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PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,

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— BY —

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LITERARY BUDGET

YE GIRLS.

What makes the small boy quake with fear
Whenever they approach him near,
And wax him red from ear to ear?
Ye Girls!

And when the ice-cream days begin,
What makes the pocket-book grow thin,
Calling the ice-cream man to grin?
Ye Girls!

Eke, when the oyster lone doth swim
Within the church-fair's soup bowl's rim,
Who is it sweetly swallows him?
Ye Girls!

Now tell me why the mustache grows
Beneath the tender stripling's nose?
What makes him wear his Sunday clo'es?
Ye Girls!

What is it tender, sweet and plump,
That in the waltz do glide (or jump)
And at pianos loud do thump?
Ye Girls!

—*W. T. Talbott, in Texas Siftings.*

FOR MEASURING TIME.

Queer Methods Employed in Primitive Times.

The Boy Who Dropped Pebbles and the Monk Who Prayed—Trumpet Blowing, Clepsydras, Hour-Glasses and Modern Clocks and Watches.

The first people who appear to have allotted the day into portions were the Assyrians, who invented the clepsydra, or water clock, at a period too remote for precise calculation. All that is known for certain is that the apparatus existed before the overthrow of the first Assyrian empire by Abaces and Beleses, in the year 759 B. C.

This water clock was nothing more than a brass vessel of cylindrical shape holding several gallons of water. A very small hole was bored in one of its sides, through which the liquid was allowed to trickle, and it was calculated that the vessel could empty itself about five or six times a day. Under the reign of Phul, the royal palace of Ninevah, and each of the principal districts of the city possessed a water clock of the same shape and capacity. They were all filled together or as nearly as possible together, at the signal of a watchman stationed aloft on a tower to proclaim the rising of the sun, and they remained all day in the keeping of officials, whose business it was to fill them as soon as they became empty. There was a regular staff of criers employed in connection with each of the time offices, and as often as the water clocks were replenished they passed through the streets shouting out the fact for the benefit of the townspeople. In this way a sort of rough computation of the flight of time was obtained. The intervals between the filling and emptying of these vessels were called "watches," and were of about two hours and a half's duration. It is hard to suppose that the water clocks kept very steady pace with each other. The difficulty of making by hand vessels of the same size, of drilling them with holes precisely the same diameter and of supplying them with water of just the same density must have given rise to a great deal of irregularity in the working of these machines.

The clepsydra remained in its primitive condition for many centuries, and it was not until the invention of the sun dial at Alexandria, 580 years before Christ, that it underwent any improvement. About that time an Egyptian of Memphis added a dial, with a hand, to the clepsydra. The hand revolved on a pivot, and communicated with a string which was fastened to a float. As the water leaked out the float fell with it, and the tension of the string caused the hand to move around with spasmodic jerks.

This reform, though meritorious in theory, proved deficient in practice, for the old difficulty about getting the clocks to keep step was doubled or trebled when the system became complicated with dial, needle, string and float. But notwithstanding its drawbacks, the improvement was a valuable one, because it prepared the way for further changes and led to the perfection of the water clock by the substitution of a system of dented wheels for those already in use. The wheels were set to work on the water-mill principle, and the addition of a second needle allowed the clock to mark the factions of the different "watches."

This was the plus ultra so far as the clepsydra was concerned. It dates from 250 years before Christ, and Egypt which had become the great mart of the new time-piece, exported them to the different countries of the East as rare curiosities and at fabulous prices. When Pompey returned to Rome, in the year 62 before Christ, from triumphing over Antiochus and Mithridates, one of the most valuable trophies he brought with him from the treasures of the King of Pontus was an Egyptian clepsydra, marking the hours and minutes according to the method of horology in use in Rome.

The cylinder which served as a receptacle for the water was of gold, as was also the dial plate. The hands were studded with small rubies, and each of the ciphers that denoted the twenty-four hours of the day was cut out of a sapphire. The cylinder only needed replenishing once a day.

