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PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,

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— BY —

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EQUILIBRIUM.

[Robert Elliott.]

An owl in an elm broods sad and grim;
With hunger her owlets cry,
As the airy light of the moon grows dim
And the white morn draweth nigh.

An old gray mouse, with her children three
In her nest, all under the dew,
Sleeps in peace at the foot of the tree,
As if sorrow she never knew.

Through the dusky light of the dawn
Two soft wings fan the grass:
A swoop—a thud—a beak all blood—
And the hours unheeding pass.

And now at the foot of the tree
Falls a shade from the shaggy nest;
And the sun rays, coming see
The owl, with her owlets, rest.

THE FINEST CAR

In the World, Designed for a South American President.

[Wilmington News.]

The finest car ever constructed has just been built for the use of the president of the Argentine Republic. The whole framework of the car is of iron made of channel and eyebeams cross-blocked with iron tubes. Even the platform framework is of iron instead of wood. The whole exterior of the car body, both frame and panels, is built of solid San Domingo mahogany, and it presents a most striking appearance. On the center panel is emblazoned the coat-of-arms of the Argentine Republic. The letter boards on the sides contain the word "Ferro Carril Andino." Both platforms are inclosed at the sides with solid mahogany paneled doors.

The different compartments of the car are finished in mahogany, cherry and oak, richly carved by hand. The ceilings are of oak, elaborately ornamented with gold bronze and colors, inlaid with carved panels and bronze plaques. The deck lights are of embossed glass in pivoted sash, and around the base is a border of Wall of Troy in marquetrie. Pendant from the ceiling are elaborately ornamented double nickel-plated chandeliers. The floor of the entire car is of cherry and maple, and is covered with carpet of the richest Axminster of neat patterns. The windows are unusually large, with double mahogany sash, each containing a French plate glass 31x34 inches. They are fitted with spring roller curtains and lambrequins of tapestry, lined with Florentine silk hung on mahogany poles. The ends of the car and all of the bulkheads are carved by hand, many of the designs on the panels representing different varieties of birds and waterfowl, being specimens of artistic skill.

The vestibule itself is grand, but the main salon is an apartment of almost Oriental luxury, the bulkheads, sides and all the paneling being most elaborately carved and the oak ceiling inlaid with costly carved panels and bronze work. It contains five beveled plate mirrors, the largest being four feet square. The blue tapestry curtains, in addition to the rich lining of Florentine silk, are hung with silk tassels. Next to the salon is the president's state-room, containing a permanent bed, supplied with a mattress and mattress spring, bedding, blankets, counterpanes and a spread and pillow-shams of white hand made lace, lined with cherry silk, and ornamented with the monogram of the Argentine Republic in the center of each. It is hung with Turcoman curtains and has drawers beneath for bed-linen, personal underwear, etc. Opposite stands a mahogany secretary and carved-back mahogany chairs, upholstered in rugs and plush. Adjoining the state-room is a private toilet-room, furnished in oak, with a wardrobe with beveled mirror-glass panels in its doors.

Beauty on Exhibition.

[New York Letter.]

The observed of all observers at the tableaux vivants at the Madison Square theatre on the first occasion this entertainment was given in aid of the Bartholdi fund was Mrs. Langtry, who made herself conspicuous by standing at the side of the house directly under the gaslight, so that the holders of lorgnettes that were instantly leveled at her and kept there in preference to the beauties on the stage had no difficulty in obtaining a full view of her famous features. Ushers approached the Jersey Lily and asked her to take a seat, but she persisted in standing, on the principle of the young man who wouldn't dance, but posed in the doorway of the ball-room and "let 'em long" for him.

Finally Mrs. Langtry, who was accompanied by a gentleman whom all the young ladies in the house pronounced "a queer man," consented to take a seat, but seemed uneasy and left after a few moments, and went and stood at the back of the orchestra circle. Why would she, or could she, not sit down? The problem was solved when it was discovered that the back of her perfectly-fitting dark olive-green cloth dress was garnished with a plumage of innumerable small feathers. The Lily had evidently no intention of ruffling this sensitive decoration. She wore a small, round hat, and her hair was dressed low at the nape of the neck, but not coiled—tightly braided. She looked as pretty as a peach;" the men could not take their eyes off her, the women gazed and envied.

An Unseemly Interruption.

[Chicago Times.]

