason. He is a great smoker, and is consuming the weed in some form incessantly. His cigars are of the best brand, and he pays exorbitant prices for them. The number of cigarettes he smokes in a day is enormous. He prefers the La Ferme and Egyptian cigarettes. The one great peculiarity about Wilde is that he smokes before breakfast, something rarely done by the most inveterate smokers.

Steele Mackaye is sharp, quick and decisive in his manners and drinks great quantities of the best beer to get fat. He don't get fat, however, and never will. I have seen him drink fifteen glasses of beer at one sitting and not turn a hair. When the number gets up into the twenties he grows excited and talks ferociously. He is not at all averse to fancy drinks of all kinds, especially to gin fizzes and whisky cocktails. He smokes 25 cent cigars when his friends are kind enough to give them to him. Edgar Fawcett, the poet and playwright, is the opposite of Oscar Wilde. He is far from being a scientific imbiber. His principal bad habit is to mix his drinks. Whisky and water is generally called for by him. He is also partial to sherry and bitters, but will drink almost anything. He has a great admiration for Oscar Wilde's poetry, and and when excited by sherry and bitters raves over it. Fawcett was Longfellow's pet before his death. He is also a smoker. Cazuraun, the well-known adapter of French plays, is a lively little Frenchman, the possessor of a very red nose, which he has spent mints of money and years of time in coloring. He has very bright eyes, dresses in black, and talks rapidly when excited. He is particularly heavy on cordials, especially kimmel. Absinthe he also likes. He is a pretty heavy drinker, and will drink anything. He delights to stop and talk before disposing of the contents of his glass. A cigar or cigarette is always between his lips.

Leander Richardson, the correspondent and adaptor of plays, is very fond of beer and is gradually building out a Dutch front. He drinks immense quantities of beer when sitting up all night to write a letter. At the bar he names Santa Cruz sours, gin fizzes, claret punches, and champagne cocktails as his "pizen." A good cigar, either mild or strong, suits him. Lawrence Barrett is rarely, if ever, seen in a saloon, and I doubt if he drinks anything stronger than wine, and that only semi-occasionally with intimate friends. Richard Mansfield, the actor, takes champagne with his meals to whet his appetite. George Riddle, the reader, likes wines of all kinds, but prefers sherry and claret."

How He Got Even.

[American Machinist.]

A good story is told of the well known engineer, William A. Sweet, of Syracuse. Casually meeting a prominent lawyer one day, a brief conversation ensued, in the course of which Mr. Sweet happened to ask "the judge" what he thought of some question they were discussing, without really meaning to ask legal advice in the usual way. Soon afterward Mr. Sweet received a bill from the judge "for legal advice, $1,000," which he paid promptly without a word of complaint.

Time passed on, and one day the judge, who was also heavily interested in salt manufacture, needed some mechanical advice about machinery which was not running satisfactorily, and asked Mr. Sweet to look at the machines and tell him what was needed. Mr. Sweet looked them over for two or three hours, and indicated the cause of the trouble. When he went home he promptly made a bill out against the judge for "mechanical advice, $1,500," and the bill was duly paid, furnishing probably one of the few instances on record in which mechanics ever got ahead of the law.

Why Drivers Turn to the Right.

[Henry Grady in Atlanta Constitution.]

Major W. H. Smyth gives me the following origin of the American custom of turning to the right on the road: Our ancestors drove oxen as a usual thing. In driving an ox team the driver walks on the left of the team, so that he can handle the goad or whip with his right hand. In meeting a wagon each driver would turn to the right, so that he could be between his own oxen and those of the other wagon.

Ambuscading the Professional.

[Philadelphia Call.]

A couple of pickpockets followed a gentleman for some blocks with a view of availing themselves of the first opportunity to relieve him of his purse. He suddenly turned into a lawyer's office.

"What shall we do now?" asked one.

"Wait for the lawyer," said the other.

CORN GATHERING SONG.

[Opie P. Read in New York Mercury.]