Then came the age of total darkness that followed the overthrow of the Roman Empire. The barbarians who conquered the imperial city had very primitive modes of marking the course of time. At the break of day, when the chieftain of the camp or village rose, a boy slave came and took his position at the entrance of the hut and sat there with two helmets, one full of pebbles and the other empty before him. His business was to transfer the pebbles, one by one, from the first helmet to the second, and not too fast, after which he surrendered the position to some one else, who repeated the operation, and so on until it became dusk. As the helmets were large and the pebbles small, it took two hours to make the transfer.

As soon as the helmet had been emptied, the fact was proclaimed through the camp by the striking of a sword against a shield, gong fashion, at the chieftain's door. The echo was caught up and all around the people knew that their dinner time had come.

The methods of marking time differed according to the locality. In peasant districts, the laborer reckoned by the number of furrows he could plow, or, if it was harvest time, by the quantity of corn he could reap. In towns where some faint remnant of Roman civilization survived, the reckoning was kept by watchmen. At daybreak a soldier started on foot, or, if the town was a large one, on horseback, to walk around the city. When he had gone his round the first watch was over, and he returned to his quarters blowing loudly on a trumpet, when a second soldier set out in silence to perform the second watch. This continued uninterruptedly day and night, the only difference being that after sunset there was no trumpet blowing, and the watchmen, instead of going round singly, went their rounds in batches of ten or a dozen.

As a last instance of barbarous chronometry, allusion should be made to the method employed in monasteries. The monks were in the habit of computing time by the number of prayers they could say, and it was from this that the custom of wearing chaplets of beads arose. The task assigned to each monk was to recite as many "paters" and "aves" as there were beads on his string, and, as the number on a chaplet was supposed to be then thirty-three, that is, one for each year of our Saviour's life, there was work for a good hour and a half if conscientiously performed. As in the case of the urban watchman, one monk was relieved by another, and the termination of each "vigil" was notified to the community by the tolling of the chapel bell. This custom continues unaltered in certain monastic establishments. In monasteries of a severe order there is no such thing as a clock. The only time-keepers are the shorn, becowled monks kneeling in perpetual adoration.

It was the famous caliph of Bagdad, Haroun-al-Raschid, who restored the old water clock to Europe. In the year 807, he sent a very beautiful clepsydra to Charlemagne, but it was looked upon as a thing to be admired and not to be copied after.

The reason of this was that the sablier, sand-glass, had been invented in France shortly before the accession of Charlemagne, and the contrivance was considered handier and more simple than the other.

The first sablier was invented by the man who reinvented the blowing of glass after the secret had been lost for years. He was a monk of Chartres named Luitprand, and the sand glass he made was the exact prototype of all those that have been made since. It consisted of two pear shaped receptacles joined by their slender ends. When the sand had all run from one end to the other, the lower glass was turned uppermost and kept in that position until empty. Charlemagne caused a monster sablier to be made with the horal divisions marked on the outside by thin lines of red paint. This was the first hour glass. It required to be turned over only once in twelve hours, and it kept time with as much precision as the best of our lever clocks. Many persons still consider the hour glass the best time-keeper ever invented. King Alfred devised a method of computing time by means of a rush light set in a lantern. Anything more unsatisfactory or expensive than this it was impossible to imagine. One might very well flicker for an hour and another flame away in ten minutes.

The first real clock was set up in 1734 during the reign of Charles V. of France. The maker was one Henri de Vic, an Arab, who had been converted to Christianity. This clock was a monster machine, weighing five hundred weight. It was put up in the round tower of the royal palace, now the Palais de Justice, and attracted crowds for several months after it was erected. The maker received a pension of one hundred crowns of gold for life and was ennobled. He is the first artificer on whom this distinction was ever conferred in France. From this time the making of large clocks for public edifices was extensively carried on throughout Europe.

But it was not until the beginning of the sixteenth century that small clocks were made for apartments. The first one came from Florence in 1518 as a present from Julio de Medici to King Francis I. of France

The invention of watches had preceded by a few years that of small clocks. Popular tradition ascribes the invention of watches to Peter Hele, of Nuremburg, in the year 1490; but King Robert, of Scotland, possessed one as far back as 1310. German watches were not introduced at the English court until 1597. They cost fabulous sums of money, and were made in fancy forms, such as acorns, olives, walnuts and crosses, and were also worn as pendants to ladies' bracelets. Claude, wife of Francis I., of France, had one so small that it was set in a ring. Hugens, of Zulichem, invented the pendulum clock, the simplest and the most admirable machine. The invention of the spring pocket watch is accorded to the Englishman Hooke in 1658, and eighteen years after this the first repeating watch was made at Amsterdam.