In the midst of the loud hum and buzz of a special gathering uptown one day this week an impudent fellow suddenly called out: "Now, let's all stop, catch our breaths, and go ahead for the rest of the evening telling nothing but truthful stories and things." One of those present, in describing it afterward, said: "On account of this unseemly interruption the conversation entirely stopped, a silence fell on the company, and the party soon dispersed."

Y u're Fair.

"Your fare, young lady," said the stage driver, as a pretty miss stepped from his vehicle, and was about tripping away. "O, thank you," responded the absent-minded little beauty "I think your mustache becomes you real well, too." She got her ride free.

STICKING ON THE STAMPS.

The Just Complaint of a Discouraged Postoffice Clerk.

[Philadelphia Record.]

"There is one of the sort of letters that make me tired, absolutely so tired that I can't even swear," remarked a clerk at the postoffice in a tone of deep disgust, as he tossed aside a pink envelope from a pile of letters on which he was cancelling the stamps. The offensive missive fell on a corner of the table among a dozen of others, which had all, in a measure, contributed to the clerk's "fatigue," and after he had concluded his task he reached over and pulled the lot toward him.

"Just see here," he said continuing his wail; "not one of these letters is properly stamped. Look at this, down at the bottom, and this right in the center, with a heart drawn around it, and hang it, why here's a new racket, the stamp stuck on the back," and as he rattled on he gave each of the epistles a vicious jab with the canceling stamp and then tossed it into the mail-bag.

"Do you run across many of that kind?"

"Do I? Well, I'm pretty good-natured, and you wouldn't hear me kicking if it was only once in a while; but they come along by dozens, and, by Jove! around Christmas and St. Valentine's day about half the extra mail is stamped in some awkward way."

"Who do it?"

"Well, principally silly people who are in love. I fancy most of the letters stamped in those queer ways are love letters or valentines or Christmas cards. Look at this," and he fished out the pink envelope before mentioned. It was directed in a feminine hand to a man in Norristown, had the stamp in the center with a conventional heart drawn around it and smelt like a cake of hotel toilet soap. "Now, I must say I don't often get 'em that bad. If I did I'd soon go crazy, for you don't know how exasperating it is to have to stop and change your regular clock-like work because one of these things comes along and breaks up your steady trot, as it were."

"Perhaps there is some language of postage stamps, and different positions mean different sentiments," suggested the reporter. "For instance: Up in the left corner, 'I love;' in the lower left corner, 'do you love?'"

"Of course there is; and I'll tell you just how it goes. Whenever a stamp is put anywhere but in the upper right-hand corner it means just this: The man, woman or child who stamped the letter is either a fool, or a crank, or an idiot, or wants to be smart, or"—— Here the conversation was cut off by the irate clerk being called away.

Unforeseen and Disastrous.

["Uncle Bill" in Chicago Herald.]

Threadbare dignity is hard to sustain. Almost anybody of sufficient height and girth can easily enough be portly while his broadcloth is new; but when the fabric of his exterior presentability is frayed at the elbows and greasy at the collar a great deal of stamina is requisite or else the structure goes to pieces more or less. The man whom I studied to this conclusion was bald-headed and gray, thick and very straight, composed and severe, and in all aspects a millionaire except as to the dilapidation of his apparel. He rejoined a comrade in the reading-room of a Broadway hotel, and I couldn't help overhearing their conversation.

"Did you get it?" asked the one who had evidently waited hopefully for the outcome of a small financial expedition.

"No, I did not, sir," was the reply of dignified disconsolation.

"But you said he'd give you a fiver as soon as he looked at you?"

"So I did say, and so I did think. But me mission, simply and sure as it seemed, came into encounter with unforeseen and disastrous vicissitudes. Listen, my friend."

When he said "me" for "my" I knew that he was an actor, and it was immediately revealed that he had called on a theatre manager for a loan.

"That man is deep as the sea, and he covers his dangerous, hidden rocks like the rapids of Niagara," Ragio Pomposio continued. "Look you, friend—he had digged a pit at his very doorway for me self-possession to fall into. How? Why, sir, the entry is dark and the floor slopes rather abruptly just as you come to the sill. The incline catches you unawares, and you stumble into his presence instead of quietly walking in. From the moment of that entrance me case was hopeless. What wonder that I set me hat on his desk with the rent toward him, thrust me arm into a tear in my overcoat instead of the sleeve-hole, and became an abject beggar rather than a casual and quite unaccustomed borrower? No, comrade, I did not get $5. He offered me 5 cents, and I took it."

