A PITIFUL PICTURE.

She asked the price of Crown Derby ware,
She looked at the Royal Worcester,
Till to purchase at least a set or two
The clerk thought he'd really induced her.

She lingered long over Cloisonne,
She lovingly gazed at Satsuma!
In fact, all the rarest, costliest things
Were the ones which suited her humor.

The gleam of the beautiful jewel-like glass
Seemed to thrill her very soul,
And she lost her heart entirely in
A misshapen India bowl.

Then she turned away with a little sigh,
And murmured, "I wish I were richer,"
And went to a counter, where she bought
A fifty-cent Japanese pitcher!

[Harper's Bazar.

NEEDLE AND THREAD.

"An old bachelor?" inquired Honora Maywood. "Are you very sure that he is an old bachelor?"

"That's what he told me, just in so many words," said Mrs. Pennypacker, who stood on the threshold of her best room, with her head tied up in a pocket-handkerchief, and a hair-broom in her hand, wherewith she gesticulated, after a tragic fashion, as she talked, while Miss Maywood, tall and slender as a wild lily, stood in the hall, with a roll of music under her arm, and her slight figure wrapped in a shabby black shawl.

"And he is willing to pay my price, cash, every Sunday night. Never attempted to beat me down a penny, if you'll believe it, my dear. He drinks only English breakfast tea, and he wants his pie-crust made with the best Alderney butter, instead of lard, as is good enough for the other people; and he must have ventilators to all the windows, and an open grate instead of the base-burning stove; and—I hope you'll not be offended, my dear—but he particularly dislikes a piano!"

"Disliks a piano?" said the little music-teacher, reddening in spite of herself.

"And he says, says he, 'I hope, Mrs. Pennypacker, that there is no piano in the house. A piano,' says he, 'plays the dence with my nervous system with its everlasting tum, tum!' Those were his words, my dear. So, my dear, I'd be grateful if you won't mind doing your practicing until he's out for his daily walk—from one to three, just as regular as the clock."

Miss Maywood looked piteously up in the landlady's face.

"I will do anything to oblige you, Mrs. Pennypacker," she said earnestly. "I have not forgotten how very much I am indebted to you, both in actual money, and in kindness, which money can never repay."

"My dear, don't say a word," said Mrs. Pennypacker hastily. "You've been sick, and you've got a little behindhand, and it's quite natural that you should be a little low-spirited now and then. But you must not get discouraged. And you are quite welcome to stay on here until you're able to settle up your little account."

Miss Maywood sighed as she thought how often her little advertisement had been inserted in the daily newspapers without attracting the least notice from the world of patrons and pupils. There were so many "capable music teachers, willing to give lessons at moderate prices," nowadays, and how was anyone to know how very much she needed the money?

And as the time crept on and no pupils came, Honora began to ask herself seriously, whether she should go out in some menial capacity, or stay genteelly at home and starve.

"Clothes, ma'am."

Honora started from her revery as the washerwoman's stumpy little girl banged herself, like a human battering ram, up against the door, with a preposterously large basket on her arm.

"Yes," said Honora, coloring. "Put them down, Sally. But—I—I'm afraid it isn't convenient to pay your mother to-day."

"Mother didn't say nothing 'bout the pay," said Sally, wiping her forehead, with a whisk of her feet. "I was to leave the clothes with her 'umble duty, and she 'oped they'd suit, but it was that damp on Monday and Tuesday as the starch wouldn't stick. And she 'opes you'll excuse all mistakes, as they'll be done better next time."

"I dare say they are quite right," said Honora, with a little sigh, as she surveyed at this unexpected access of delicacy on the part of her Milesian oppressors.

And then when Sally had stumped off down the stairs, her flapping slippers beating a sort of tattoo as she went, Miss Maywood took off the fringed towel that covered that basket of clothes, and gave a little start.