Since 1676 no new developments have been made in the mechanical science of horology. But in latter days Helesses and Hugenseo have discovered several methods of making clocks go by electricity without giving us the great trouble of winding.

In the last century the watches of Geneva were unrivalled, but nowadays, from wishing to make too cheaply, Geneva has lost some of her prestige, and Swiss watches have come to be looked upon with some disfavor, especially in England. There seems to be a battle for supremacy between France and England. France carries off the palm for the exquisite beauty of ladies' watches, while England has great reputation for the soundness and finish of gentlemen's watches, and America, though younger in the art of horology, is not behind the other nations in the way of fame.

English chronometers are held incomparable the whole world over. All the naval chronometers undergo a probationary usage of six months, and often longer, at Greenwich Observatory before they are ready to go over the seas. They are subjected to a whole series of scientific experiments, comprising all possible changes of temperature, ordeal by fire and ordeal by water. The work is very difficult, and when a man completes the examination he should rank as an artist, rather than a mere mechanic.—*Utica (N. Y.) Press.*

SWEET POTATOES.

How the Tubers, Which are Not Potatoes at all, Are Grown.

Sweet potatoes are not potatoes, and yet they gave the name to the true potato. They are a species of convolvulus, closely related to the well-known plant of that name, and more closely to the common garden plant, ipomea. Its botanical name is Convolvulus bacatas or Batatas edulis, and from this has been derived the common name of a very different plant, Solanum tuberosum, our common potato. It is a twining plant, and when grown as an ornamental climber makes a very pretty ornament for the window garden. It is an exceedingly valuable plant for its nutritive tuberous root, and was the popular substitute for the South American potato in the northern part of the continent when it was discovered by Columbus. It formed the principal subsistence of the Revolutionary Army in the Southern States, and formed the noonday meal of General Marion in South Carolina when he was visited by the British officers after his victory at Cowpens. It contains not only a large portion of starch, but also much sugar, and when dried and reduced to flour makes an equally nutritious and agreeable food as when cooked in its natural form. It will grow wherever corn will, and usually yields as much as an average crop of the common potatoes and twice as much in the South, which is too warm for the latter crop. It thrives best in a warm, light, sandy loam, but will grow even upon a clay soil if it is thoroughly well pulverized by good culture.

The mode of culture is as follows: Early in the spring, as soon as the heavy frosts are over, a hot-bed is prepared in the usual way and the tubers are planted whole in it. The sprouts soon appear, and when they are about six inches long they are slipped off with the roots attached to them, and are then set out in beds about eighteen to twenty inches apart. The eyes or buds sprout again, and so a large number of slips are taken from each tuber. The beds are usually left uncovered during the day, and are protected by sashes or by a covering of straw or swamp hay during the nights. The plants are set out about the time of corn planting, when the ground is warm. The beds are made as follows: Two wide and deep open furrows are made in the form of a trench, three feet apart; the manure, which should be well rotted, is spread in this open furrow and covered by a double turn of the plow; the soil is then smoothed with a rake or pliable harrow, and the slips or plants are set out in the beds as before mentioned. The after cultivation consists in keeping the soil mellow and free from weeds and moving the vines as soon as they begin to run to prevent them from rooting at the joints and wasting their strength upon unnecessary growth. This is done with the hoe or a rake at the last working of the ground.

The crop is gathered by opening the beds with a plow and turning out the tubers. In small patches this is done with the hoe. The tubers are well dried and are then carefully packed away for preservation; and just here begins the trouble, of which more or less appertains to every work and labor of mankind. This is the difficulty of keeping the tubers sound. They are very tender and easily injured by exposure to cold, which causes decay. For their perfect preservation they require a temperature of at least sixty degrees. In the Southern States, where large quantities are grown for shipment to Northern markets, potato houses are made for storing them. These are made with tight floors and lathed sides protected by close shutters. Bins made of laths are ranged on each side and raised a few inches from the floor, to permit of a free circulation of air. In fine, dry, warm weather the shutters are opened and the air permitted to pass through the potatoes. When the weather is wet or cold a stove provided for the purpose is heated and the house warmed to a right temperature. In this way the tubers are kept in good order until the spring. In a small way the tubers may be preserved safely in boxes or barrels packed in dry sand or wood ashes and kept in a warm closet, or in a dry room which may be kept warm, or in a dry cellar which may be warmed by a stove.—*N. Y. Times.*

Swift's Style.