Something To Be Looked After.

[Philadelphia Press.]

A story which is worth the attention of the library committee of congress, comes from Washington. It is apropos of Brumidi's historial allegory of the "Goddess of Liberty Dispersing Tyrants," which is in the top of the capitol dome. The story goes that Brumidi was indiscriminate in his association with the opposite sex, to whom he promised to return for favors received that he would preserve their faces where they could be seen by the nation. He kept his word, and all the faces of females in the allegory are portraits of his "mashes;" the Goddess of Liberty being an exact likeness of his favorite houri. Another point about the picture is that the tyrants who are fleeing from the wrath of Brumidi's favorite are Jeff Davis, Robert E. Lee, Alexander H. Stephens, 'Stonewall' Jackson, Judah P. Benjamin and 'Bob' Toombs. As the narrator of the story said: 'Take away the frightened expression from their faces, and they would make good family portraits. Just think of such a collection in the top of the capitol dome. Brumidi said he was going to do it, and he did.

Pastoral Letter: There can hardly fail to be before long a general effort to supplant with pure but entertaining reading the ruinous publications that are poisoning readers of all ranks—a literature of divorce, of seduction, of adultery, of moral death.

Franklin and Adams as Room-Mates

[Exchange.]

Here is a funny old story, which has never seen print, and it is true, having come down among the traditions of the old families of Massachusetts, says a Boston letter: Some time during the revolutionary period, or a little after, John Adams and Benjamin Franklin were dispatched from Philadelphia, I believe, to this state on a public errand. Adams had a mortal antipathy, shared by him along with the majority of mankind at that day, against the night air. He believed that if he kept his bedroom window open even a crack at night he would surely die. Franklin, on the other hand, was a disbeliever in the theory of danger in the night air, and he had many arguments with Adams thereon. Circumstances and the crowded condition of many of the taverns they stopped at on their journey eastward, compelled them frequently to occupy the same room, and often the same bed. Adams always opposed raising the window, and poor Ben nearly suffocated and reviled Adams on waking for his wretched theory of the deadly effects of nature's universal medium of breath.

One night Ben slyly raised a window in their common chamber, but Adams, on the alert for his friend's little games, insisted that it should be closed at once. Said crafty Ben: "Now, Mr. Adams, we'll go to bed with the window up, and I will show you why it will not be harmful to us to permit it to stay open. If I cannot convince you of the reasonableness of my theory, I will myself get up and close the window." Adams weakly consented, and Ben began to reason with him. Finally poor Adams was talked to sleep, and Ben tranquilly resigned himself to slumber. Next morning great was Adams' horror at finding the window up, but not having died during the night, and feeling no ill effects from having breathed the night air, he became a convert to sly Benjamin's night-air theory. The author of a history of America during the colonial epoch told me this anecdote as something amusing, which had hitherto escaped type.

The Sherman Family.

["Gath" in New York Tribune.]

Having been in Ohio a part of the week I went through Senator John Sherman's residence, now being transformed and enlarged. It will be his third home construction at Mansfield since he moved there in 1840, at the age of, say 20. Like Gen. Sherman, he had been an adopted son and of his cousin at the town of Mt. Vernon, where Columbus Delano and Gen. Morgan reside, both equally respected by their townsmen though of opposite parties. John Sherman began life a rod-man on the Muskingum Improvement and Canal company in 1837, in the first year of President Van Buren's construction. His father removed to Ohio because his deputies in the office of internal collector in Connecticut plundered him and broke him up. He left eleven children and next to no property, yet observe the career of that poor family! Industry, genius, beauty, sociability and length of days seem perennial there. From that poor widow, several of whose children the good neighbors and kin relieved her of, the mind and eye wander to the beauty of Mrs. Gen. Miles, the vivacity of Mrs. Donald Cameron, the refunder of the public debt and the great Alaric of freedom marching to the sea. Let those who die poor with purely descended posterity compose their souls!

Mrs. John Sherman, the people at Mansfield say, has been as industrious and attentive to the interests of her husband as himself, and some allege that she can draw up a law paper and transcribe it as accurately as a lawyer, and has often done so. She bears the highest name for her modesty, prudence, strength of nature and singleness of fidelity. Not having children of her own she has imitated the example of those who sheltered her husband's brethren, and found posterity among the children of the needy.