[In general the negroes have greatly changed since the war, for many of them have gone to the cities and towns, or have become small farmers, but on some of the large plantations of the south, where no social innovations have been introduced, they are very much the same, in dress and peculiar characteristics, as they were years ago when the tap of the overseer's bell was an order imperative. These people preserve their quaint traditions, moral dialogues between animals, in which the rabbit is always the Socrates. They have a song for each kind of work, whose author is unknown, but with whose words and tune all are familiar. The following is the corn gathering song. It is impossible to give an idea of the effect with which it is rendered, and the semi-weird tune, I am convinced, could not be written by the most accomplished composer:]

Come er hitch up de wagin an' dribe in de fiel',
Time fur ter geder de co'n;
We'se boun' fur ter hab sum ash-cake meal
Time fur ter geder de co'n.
De yaller man grabs wid mighty light han',
Time fur ter geder de co'n;
But de ole Guinea nigger am de bes' in de ban',
Time fur ter geder de co'n.

An' ar take off de rough shucks, pile up de co'n,
Jurangy ho, jis' er talkin' like er doan' kere;
We'se er gwinter hab sum fun heah as sho' yer am bo'n,
Jurangy ho, so early in de day.

De mules bites de co'n as we dribe er long de rows,
Time fur ter geder de co'n;
How much da kin eat nobody nabber knows,
Time fur ter geder de co'n.
De young houn' pup sniffs de ar as we pass,
Time fer ter geder de co'n;
An' he barks at de rabbit what hides in de grass,
Time fer ter geder de co'n.

An' er dribe ter de co'n crib an' open up de do',
Jurangy ho, jis' er talkin' like er doan' kere:
We'se got ter git dun 'fore de col' win's blow,
Jurangy ho, so early in de day.

Cable, the Novelist.

[New York Cor. Chicago Herald.]

A self-exhibitor now in New York is Cable, the highly successful writer of novels on the theme of Creole life in New Orleans. He has hit a new and rich vein in fiction, and is working it with much ability. But I think he is making a mistake in coming north in quest of personal adulation. He went at first to Boston, where there is a circle of mutual admirers, to whom he revealed himself as a reader of his own sketches. They gave him the right hand of fellowship. That was as far as he ought to have gone. But he is trying New York. We, too, have a clique of self-chosen literary people, probably as numerous and unproductive as Boston's, but they don't count for much in this big city. They have rapturously taken Cable in; but he is already finding out that their sponsorship is rather a damage than otherwise with the many thousands of cultured people who have appreciatively read his works.

The tendency here is strong to make sport of pretentiousness, and that is why, by posing without a good excuse for it, he is in danger of being popularly underestimated. He is a pleasant enough fellow to look at, reads with a fair mastery of the peculiar Creole dialect, sings some Creole songs in a nasal falsetto that would insure ridicule before a promiscuous assemblage, and affects the Byronic style of dress. He is the present Bunthorne of our aesthetic women and almost as feminine men. But he is a genius, after all is said, and he has an observing eye. "Do you know the oddest thing that has struck me in New York?" he said to me. "It was an undertaker's wagon, all sombre and black, but drawn by a spotted, calf-skin horse, like a circus steed." What he thus described has for several years been a metropolitan incongruity.

Where Gotham's Italians Congregate.

[New York Letter in Chicago News.]

The Mulbery street colony numbers about six thousand souls, and they live in quarters not large enough for six hundred decent people. It is a province to itself. The careless stranger never wanders into it a second time. Twenty-three stores and restaurants do the principal business, but there are also three hotels (?), and two banks, two printing offices, four butcher shops and four bakeries, to say nothing of the steamship agencies. Four Italian physicians and two Italian lawyers fling their shingles to the breeze, while an Italian newspaper retails the gossip of the colony and reprints Italian news from the daily papers.