His earnestness is reflected in his style. No English is so pointed and so direct as Swift's. Every sentence is a keen knife that cuts straight to the core; there is no hesitation or swerving; there is never a word wasted. His sentences follow one another logically and equably, in the order dictated by the subject, without any apparent regard for the graces of expression, nor even, sometimes, for the ordinary rules of grammar. He wrote rapidly, as the thoughts seized him, nor "ever leaned his head upon his left hand to study what he should write next." Yet Swift's prose is never ungainly; it is simple and clear and direct, absolutely free from affectation or "curious care," never seeking mere rhetorical effects; but it is not the less polished to a smooth and brilliant surface—not the polish of elaboration, but the fine chiseled surface that marks a mind that thought clearly and exactly.—*Stanley Lane Pool.*

—A lady of this city, recently North for consultation with a prominent physician, was found to be a sufferer from disease of the kidneys. "Let me see what style of shoes you wear?" asked the physician. A shapely foot was put out from under the skirts, and the physician remarked that she would never be cured until the heels of her shoes were lowered.—*Nashville (Tenn.) American.*

IN MEMORIAM.

A Beautiful Tribute to the Late General Gordon.

Cruel suspense has given place to sad certainty. All conjectures as to the survival of General Gordon must now be put on one side. It now appears to be placed beyond any doubt the fact that he fell stabbed by traitors in the midst of his faithful troops when Khartoum was betrayed. The end came as he expected it. Treachery achieved what overwhelming force had failed to effect, and the force of the Mahdi, admitted within the fortification by one of Gordon's Pashas, made short work of all who would not espouse their cause. The Notables were cut down to a man, the faithful remnant of Gordon's garrison seem to have been killed fighting hard to the last. Their children were spitted on the Arab spears; their women—but there is no need to detail the ghastly incidents of the sack of a city by the savage hordes of the African desert. The streets of the city, we are told, ran with blood. "The flame of the sword and the lightning of the spear" shone in the doomed city for a space, and when our relieving steamer arrived there was a "multitude of slain and there was no end of their corpses." The terrible formula which summed up our policy in the Soudan has been as terribly fulfilled. The garrison have been spared, and over the whole of the Soudan the Mahdi has now passed his bloody sponge. Nothing has happened that was not foreseen. Far be it from us to profane such a moment as this with any vain recriminations. In the sanctuary of our sorrow such revilings jar like the hootings of some ill-omened bird as we weep over the grave of our dead. But it is precisely because he realized so vividly the approach of that savage orgie of carnage and of lust that General Gordon twelve months ago pleaded so earnestly against the evacuation of the Soudan, and it was in order to stave off this great tragedy he consented to go to Khartoum to do what he could. He has done what he could, and the catastrophe which, with such heroic courage and such marvelous resource, he has averted for a whole year, has at last overwhelmed him and those whom he sought to save. "Red ruin" has fallen upon Khartoum—her children have been dashed to pieces in the midst of her, the women have become a prey to the spoiler, and the few brave men who through all the long siege have endured faithfully to the end in spite of sore privation, constant attacks, and a haunting sense of desertion and despair, have paid the penalty of their loyalty with their lives. The telegrams from Korti read like the scrolls of the Hebrew prophets on which were written the judgment of God upon the cities of old time. All is over, and the curtain falls upon a scene of bloodshed and desolation, only to be realized by those who remember the carnage of Cawnpore or the more recent horrors of Batak.