Queen Victoria's Stingy Husband.

[London Truth.]

The reluctance of the late Prince Albert to disburse money was only equaled by his eagerness to obtain it. It is not generally known that he held the nominal post now filled by Count Gleichen for many years, and, although in receipt of an annual allowance of £30,000, he regularly drew his salary of £1,200 as governor of Windsor castle down to the very last hour of his life. The value of his estate has never yet transpired, nor have the provisions of the prince's will ever been made public. It is not easy to undstand why Queen Victoria should have made such a profound mystery of the matter, but it is a fact that the most stringent precautions were taken, and have been continued to keep everything connected with the prince's property and its disposition a dead secret.

When the Purpose Was Explained.

[Wall Street News.]

At the beginning of the oil excitement in Pennsylvania a very religious old farmer who owned forty acres in the center of the "belt" had offers for his farm until he couldn't sleep nights. They began at $4,000 and went up to $50,000, but to each and every would-be purchaser the old man steadily replied:

"If the Lord has put coal-ile under my farm it isn't for me to dispute His will."

One day, however, the agent of a syndicate came along and asked what figure the old man would set on his acres.

"I've bin offered $50,000."

"Yes."

"I've bin saying as how the Lord put the ile there for some purpose of His own."

"Exactly."

"Well, now, if you could convince me that one barrel in ten of the ile from this farm would be used for people to read their Bibles by I reckon I'd set my figgers at about $60,000."

In less than three hours the farm changed hands.

Prof. Swing: Man is exhausted by a few hours of delay, nature can wait, if need be, a million years. God is eternal and can wait for man.

INDIAN SILVERSMITHS.

The Work Done by the Navajo Indians--The Articles They Make.

[Washington Letter.]

In connection with the visit of the Navajo Indians, some facts in regard to their manufactures become of great interest. It has been mentioned that they specially excel in the arts of making blankets and silverware.

Mrs. Stevenson, wife of Professor Stevenson, of the bureau of ethnology, has been wearing on her velvet visiting suit large silver buttons made by them nearly two years ago, and presented to her. She also has some fine specimens of their blankets. Lately has been added to her collection their first effort in working in silk. Mr. Keam, who has spent so many years among the Indians, in his last trip took a Navajo manufacturer some colored silk thread, out of which he has woven a very rich and beautiful little blanket of the same pattern as those made in worsted—saw teeth design, very evenly done. Mr. Keam also gave a Navajo silversmith eight silver dollars, and showed him a silver mug he had asking him to imitate it. He did this so successfully that Mr. Keam could scarcely tell the new one from the model, except that an insect chased on the latter was omitted in that made by the Indian, because he said it might be an evil insect, which would poison whoever drank out of the cup.

The Navajo silversmiths, says one who has closely studied them and their work, sometimes forge iron and brass also, but work chiefly in silver. A large majority of these savage smiths make only such simple articles as buttons, rosettes and bracelets; those who make the more elaborate articles, such as powder chargers, round beads, tobacco cases, bells and bridle ornaments, are few. Tobacco cases, made in the shape of an army canteen, are made by only three or four men in the tribe. Their tools and materials are few and simple, and rude as the results of their labor appear, it is surprising that they do so well with such imperfect appliances, which usually consist of the following articles: A forge, a bellows, an anvil, crucible, molds, tongs, scissors, pliers, files, awls, cold chisels, matrix and die for molding buttons, wooden implements used in grinding buttons, wooden stake, basin, charcoal tools and materials for soldering (blow-pipe, braid of cotton rags soaked in grease, wire and borax), materials for polishing (sand-paper, emery-paper, powdered sandstone, sand ashes and solid stone) and materials for whitening (a native mineral substance—almogen, salt and water). "In the complete shop of a silversmith," says Dr. Washington Matthews, U. S. N., from whom the above is quoted, which was set up temporarily in a summer lodge, or hogan, near Fort Wingate (fragments of boards picked up around the forest were used in part in the construction of the hogan), an old raisin box was made to serve as the curb or frame of the forge. A forge built in an out-house, on Dr. Matthews' premises by an Indian silversmith whom he had employed to work under his observation, was twenty-three inches long, sixteen inches broad, five in height to the edge of the fire-place, and the latter, which was bowl shaped, was eight inches in diameter and three inches deep. This is mentioned as the prevailing size and shape of the forges used by all these Navajo smiths. It was made of straight sticks, laid to form a frame or curb, plastered together and lined with mud, the mud rising also two inches above the wooden frame.