During the day all is garlic and business, and the odors of both hang heavy about the streets. At night the place is as secure from intrusion as if fenced in by a giant wall. Men have gone into that quarter after dark and have been heard from never more. A policeman will not venture there alone, and when an arrest is to be made a patrol wagon with a squad of husky officers, is sent down. It is as much as a man's life is worth to go within a block of the quarter's boundary. What do these people do for a living? Well, they are the bootblacks, match-peddlers, fruit-venders, chestnut-roasters and rag-pickers of New York, and many of them keep cigar stands.

Like Her Great-Great-Grandmother.

[Buffalo Courier.]

A few days ago Miss Jennie Hazen, of Angola township, was passing a second hand picture dealer's store in Buffalo when she noticed among some old paintings a picture that was a striking likeness of herself. Looking at the reflection of herself in the window and then upon the old painting, the resemblance was wonderful. The young lady, who is only 16 years old, returned home to Angola full of her discovery, insisting that some one had been painting her picture and arranging her as a fright (the girl of the painting was dressed in the style of the last century). Incited by curiosity some of the family went to Buffalo and upon seeing the picture were as amazed as Miss Jennie.

Their bewilderment was increased by deciphering the name Jennie on the back of the painting. It also bore the name of the artist, "Richardson, Philadelphia." The painting was bought for $3.50, and was sent to the young lady's grandmother in Erie, Mrs. Dr. M. J. Clark, who recognized it as the portrait of her grandmother, Jennie Elizabeth McMichael, an intrepid Philadelphia girl, whose adventures during the revolutionary period were told at hundreds of firesides by the grandfathers and grandmothers of the present generation.

Two Bright Ones.

[Inter Ocean "Curbstone Crayons."]

"My little 2-year old girl went down to the lake for the first time last summer. As the waves came rippling in over the white sand she clapped her hands and said, 'See the lake laughing!' I had never thought of the thing in that connection, but it does laugh, you know. The same night my 5-year-old boy, watching the lamp-lighter light the lamps in front of the house, turned to me with 'Papa, who lights the stars?'"

New York Palladium: Honor and profit do not stay long in the same sack.

NEW YORK SKY PARLORS.

Danger from the Many-Storied Buildings of the Metropolis.

[Chicago Tribune.]

It is a tall city house that rises more than sixty feet from the ground. In New York plans have recently been submitted to the building department for a fifteen-story flat house which will be 182 feet high. It will be surmounted by a cupola forty feet higher. The rage for the conveniences of flat life has stimulated the erection of these lofty buildings in New York until the safety and health of the city are threatened. Capitalists, in pursuance of their inalienable right to do as they will with their own so long as they keep within the laws, are going ahead to multiply these sun-excluding, fire-inviting traps until public policy, in the person of some of its leading citizens, has been driven to remonstrate and form an organization to change the law, since it is only the law that will restrain the spirit of money-making.

These citizens have prepared an act for the consideration of the legislature entitled: "An act to regulate the height of dwelling houses." They have fortified it by a careful report in which the evils that are the certain result of the extravagant height of modern flat-houses are set forth in the most convincing style. The chief of the New York fire department states that seventy-five feet is the maximum point at which men can get practical control of a fire. Within two years there have been erected in that city more than 103 buildings the lowest of which is five feet higher than this maximum, and of these sixty-six are intended for the residences of human beings, who are thereby exposed to the dangers of a most horrible death. It is not in the buildings alone that life is in danger. If one of these enormous structures ever takes fire "no living man," says the board of underwriters, "can stay in the street dividing these buildings; if he should attempt it he would promptly cease to be a living man."

These are the objections of accident, but there are others which, though less catastrophic, are not less productive of misery, and perhaps through disease cause as much loss of life. A building 155 feet high on a sixty-foot street throws a shadow at noon 110 feet high on the opposite building; 142 feet in height throws a shadow ninety-eight feet, and so on. Residences in the vicinity of one of the monster modern flats get but very little sunshine even in the longest summer day. They become gloomy and unhealthy. The street in front remains damp, and, deprived of the disinfecting help of sunshine, gets to be a nidus of disease. So thoroughly is this understood, says the report, in Italian cities, where the streets are mostly narrow, that the better classes seek the higher rooms for residences. Travelers know full well, from sad experience, that what we regard as the most desirable rooms have been the foyers of pernicious fevers; that, too, in a climate where there is far more sunshine than we here enjoy.