Khartoum has been evacuated by massacre, and with Khartoum General Gordon has perished. Of that there can be no longer any doubt. A career of unsullied splendor has now culminated in a death worthy of the life which it closed. "The angels of Martyrdom and Victory," said Mazzini, "are twin sisters, for Martyrdom is also the benediction of Heaven." It is difficult for those of us who knew Gordon as a man and as a friend to speak without tear-dimmed eyes and choking utterance of him whom we shall now see no more. None of those who knew that noble heart, so tender and true, who have felt the warm grasp of that generous hand now cold in death, who have been gladdened by the radiance of his ready smile, or inspired to striving after nobler things by the glowing ardor of his simple faith, can dissociate their keen sense of personal bereavement from those more general considerations which must necessarily be before the nation to-day. There was no one who knew him but loved him. So brave he was and so gentle, so great and yet so humble, inspired at once by the sublimest ideals, and yet ever alive to the humorous underside of the world's affairs. No woman could have been more tenderly sympathetic, no paladin more utterly fearless. He realized more than almost any man the ideal of the little child of whom it is said, "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven." The transparent sincerity and genuineness of soul, the direct frankness of speech, the utter absence of make-believe, even his tempestuous gusts of wrath at injustice and deceit, and the unreserved penitence with which he would confess his faults, were all childlike to the last degree. But of all these things the outer world knows little, and it is perhaps almost a sacrilege upon the privacy of sorrow to advert even in passing to these touching memories. But even in the midst of our grief, as "with uncovered head we salute the sacred dead who went and who return not," we are thrilled with a proud joy as we reflect upon the splendor of that stainless life now crowned with the aureole of martyrdom. Even with that terrible telegram of massacre and treachery before their eyes there is not one of his friends who for a moment regrets that General Gordon was sent to the Soudan to suffer and to die in the defense of Khartoum. Looking back over the whole of the dark, confused welter of bloodshed and blunder that filled last year, the mission of General Gordon stands out distinct and clear as the one great achievement of England for which every one has indeed good cause to thank God and take courage. Of all the gifts of Heaven to earth, the hero is infinitely the greatest. In him the race sees incarnate its highest ideals, and his existence is in itself an inspiration. For some time past it had seemed as if England were indeed in that decadence which Prince Bismarck believes has already overtaken her. Her old ideals had been obscured. The call of duty no longer rang in our ears as the Clarion of God—wrapped in ease and luxury and in unbelief we were losing faith both in England and in all that had made England great. The individual seemed so helpless. Belief in the transcendent importance of a single brave man's intense conviction had burned low. Patriotism seemed in danger of being sacrificed to party. And even in the midst of that day of darkness and gloom, when Ministers and Opposition alike seemed indifferent to the fate of thousands doomed by our policy to massacre and outrage, a man was raised up who for twelve long months displayed in the sight of the whole world the heroic virtues which our gainsayers believed were all but extinct. On the ramparts of the beleaguered capital of the Libyan Desert, as on some vast world-pedestal, General Gordon has demonstrated before all men the might that lies in the arm of a single Englishman who has faith in his country and his God. In him were incarnate the characteristics of the heroes of our National story. The chivalry of Arthur of the Table Round, the indomitable valor and saintly life of the Great Alfred, and the religious convictions of Oliver the Protector—all were united in that slight form, now, alas! laid low in death upon which, with ever increasing fascination, the eyes of the world have been so long. The inspiration of his great example, now consecrated by his death, will not be lost upon the nation which, alas! too late, poured forth its millions into the desert sands in order to fulfill the duty to whose supreme claims he has sacrificed his life.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

FREQUENCY OF STORMS.

Charts Issued on the Signal-Service—Comparisons of Rainfall.

A series of charts has been issued recently by the Signal-Service Office at Washington, approximately showing the relative frequency of storms in various parts of North America, the North Atlantic and Europe. Twelve of these maps make the comparison by months; and a thirteenth sums up the others in one. The differences in frequency are represented by various shades of color on the same map. The word "storm" is here used to mean any one of those well defined, broad areas of low atmospheric pressure, which in something like a procession are traversing these northern latitudes frequently, starting in Western North America and crossing the ocean, and sometimes extending into Europe. These barometric depressions are not always energetic enough to produce much wind or rain, if any; but as they are essential factors in all of the wind and rain of the region they pass over the data thus graphically presented in charts are interesting and valuable both to mariners and landsmen who study the weather scientifically.