Before the structure of mud was completed the smith laid in it the wooden nozzle of the bellows, where it was to remain, with one end about six inches from the fireplace and the other end projecting about the same distance beyond the frame; then he stuck into the nozzle a round piece of wood, which reached to the fireplace, and when the mudwork was finished the stick was withdrawn, leaving an uninflammable tweer. When the structure of mud was completed a flat rock about four inches thick was laid on at the head of the forge, to form a back to the fire, and lastly the bellows was tied on to the nozzle, which, as mentioned above, was built into the forge, with a portion projecting to receive the bellows. This forge was constructed in about an hour.

A bellows of the kind most commonly used consists of a tube or bag of goatskin, about twelve inches in length and about ten in diameter, tied at one end to its nozzle and nailed at the other to a circular disk of wood in which is the valve. *For an anvil they use any suitable piece of iron they may happen to pick up, as for instance an old wedge or a large bolt, such as the king-bolt of a wagon. A wedge, or other large fragment of iron, may be stuck in the ground to steady it. A bolt is maintained in position by being driven into a log.

Awls are used to mark figures on silver. Often a pattern is cut out of paper which the workman lays on the silver, tracing the outline with an awl. These tools are sometimes purchased and sometimes made by the Indians. One is mentioned by an observer as having been seen by him made from a broken knife which had been picked up near Fort Wingate. The blade had been ground down to a point.

The same observer says the Navajo silversmiths perform almost all their labor crouching on the ground in very constrained positions; "yet," says the gentleman quoted, "I never saw men who worked harder and more steadily. They often labored from twelve to fifteen hours per day, eating their meals with dispatch and returning to their toil the moment they had done. They worked by the job, and their prices were such that they earned about $2 per day each.

The first thing two, who were especially observed, made was a powder charger in the shape of a dart. Having cut in sandstone rock the necessary grooves for molds, and greased the same, they melted two Mexican dollars—one for the bowl, or receptacle and one for the handle—and poured each into its appropriate mold. Then each smith went to work on a separate part; but they helped each other when necessary. Old white residents of the Navajo country say that the silversmiths have within fifteen years greatly improved in their art, and think that the tools purchased from America and Mexican traders partly account for the improvement.

The Music in the African.

[Review of Dr. Ritter's Book.]

Our author has thrown much interest into the fact of musical feeling among the colored people of America by his learned remarks and has not overstated their aptitude for song. The writer of this has been detained on the wharves of Charleston, S. C., listening to the strange effect produced by the antiphonal chorus of a divided company of male and female stevedores as they tramped from one vessel to another, borne down by heavy burdens on their backs, yet cheerfully singing their refrains as if slavery were a thing of joy.

Then there is the musical wonder that puzzled Auber so much—the idiotic "Blind Tom"—and again, the so-called "Black Swan"—Elizabeth Greenfield—whose voice ranged from sol on the first line in the fa (bass) clef to mi on the third additional line above the sol (treble) clef, thus showing a compass of nearly four octaves, several notes more than the celebrated Aguiari, known in musical history as la Bastardella, who, according to the limits of her voice as noted down by Mozart, had an extension of octaves from do on the first line below the sol (treble) clef to the do on the sixth space above the same staff. It will be observed that the compass of la Bastardella exceeded that of Miss Greenfield in the upper, but fell far short in the lower register, which was as rich, reedy and resonant as the voice of any baritone, Badioli not excepted. This phenomenal singer lived, and died, in Philadelphia a few years ago. Is the American Mozart or Beethoven to be of African extraction? Who knows? The writer of this has been called on to decide prizes for the best compositions by contestants of that race and they were neither void nor without form.

Thorn in the Flesh of Alsatia.

[McMillan's Magazine.]

One instance of the small annoyances to which the French residents of Mulhouse are subject is a trifling one, yet sufficient to irritate. Eight months after the annexation, orders were sent round to the pastors and clergy generally to offer up prayers for the Emperor William every Sunday. The order was obeyed, for refusal would have been assuredly followed by dismissal, but the prayer is ungraciously performed. The French pastors invoke the blessings of Heaven on "l'Empereur qui nous gouverne." The pastors who perform the service in German pray not for "our emperor," as the apparently loyal fashion in the Faderland, but for "the emperor."