Paris, which has the best apartment-houses in the world, regulates the height of these buildings in the strictest manner. The free admission of light, sunshine, and air to all parts of the capital is one of the objects of its building laws. On the widest avenues of Paris the maximum height permitted is but sixty-five feet seven inches, while on our sixty-foot streets buildings have been erected twice and almost three times as high. The time has come for regulation of a similar kind in New York, and accordingly it is proposed that no apartment-house shall be more than eighty feet in height, and that the maximum on streets not more than sixty feet wide shall be seventy feet.

Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

[The Century.]

A very stubborn man is often wrong, but seldom dishonest.

A crank is a fool, with more brains than he knows what to do with.

The man who is always anxious to take the chances, invariably takes one chance too many.

Take all the luck there is in the world, and you couldn't make a half dozen genuine successes out of it.

There are plenty of people who know how to make money, and how to waste it, but few who know how to spend it

The symptoms of patience and laziness are so near alike that it would bother many people to tell which disease they have the more of.

There is nothing that shows strength of character more than eccentricity if it is natural, and nothing that shows weakness more if it is artificial.

What the country wants the most just now is less religion and more piety, less advice and more example, less politics and more patriotism, and less pedigree and more pluck.

The Chinese in Mexico.

[Chicago Herald.]

Mexico will soon have an opportunity of wrestling with the Chinese question, for late advices state that the almond-eyed Celestials are swarming into the land of the Montezumas along the railroad lines. At present, however, they are a necessity. No hotel can be run without Chinese, for there are no Mexican cooks, and the hotels are too small to employ American cooks at wages demanded. As yet they have not gone to work in railroad building nor into the great mining camps, except as restaurant-keepers and laundrymen. The working classes of the country have not felt their competition, but there is likely to be bloodshed when they do. There is a demand at the capital for legislation restricting Chinese immigration by overland routes and absolutely prohibiting it into seaports.

Shakespeare's Autograph.

It may be of interest to those who make the subject a study to know that there are only five genuine signatures of Shakespeare known to be in existence. One is in the London library, the other in the British museum, one attached to his will at Doctor's Common, and two in possession of private collectors.

CONFEDERATE COTTON.

Its Demoralizing Influence upon Army Officers, and upon Politics.

["Gath" in Cincinnati Enquirer.]

"Give me an idea of that cotton business during the war!"

"After we got into the strict cotton belt," said Gen. Herron, "in the state of Tennessee, and further on, the price of cotton had so enormously advanced by cutting off the supply from America that it may be said to have been as valuable as gold. There was a pressure from every part of the world to get at such cotton as our armies relieved. The blockade of the southern ports prevented the Confederates sending it out, and the Confederate government seized a great deal of their own cotton as the capital to conduct the war. The moment we captured Nashville, and pushed up and down the rivers to the south, there came into our camps, provided with abundant money and with all the presents and inducements that sharp traders carry, men representing Manchester, New York, Rouen, Saxony, and a single bale of cotton was quite a prize. The tendency was greatly to demoralize the officers of the army, and you can attribute some of the demoralization in our politics to that very cotton-buying, which first tempted some of the officers out of their honesty, and finally threw them into politics and the lobby at Washington.

"Now I will give you an instance on the other side. After the capture of Vicksburg Gen. Grant sent me up the Yazoo river with an expedition to capture Yazoo City. The Yazoo lies in a bottom, and is a magnificent cotton land all the way up. The rebels had fortified Yazoo City, and it was necessary for Grant's operations to drive them off to the east and north, lest they might reinforce the Confederates at Jackson, Miss., against whom another expedition had been sent. I went up to Yazoo City and captured the place and found there about 3,000 bales of cotton, all marked as the property of the Confederate states. Some of it was in boats, but most of it in warehouse. While I pursued the flying Confederates off to the east I left orders to have that cotton put on steamboats and sent down to Vicksburg as the property of the United States. When I returned from the expedition it was all ready, and I took it down to the river and turned it over at Vicksburg to the chief quartermaster. There were something over twenty-nine hundred bales. Years passed by, and the southern claims business started up. Curiosity led me to examine into the settlement of that particular prize of cotton, and I found that our government had paid for twelve thousand bales, or more than nine thousand more bales than I had seized."