Sergeant Finley, who designed these charts, neither discusses the theories nor cause of storms, nor draws any deductions from his record. But the relative frequency and generally eastward track of storms are made obvious at once. Thus, the area in which storms are most often experienced is in the form of a belt, about six times as long as it is wide, extending almost due east and west, and having rounded ends. It begins near the western edge of Minnesota, runs just south of Lake Superior, includes the greater part of Lakes Michigan and Huron, embraces most of the Province of Ontario and the northern half of the lake of that name, takes in Ottawa and Montreal, the Adirondacks, and northern Vermont and New Hampshire, and stops just before reaching Maine and Quebec.

The next lower grade of frequency is found in an area which is merely an enlargement of the other tract, three times as wide, and nearly twice as long. The southern outline of it begins a little east of Bismarck, crosses the Mississippi near the southern border of Iowa, runs thence almost due eastward to New Haven, passing just north of New York City, and then sweeps a little north of eastward, so as to include all of New England and the eastern British provinces. After curving around Newfoundland, the boundary turns westward so as to include the Gulf of St. Lawrence, runs straight to the north shore of Lake Superior, and then extends to the starting point in Dakota. The third tract of next lower frequency, is, again, an enlargement of the preceding one. It reaches from the Rocky Mountains nearly to the shores of Ireland. Its southern line takes in Leavenworth, Cairo, Cincinnati and Baltimore. The fourth tract begins, a wedge point, at Oregon, broadens so as to include New Orleans, though skipping Galveston, takes in northern Florida, and then narrows as it crosses the ocean. The fifth area, that of the least frequency, reaches to the Polar region on the North, includes all of the Pacific Coast of the United States, all of Mexico but its southern part, the eastern coast of Central America, the West Indies and Northern Africa, and extends into Asia. Europe has some local areas, corresponding to the third and fourth grades, on this side of her shores, but none like the first and second. The proportion of storms in these five tracts is as follows: In the first, between 12 and 15; in the second, from 9 to 12; third, 6 to 9; fourth, 3 to 6; fifth, 3 or less.

It would be a mistake, however, to infer that the amount of rainfall in various parts of this country corresponds to the relative frequency of "storm" as here indicated. Quite the contrary. In the Lake region and along the Canadian frontier where barometric depressions are most plentiful, the precipitation (including snow melted) amounts only to 30 or 35 inches annually; whereas along the Gulf of Mexico, where storms are more scarce, it amounts to 60 or 65. This is no doubt due to the greater absolute humidity of the warmer climate; so that storms there, though less frequent than further north, have more moisture to work on. Again, owing to the greater dryness of the air in the center of the continent than on the coast, Bismarck has only 20 inches rainfall (including snow melted), while Barnegat has 52; yet they both lie in the same belt of storm frequency.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—A file and knife-throwing artist nailed a confiding Winnipeg youth to the back of the stage while illustrating how near he could come to hitting him without actually doing so.

—The message of the Mayor of Buffalo is thirteen columns long. Perhaps this person has a mistaken notion that this is the way Mayors become Presidents.—*Portland (Ore.) Standard.*

DELIGHTFUL DAKOTA.

The Charms of This Favored Region Artistically Described—The Newly Discovered Site of the Garden of Eden.

Dakota is the newest, worst treated and grandest of the Territories of the Union, the garden spot of the continent, the imperial wheat belt of the globe. It is a more than royal realm, which ten years ago was unexplored and almost unknown, which but five years ago was almost wholly a region of romance and of fable. It is a peerless but modest land, that never sounds the fishhorn of its own fame. It is the world's true wonderland, where no storms and tempests ever blow, and where all the breezes are trained to sing psalms in tunes in planissimo style and in even better time and rhyme than the rendering of "The Order of the Full Moons" I heard just now.

Our wildest blizzards, as unenlightened down-Easters sometimes term them, are used by gentle mothers to lull their babes to sleep. The sun shines over with a mellow splendor that calls to mind the far-famed Happy Valley of "Rasselas," and there is just frost enough in our winters to turn the elm leaves golden. No summer drouths or winter floods spread devastation over the fields and hopes of our husbandmen. No army worms or grasshoppers sweep those fertile plains and valleys with nibbling desolation. No hailstorms rattle their destroying musketry upon the grains and fruits and plate glass windows of that elysium—except, now and then, just enough to furnish business to our ambitious young home hail insurance companies.