These things are trifling grievances, but on the other hand the Prussians have theirs also. Not even the officials of higher rank are received into any kind of society whatever. Mulhouse possesses a charming zoological garden, free to subscribers only, who have to be balloted for. Not a single Prussian has ever been able to obtain access to this garden. Even the very poorest contrive to show their intense patriotism. It is the rule of the German government to give 25 marks to any poor woman giving birth to twins. The wife of a French workman during my sojourn at Mulhouse had three sons at a birth, but though in very poor circumstances refused to claim the donation: "My sons shall never be Prussians," she said, "and that gift would make them so."

An Outside View of Santa Cruz.

[Cor. New York Globe.]

Santa Cruz looked to us like a deserted village. It lies on the shore, at the foot of huge volcanic hills. I understand that the peak of Teneriffe is a burning volcano. There are very many yellow-painted houses in Santa Cruz. Indeed, the town looks as if it has the yellow fever, or the jaundice at least. And when one turned his eyes upward and looked at the pillow flag at the masthead, it filled the mind with dismal thoughts of African fever, disease and death, and the soul for a brief moment grew sad—very sad. Back of the city were the rising hills that frowned down upon us, standing in the midst of the sea like grim, gloomy sentinels of death. We see no signs of life—no one on the beach, no one in the streets, no trees on the mountain sides or tops, no birds, no beasts. How the people manage to live is a question. They certainly must be imbued with the sentiment: "Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long." After putting passengers and cargo into the lazaretto, and taking on rum for the coast we steamed away.

Another Kind of Cramp.

[Rockland Courier-Gazette.]

"Were you ever troubled with writer's cramp?" asked the statesman of the groceryman, who was busily posting up his books; "fingers clinch around the pen you know, and won't seem to let go."

"No," responded the groceryman, regarding the statesman with a fixed gaze, "but I have been considerably troubled by fingers clinching around my raisins and crackers and seeming not to let go."

And then the statesman seemed to recollect that he had forgotten to call in on the way down and inquire after a letter from his wife's aunt, and as he went out the door there was a far-away expression in the back of his coat that the groceryman thought he never could tire looking at.

Seventy Miles a Day.

A critic in The Russian Invalid asserts that seventy miles a day may be continuously done by Russian cavalry without any fear for horses or men. A few years ago Gen. Gourko, at Warsaw, inspected a couple of sotnias of Don Cossacks, who had cleared 340 versts in three days—about seventy-four miles a day.

Lime-Kiln Club: "I hold dat de term 'strictly honest' has no longer any meanin'. Nobody looks fur it, and if anybody diskivers it he wonders why de pusson hasn't gone to de lunatic asylum or de poo' house."

LEARNERS OF SHORTHAND.

A Brooklyn Woman Removes One of the Difficulties in the Way.

[New York Sun.]

A young woman in Brooklyn advertises her willingness to read for phonographic students at 25 cents an hour. This indicates a knowledge of the chief difficulty which confronts the learners of shorthand—the opportunity for profitable practice. The number of those who acquire proficiency as shorthand writers is very small compared with those who attempt it and fail. Failure is due very often to a lack of appreciation of the amount of practice required to secure proficiency. Persons are discouraged often with the learning of shorthand because, having merely learned the signs, they find themselves unable at the first attempt, to follow a rapid speaker. The difficulty with the beginner is that when he attempts to follow a speaker or reader the speech goes off at express train speed while the writing keeps that of a canal boat.

What is needed, therefore, is a reader who will accommodate the speed of reading to the capacity of the writer. To do this with exactness, to keep reading fast enough for the writer's utmost speed, and at the same time slow enough to enable him to keep up, is a delicate and difficult task that has often baffled the patience of the most affectionate reader. In the vain effort to assist a learner of short hand to the necessary practice, fond mothers have been wearied, maiden aunts exhausted, sisters worn out, little brothers exasperated, and other relatives disgusted. The Brooklyn young woman has, therefore, opened a fruitful field, and one long waiting to be cultivated. She proposes to substitute the experienced reader, familiar with the wants of the student, in the place of the tired, unskillful, and perhaps unpaid relative.