"Shirts," said Honora, "and socks, and turn-over collars, No. 16, and great big pocket-hankerchiefs, like the sails of a ship, and white vests, and goodness me, what does it all mean? Mrs. Mulvey has sent me some gentleman's wardrobe through mistake. I must send the things back at once."

But then Miss Maywood looked down on the articles thoughtfully.

"I never had a brother," mused Miss Maywood, "and I can't remember my father, but this I am quite certain—if I had either one or the other, I should thank any girl to mend their dilapidated wardrobes, if they looked like this. And Mrs. Mulvey can't send before night, and unfortunately I've nothing to do, so I'll just mend this poor fellow's clothes, whoever he may be. A half-starved student of theology, doubtless, training for the Polynesian Islands; or, perhaps, a newspaper reporter, or a pale clerk under the skylight of some dry goods house. At all events he is worse off than I am, for he cannot mend his own clothes, and I can."

And the smiles dimpled around Honora Maywood's little rosebud of a mouth, as she sat down to darn holes, sew on tapes and insert patches.

"He'll never know who did it," said Honora to herself, "but I dare say he'll be thankful; and if one can get a chance to do a little job in this world, he ought not to grudge one's time and trouble."

And as Honora stitched away, she mused sadly whether or not she ought to accept a position which offered itself of assistant matron in an orphan asylum, where the work would be almost unendurable, and the pay next to nothing, with no Sundays or holidays, and a ladies' committee, consisting of three starched old maids to "sit" upon her the first Friday of every month.

"I almost think I'd rather starve," Honora said. "But dear me! starving is a serious business, when one comes to consider it face to face."

Sally Mulvey came back, puffing and blowing like a human whale, in about two hours.

"Mother said she sent the wrong basket," said she, breathlessly.

"I thought it very probable, Sally," said Miss Maywood.

"And mother's compliments," added Sally, "and she can't undertake your things no longer, because she does a cash business, and there hain't nothing been paid on your account since last June."

Honora felt herself growing scarlet.

"I am very sorry, Sally," said she. "Please tell your mother I will settle my bill as soon as I possibly can."

Sally flounced out of the room, red and indignant, like an over-charged thunder-cloud, and poor little Honora, dropping her head on her hands, burst into tears.

* * * * *

"Pretty girl that—very pretty indeed," remarked Mr. Broderick, an old bachelor, to Mrs. Pennypacker, the landlady.

"Do you mean—"

"I mean the young lady boarder of yours that I see on the stairs now and then," explained Mr. Broderick. "Nice figure—big, soft eyes, like a gazelle. I believe some one told me she was a music teacher. Is she?"

"That's her profession," answered Mrs. Pennypacker. "But there ain't many pupils as wants tuition, and poor little dear, she has had a hard time of it."

"Humph!" grunted Mr. Brodezick. "What fools women are not to have a regular profession! If I had a daughter I'd bring her up a self-supporting institution."

And Mr. Broderick disappeared into his room, in the midst whereof stood a girl with flapping slippers, a pretentious shawl, and a bonnet which had originally been manufactured for a woman twice her size.

"Who are you, my good girl?" demanded Mr. Broderick.

"Please, sir, I'm Sally, the washerwoman's Sally," was the response.

"And what do you want here?"

"Please, sir, I've come to bring your things," said Sally, chattering off her lesson like a parrot. "And, please, sir, her umble duty, and hopes they'll suit, that it was that damp and muggy Monday and Tuesday as starch wouldn't stick; and she hopes you'll excuse mistakes, as they will be done better next time, sir."

"Who mended them?" demanded Mr. Broderick, whose hawk eyes had caught sight of the dainty needlework upon his garments.

"Nobody mended them," said Sally. "And mother she says it's easy to see as the new gent is a bachelor, on account of the holes in his heels and toes, and strings off his dickeys."

"I can tell you who mended 'em," said Mrs. Pennypacker, "for I see her at it, the pretty dear—Miss Maywood. And says she, 'I don't know whose they are, Mrs. Pennypacker, but they need mending, and a kind action never comes amiss.' No more it does, bless her!"