Bananas bloom in November and young oranges are picked the day before Christmas. Raisins, striped stick candy, tin horses and india rubber dolls, ripen always just in time for Santa Claus' peddler wagon, with his reindeer team and his "little round stomach that shakes when he laughs like a bowlful of jelly." Pineapples and figs grow spontaneously on Canada thistle bushes everywhere, while the cotton-woods and dog-fennel trees yield brook trout, nectarines and persimmons, of large size and flavor, a canal boat-load to the acre. Spring roses blossom on the plain, gentle Annie, for New Year's posies, and potatoes grow as big as beer kegs at the roots of every tuft of prairie grass. Cabbage heads, of full Congressional and Senatorial size, give forth the fragrance of the jessamine and honeysuckle to humming birds as large as canvas-back ducks and clad in all the prismatic glories of the aurora borealis. We hatch our own wild geeze, of such dimensions that tenderfeet from Pennsylvania, for instance, are liable to mistake them for winged hippopotami on lakes of never-freezing rosewater and eologne.

Blizzards, tempests, tornadoes and rascally political breezes come to that modern Eden only as dimly understood wailings from distant regions and peoples who do not know enough to find their way to the sole remaining quarter-section of Paradise in all the Western world. There no wave of trouble ever rolls across the peaceful breast, and the prosperous people who raise infallibly from twenty-five to seventy-five bushels of No. 1 hard wheat to the acre of land, that costs them nothing and get $1.35 a bushel for it, can calmly smile at Satan's rage and face a frowning, because less fortunate, world.—*Colonel Pat Donan.*

LAWYERS.

A Few Remarks About the Most Trusted and Distrusted of Men.

They are the men who make contracts and unmake them; who gives advice and sell counsel; who make money out of trouble and make trouble out of money; who create estates and distribute them legally; who live by loaning money and often subsist on borrowed capital; who hear and conceal marriage secrets, and later drag out faded love letters in bitter divorces; who are pleased and persuaded by the lucky, but often go out of court branded and dispraised by the side defeated—and, with one side always the loser, and generally both, what wonder that the slurs of character fall to the current lot of a lawyer!

Without the smiles of the merchant's customers, he meets the frowns of business men in trouble. Fortunes are to be saved or lost. He must win the victory or bear the blame forever. The lawyer is like the builder who knows that, be it ever so perfect, the elaborate house he has finished can never quite suit the proprietor.

He carries the double burden for self and client; is invited to win what others have failed in, urged to mend the broken pieces of a foolish contract, bound to account for confessions in letters, asked to replevin goods already secreted, to attach the effects of a malicious merchant, to unearth fraudulent elections, to reclaim encumbered estates from vexatious tax-titles, to keep one for years in plenty by restored possessions and broken wills—all by a lawyer's art and eloquence!

He is fated from the start to uncertainty, where clients exact no less than absolute victory and long wish it reasonable, while they know it is only probable. By logic and argument, on the theory of their client, with the facts only partially stated, and that part deeply shaded, they are to explain away their defeat, if it come in the end, by a tirade on the perjury of opponent's witnesses and the depravity of human nature.

Happy lawyers! They are men who live so easily, flourish so long on the bounty of a grateful people, make the laws and settle the titles, defend the weak and enjoy the rich fruits of the world's praises and abuses, mingled and commingled in such rare harmony that none can define where censure ends and approval commences.—*J. W. Donovan, in Current.*

—In San Francisco a five-dollar gold piece was given a beggar in mistake for a "nickel." The donor demanded the change, but the beggar refused. Application was made for a warrant for the arrest of the mendicant, but no statute could be found to cover the "crime," and the relief prayed for was refused.—*San Francisco Call.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—An Australian naturalist has discovered the nervous system of the sponges.

—Old-fashioned mirrors over the mantel are again in style, with the addition of bronze or gayly-painted frames.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—Small tobacco pipes are frequently unearthed in Ireland, and are supposed to ante-date the introduction of tobacco in Europe by Raleigh.