Patience and Perseverance of the Chinese Soldiery.

[Hong Kong. Cor. Philadelphia Press.]

The Chinese are good soldiers. Patient, obedient and long-suffering, they share with other Orientals a certain contempt for death. Their officers are stolid, determined and athletic men, who are accustomed to boast of their endurance. They may not be capable of many brilliant strategical movements, but they make up for that defect by cunning and determination. They fix a certain object in their minds and go for it, no matter how long it takes them to accomplish it.

The campaigns against the Panthays in the southern portion of the empire and the Kashgarians in the northwest are notable examples of this peculiarity of Chinese officers, and suggest the great difficulty which the French will have in overcoming the pertinacity of purpose which seems to take no thought of time. The Panthays were Mohammedans, who tried to assert their independence. The Chinese army left Pekin and moved along so leisurely that the Panthays enjoyed for many years the belief that they were to be permitted to enjoy their freedom unmolested. One fine morning, however, the Chinese army appeared in Yunnan. They swarmed upon the Panthays in such numbers that very few Mohammedans were left in the country.

Again, as regards Kashgar, the Chinese troops performed a similar feat. Yakoob Beg, a bold Turkestan adventurer, carved for himself with his sword a kingdom out of the northwest of the Chinese empire. He reigned for years, and established himself apparently so firmly upon his throne that he was recognized as an independent sovereign by the government of India, which sent him valuable presents and distinguished embassies. All these years, however, the Chinese soldiers were moving against him slowly but surely. They would halt in their march when they came to a fertile spot, erect their tents, put aside their weapons, and go out into the fields and sow them with grain. Then they quietly waited for months until the crops had grown. Reaping the grain, they would replenish their supplies and resume their march. In this way, year after year, they marched and sowed, and reaped and marched again, until at length they appeared in Kashgar in irresistible force, slew Yakoob Beg, destroyed his army and retook the territory. It was one of the most remarkable campaigns, not only for the length of the siege, but for the patient determination which it displayed on the part of men and officers.

How Tom Ochiltree Has Changed.

[National Republican.]

"There's nothing changes a man like being elected to congress," said an ancient friend of Tom Ochiltree in Willard's the other night. "He and I used to be inseparable when he was in Washington before. It was 'Tom' and 'Joe' between us then. He's a member of congress now, and he calls me 'Mr. ——.' He used to wear a muslin shirt with pink and blue horse-shoes on it as big as trade dollars. He would take off his coat and vest, and the people would gather in crowds to look at the resplendent shirt while he would play billiards. He never comes into the billiard-room now, and the other day when I went to his room—I had to send up my card first—he was being dressed by four colored boys, body-servants, he called 'em. One was shaving and another was putting on socks, and he was ordering the other two around the room for a shirt with more starch in it and a stiffer hair-brush and a bottle of perfumery and a manicure set and an embroidered pocket handkerchief. He just sat there and let those four boys dress him."

Why the Dog Stares.

[From the French.]

Gentleman (in barber's chair, notices a dog who sits close by him regarding him with fixed attention)—What is that dog staring at me that way for?

Barber (indifferently)—That dog is always there. You know, if I happen to cut off a piece of an ear——

Gentleman—Well?

Barber—O, well—he eats it.

He Felt He Could Celebrate.

[Chicago News.]

An editor was once Heard to Remark that although he Had Lost Eleven Dollars at Poker, had been Indicted for Libel, and Suffered excruciating Agonies with a Soft Corn, he was still in a Mood to Piously celebrate Thanksgiving in Spirit and in Truth, having just Learned that the Editor of a Loathsome Contemporary had Fallen down a Flight of Stairs and Broken his Leg.