Many inquiries are made by correspondents of The Sun in regard to the best method of learning shorthand, the best book to buy, etc. Without making invidious distinctions between authors, it is safe to say that the student is less likely to be led astray by a well-established book than by one with a fitness untried. It is wise to beware of systems that promise tuition in shorthand in marvelously short periods of time. It is a question often asked, "How long will it take me to learn shorthand?" The reply might well be "How long should you require to learn to play on the piano or the violin, or to learn French, or to learn a trade?" This is certain, that a young man can generally learn to be a good stenographer in less time than it is required to become a good billiard player, or a good poker player, or a good checker player.

One thing must be understood by those seeking to learn shorthand—that you can report only what you know. The most expert stenographer cannot report a thing he does not understand. Yet persons who are not only uneducated but almost illiterate suppose that they can write a sentence in short hand when they cannot write it in longhand. There are so many subjects that come under the attention of the stenogapher that, before one can become proficient, it is necessary to acquire at least a superficial knowledge of many technicalities. When it comes to the reporting of expert testimony a very wide range of information becomes necessary, because the reporter may at any moment be called upon to wrestle with a chemist, a machinist, an architect, a physician, or a mesmerist, and, unless he knows their lingo, he will find himself suddenly dazed with helpless pencil, while the voluble expert gallops off glibly into the regions of the unreportable.

A New Wrinkle in Gambling.

[New York World's "Town Lounger."]

The closing of the big gambling-houses uptown is having several rather unexpected effects. The most important of these has taken shape in the establishment of dozens of "private poker-rooms" in the best residential quarters. The poker club is simply a resort for gamblers. It is run by some faro dealer out of a regular job, who hires a parlor floor, sets up a sideboard, fills the room with round tables, and sends out invitations to the "solid" patrons of the place where he last dealt the cards. He is paid for his time upon the "Kitty" principle; that is to say, whenever a winning hand is better than two pair the holder slips one chip from the pot through a little slit in the table and it falls into a drawer beneath. As the keeper of the "club" sells these chips to the players before the game begins he is ahead on the number of them, which he does not have to redeem at the end of the sitting. He also makes money on the drinks he sells from the sideboard—without any license, of course. The number of these places in the city is simply surprising. I know one street leading out of Madison square which contains half a dozen of them within a block. In some of them a quiet little game of faro can be found when just the right party is in attendance. The big gamblers like Ransom and Murray, don't like it very much, but the scheme is a God-send to the dealers, who but for that would be on short commons just now.

The Editor and the Burglar.

[Middletown Transcript.]

Once upon a time a village editor awoke to find a burglar seaching in his chamber for his gold and bonds, and drawing his trusty pistol from beneath his pillow he took steady aim at the nocturnal intruder's head. Looking around and becoming painfully aware of his peril the burglar pleadingly said:

"Spare me, for I have made a mistake in the house. I have found nothing but an old out-of-date railroad pass. Let me depart in peace."

"Not so," answered the editor, holding his aim like a skilled marksman, "for this is a mighty dull week for locals."

"But pause a moment and reflect," returned the burglar, "your paper is not issued till Friday. Your hated rival, The Weekly Bungstarter, will go to press to-morrow evening, and would have at least two columns of my death and the coroner's inquest. It would be fully two days ahead of you."

"True enough," said the editor with a sigh as he lowered his pistol and replaced it under his pillow, "you are too early in the week for an item for me, and I, therefore, spare you. You will find the plumber's house, for which you evidently mistook this humble home, next door but one."

A Sportsman Who Loved His Dog.

[Burlington Free Press.]

A little child, who was playing near a bonfire, suddenly tripped and fell into the flames. A sportsman happened to be passing, and his high-bred dog jumped into the flames and pulled the child out. The frantic mother came swooping down from the house screaming:

"Is he hurt? Is he hurt?"

"Dang it, yes, ma'am!" exclaimed the sportsman, who arrived at the spot just before she did; "don't you see the feathering is all burnt off his tail?"

A Matter-of-Fact Man.

[Chicago Herald.]

At a revival in Louisville a short time ago the class-leader urged those who were present to get up and tell what the Lord had done for them. A tall, matter-of-fact specimen of the granger arose, and in a loud, earnest voice said: "He ain't done nothin' for me, and I'm about tuckered out. The fact is I'm a stranger and need help right off."

DOWN AND AWAY.

[Matthew Arnold.]

Come, dear children, let us away;
Down and away below!
Now my brothers call from the bay,
Now the great winds shoreward blow,
Now the salt tides seaward flow;
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe, and toss in the spray,
Children, dear children, let us away!
This way, this way!