—Any woman is too tightly dressed who can not raise her arms straight above her head and clasp her hands; who can not stoop to tie her shoe or pick up a pin without heightening color.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Cork, when carbonized, produces 62.80 per cent. pure charcoal, the greatest per cent. of any known wood. Willow, wheat straw and oak rank next in the order named, while maple and poplar are 33.75 and 31.12, or at the very foot of the list.—*Chicago Times.*

—Forty years ago a young man bought the hulk of an old whaling vessel in Stonington, borrowing the ten dollars with which to pay for it. Moving it to an out-of-the-way place he lived in it for twenty-five years. To-day he is a large property owner and the heaviest depositor in the Stonington bank.—*Hartford Courant.*

—Several months ago Cora B. Piquette, of Syracuse, N. Y., witnessed an accident to a shop-mate, whose long hair became entangled in a shaft and was entirely pulled out. Miss Piquette has been made insane by the scene. Standing on a chair or sofa she buts her head against the wall and then seems relieved. She has been sent to an asylum.—*Buffalo Express.*

—Rev. Charles G. Ames, of Philadelphia, speaking at Springfield, Mass., said that a native of a Connecticut town once told him that on returning there after a thirteen years' absence he found that all the young men of the place he had known in his youth as the sons of wealthy parents had become either sots, paupers or criminals. And yet Connecticut is sometimes called the land of steady habits.—*Springfield Republican.*

—A singular coincidence happened at Ingraham's case shop, Bristol, on Friday last. Frank Miller slipped while sliding a box on the floor and fell, striking his chin on the edge of the box, making a bad cut. Soon his brother, Joseph Miller, was struck by a piece of joist flying from a circular saw and was quite severely injured in the arm and side. In less than two hours Lewis Miller, another brother, cut off the end of his thumb in the joiner.—*Hartford Times.*

—A planter in Summerville, Ga., experimented successfully with tobacco last year. He cleared about ten acres of dense oak forest and made such a good yield that it paid expenses of clearing up the land and its culture, and more than the amount of net profits realized from the production of cotton in middle or Southwestern Georgia. It is believed, says a Southern paper, that tobacco culture in Southeastern Georgia will become universal in a few years, both because of the adaptation of the soil to its successful growth and the profits to be derived therefrom.

—A noise was heard in an empty drawer at William's drug store in Thomaston by one of the clerks at a late hour one night last week. As it sounded like turbulent rats fighting no notice was taken of it. The next morning, on opening the drawer, the clerk found a fresh rat skin turned completely inside out as neatly as could have been done by a taxidermist. The skin was perfect, but all the other parts of the physicial economy of the rat were gone except the tail. It was evident that this was the work of a weasel which had been seen prowling about the premises of late.—*Waterbury American.*

OPTIONS.

Stock Exchange Betting and Purchasing Lottery Tickets Alike Gambling.

So far as we see, the moral difference between betting on a pure chance—the numbers in a lottery, for instance, or the turn of the dice—and betting on a chance which is less to the experienced and the far-sighted than to the ignorant, is totally inappreciable, while experience seems to show that the latter is the more attractive and therefore more dangerous of the two. Options are bets, and are as moral or immoral as bets; that is to say they are indifferent things in themselves, but produce very often, by force of their attraction, highly immoral consequences. If the Stock Exchange dislikes that possibility, let it prohibit options, and not talk nonsense about the special sin of unlicensed dealers in offering them for sale. The passion for gambling—that is, for obtaining money without toil—is rooted in human nature; but we confess to a certain surprise at the hold which the Stock Exchange form of it takes upon intelligent men. They never seem to comprehend that they are not only betting, but betting against adversaries, those adversaries being some of the shrewdest men in the world, who do as a business what outsiders do as a pastime, who pass their lives in studying the turns of the market, and who, whether individually more or less foolish than the outside speculator, know collectively more than he in most cases possibly can. They may be beaten on this or that occasion by a man of special information, or special acumen, or by an accident: but in the long run they must win, and they do win, or they would not keep the system up. The shareholders in the Monaco hell do not invest their money on a chance. The commission to be paid on every transaction operates exactly like the "pull of the table" in the old days of hazard and roulette, and gives of itself an advantage to the speculators indoors, which is by no means their only one. They know a hundred circumstances which the outsider does not know, and which materially affect his chance—one of those circumstances being the important one, the amount of speculation already going on in that particular stock; another, the kind of men who are entering into it, and a third, whether the play is with loaded dice or not.—*The Spectator.*