"Humph!" said Mr. Broderick; "she is right—no more it does. And she's a regular scientist at the needle, Miss Maywood. Just look at that patch, Mrs. Pennypacker! 'Euclid's Geometry' couldn't produce a straighter line or truer angles. See the toe of that stocking! It's like a piece of Gobelin tapestry. That's the way I like to see things done!"

And Mr. Broderick never rested until he had been formerly introduced to Honora Maywood, and thanked her with equal formality for the good offices she had rendered him.

* * * * * *

It was a golden October evening that Honora came down into the kitchen where Mrs. Pennypacker was baking pies for her eccentric boarder with the crust made of the best Alderney butter, instead of lard.

"Oh dear! oh, dear!" sighed Mrs. Pennypacker; "what an awful thing to be an old bachelor, to be sure!"

"He won't be a bachelor much longer," said Honora, laughing and coloring as she laid her cheek on the landlady's shoulder.

"What do you mean?"

"He has asked me to marry him after only a fortnight's acquaintance. He says that a girl who can mend stockings as I do needs no other test. And he says he loves me, and—and—"

"Well?"

"I almost think I love him!" whispered Miss Maywood.

And so the problem of Honora's solitary life was solved, all though the magic influence of needle and thread.

Mount Vernon.

During the war, when the bloodiest battles on the Potomac were being fought, the Southern and Northern troops fraternized on this spot, and not a shot was fired or a blow exchanged on the domain of Mount Vernon. It was neutral ground. The soldiers exchanged coffee and tobacco, and lolled amicably under the trees, then went back to shooting and killing each other as soon as they were off the sacred ground. The most irreverent scoffer must walk with reverence through the ancient frame house in which so much of our history is embalmed. Hanging in the hall is the great key of the Bastile, sent Washington by Lafayette, and near it is the General's field-glass, hung on its rack by Washington himself and never disturbed. Of all the memories of Moount Vernon, none are more interesting than those of Eleanor Curtis—poor Nelly who died at twenty-two, and was her stepfather's pet. In the room stands her harpsichord, an immense machine, just the size of a grand piano of the present day, with two banks of keys like an organ. Beside it are some ancient blue chairs embroidered by her dead fingers a century ago. In the ground stands her rose bush, beside which, tradition says, she received her first offer, and which the guileless and credulous of her sex are persuaded to walk around six times to bring about a similar event. One of the ingenities of the regents of Mount Vernon was to have magnificent Turkish rugs made to resemble, as far as possible, the rag carpets which were the floor covering when Martha Washington lived, and for that purpose scraps of the rag carpets were sent abroad to be simulated nearly as possible. And way up high, under the roof, is a little hip-roofed, dormer-windowed rookery, which, after the death of General Washington, his widow choose as her own room, because it was from that window only that a view could be had of the brick tomb in which the mortal remains of the General lay.

Why it Pays.

A gentleman of Cincinnati, who had become wealthy through his commercial business, thus speaks his views on advertising:

"I have cast my mind's eye hurriedly back over my experience in Cincinnati, and I have pushed business to a standing that it would have taken thirty years to reach without advertising. In truth, it is doubtful if I could at all attain the results I have without the aid of news papers. Certainly the great metropolitan newspapers are the cheapest and most effective means of making your trade known to the greatest number of people. Printed circulars may reach possibly a thousand persons whose names you know—your old customers. Your announcement in a leading journal will reach a hundred thousand readers whom you never heard of. New dealers coming into the field will see your name and business, and know where to find you. The high character of the journal in which make your announcements will materially aid you. Your standing advertisement is a standing notification to buyers that you are alive and there. It is a perpetual letter of introduction.—[Exchange.

Somnambulism.