Call her once before you go—
Call once yet!
In a voice that she will know;
Margaret! Margaret!
Children's voices should be dear,
(Call once more) to a mother's ear.
Children's voices wild with pain—
Surely she will come again!
Call her once and come away,
This way! this way!
Mother dear, we cannot stay!
The wild white horses foam and fret,
Margaret! Margaret!

AFFECTION'S ENDURANCE.

An Old Grave-Digger's Remarks on Our Love for the Dead.

A writer in The New York World recently had a talk with an old grave-digger, and drew from him some interesting observations upon the question as to who manifest the most grief when death enters the domestic circle and carries off the loved ones of the household. He remarked:

"A mother who loses her first child is about as sad a sight as you would care to see at the grave, and I am positive there is no grief to equal hers; next the daughter over the loss of either of her parents, or the parents over the loss of their daughter; then the husband over the death of his wife, and lastly the wife over the death of her husband. As for relatives any more distant than these, the grief is of short duration. Of course, there are exceptions to this rule, but I am speaking generally. I have seen lovers stand by the graves of their betrothed and weep with more earnestness and show the grief that filled their hearts to a much greater extent than did any parent.

"A young lady pledged in marriage to a gentleman will show the most uncontrollable sorrow, and will often swoon at the grave, but after marriage she is the first to get over it. I think a man's grief is more lasting. Let me show you. Here is a little 3-year-old child's grave; see how neat it looks and how fresh the flowers are. They were placed there by a poor mother; now on this side is a husband's grave. On the slab it says he was but 26 years old. I dug that grave, and that cross of flowers was placed there on the day of the funeral, and the wife has not been here since.

"Now walk up this path a little way and I'll show you a wife's grave. But wait, see that girl over near the big walk cleaning twigs off that grave with the wooden cross? Her mother is buried there and has been for five years, but every week, when the weather permits, she comes here to attend to it. Now, here's the wife's grave, and that neat little headstone and flowers were placed there by her husband. He's a poor brakeman on the railroad, and she has been dead for three years, but you drop in here any Sunday when he's off and you'll find him here, cutting the grass around it or doing something toward making it look neat, and paying what little tribute he can to her who must have been so dear to him."

List of Legal Holidays.

The following list of the legal holidays in the different states will be found to be found both interesting and instructive:

Independence day (July 4) and Christmas day (Dec. 25), together with Thanksgiving day, which occurs on the last Thursday in November, and all the fast days, whenever appointed, are legal holidays in all states.

New Year's day (Jan 1), in all states except Arkansas, Delaware, Georgia, Kentucky, Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, North Carolina, Rhode Island and South Carolina.

Washington's birthday (Feb. 22), in all states except Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Missouri, North Carolina, Ohio, Oregon, Tennessee and Texas.

Election day (generally on the Tuesday after the first Monday in November), in California, Maine, Missouri, New Jersey, New York, Oregon, Tennessee and Texas.

Decoration day (May 30), is in Colorado, Connecticut, Maine, Michigan, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island and Vermont.

Good Friday is in Florida, Louisiana, Minnesota and Pennsylvania.

Shrove Tuesday is in Louisiana, and in the cities of Mobile, Montgomery and Selma, Alabama.

Memorial day (April 26) is in Georgia.

Anniversary of the battle of New Orleans (Jan. 8), Lincoln's birthday (Feb. 12) and Fireman's anniversary (March 4) in Louisiana.

Anniversary of Texan independence (March 2) and of the battle of San Jacinto (April 21) in Texas.

The Good Old Days.

[Ben: Perley Poore.]

In these days of long beards and other hirsute appendages, it is curious to look back upon the days when a smooth-shaven countenance indicated the gentleman. Some forty years ago, when Alleyne Otis, the beau of Beacon street, returned from a protracted European tour and appeared upon our fashionable promenades, his classical upper lip was decorated with a mustache, the first seen in Boston. As he moved along the thoroughfare there were heard such remarks as: "Look at the cove with the shoe brush over his mouth!" "Twig his royal nibs from Paree," etc. Alleyne, however, paid but little heed to these complimentary remarks, for he did not dislike notoriety.

A "Dry Cyclone."

The Mobeetie (Texas) Panhandle gives a graphic description of the recent "dry cyclone" at that place. The sky was without a fleck of cloud, the wind attained a velocity of sixty miles an hour, the sand whistled in eddies in the air several feet deep, three or four houses were torn to atoms and others injured more or less.