A Philadelphia detective accused the father and mother of a boy who was employed in a dry goods store, of purloining $65 85, which the boy had collected and taken home with him in the evening, and which next morning he could not find under the carpet, where he had placed it. The father paid the money, but the next night, hearing a noise in his son's room, he went in and found the boy with a roll of bills in his hand, which proved to be the exact amount of the stolen money. The boy was a somnambulist, and perhaps, while dreaming of the concealed treasure, had risen from his bed, descended to the dining-room, and removing the money from beneath the carpet, carried it upstairs and placed it beneath the matting of his bedroom.

The Bank of England.

In his notes on his recent English tour Howard Carroll, the New York journalist, says: Thanks, too, to one of these same policemen, we may cross safely through the mass of whirling and rumbling and rattling carriages from the Royal Exchange, and the "merchant's walk's," and the house of "Loyds" to "the old lady in Threadneedle street," so called by her London children, and known to other people as the Bank of England. Until some other corporation can boast a capital greater than £14,550,000 perhaps they may be permitted to call it as they do now, "the richest old lady in the world." The bank is a long, low structure, which covers eight acres of ground, and in which there are employed a thousand persons, managers, clerks, messengers and porters, whose combined salaries amount to about £225,000 a year. It is a private corporation or business, not a department of the government, as many people suppose. It has existed for nearly 200 years, having been founded in 1691 by a shrewd Scotchman named William Patterson. As now arranged the business of the concern is managed by a governor, a deputy governor, and a board of directors consisting of twenty-four members. Of these eight go out of office annually, but they may be and generally are re-elected term after term. It is stipulated that the governor must be a proprietor of the bank stock to the amount of £4000, and that the deputy governor and directers shall own stock to the value of £3000 and £2000 respectively. So well is the bank managed that the dividend upon the stock is seldom less than seven per cent., a high rate in England. One share of the par value of £100 can usually find ready sale for £200 Aside from its privilege of issuing notes payable on demand—crisp, fresh, beautiful notes they are, and good in all parts of the world—the Bank of England has from the government the additional advantage of being allowed to manage the national debt. To secure the note issue, as may be stated by the way, there never is less than £15,000,000, and sometimes as high as £25,000,000, in gold bars and silver, besides other securities, in the the vault of the bank. Every bar of the gold weighs sixteen pounds and is worth about £800. To protect this militia is employed. For the management of the national debt, which now amounts to £800,000,000, the bank receives £200,000 a year, comparatively small commission when it is remembered that out of it must be paid the expenses of keeping the many accounts connected with the colossal debt, the paying of dividends to its holders, the collection of the income tax levied upon it, and the transfer of stock.

And all this vast business, in addition to the other affairs of the bank, is conducted with so much system and care that losses or error are almost unknown. In the paying office, the telling room and the rotunda, millions upon millions are handled every day, great heaps of gold are shoveled about as though it was as much sand, and piles upon piles of bank notes are counted and sorted about with the rapidity of the wind. Yet so well trained are the clerks, and so delicate the weighing machinery that a light coin or a false note is never passed into the bank. That nothing is stolen from it is due in great measure to the vigilance and fidelity of those quiet-looking beadles who all day long sit so silently at the doors. As we pass out they are sleepy and listless apparently as when we went in, but let a suspicious character or a professional thief enter, and their eyes will never leave him until he is in the street again. In short, it is no exaggeration to say that the Bank of England is the most carefully watched and guarded institution in the world.

Borrowers.

What pests they are! Nothing is sacred in their covetous eyes; they have not a particle of regard for the rights of property. They borrow everything. With a grocery store on nearly every corner and a green grocer's in nearly every square, with "notion shops" accessible everywhere, those chronic borrowers are continually sending in to their neighbors on right and on left for "a spoonful of lard," a "cup of flour," a "little yeast," a "piece of tape," a "spool of cotton," a "No. 6 needle," and so on through a very curious and long catalogue. These same people and many others beside, make a regular practice of borrowing your newspaper, generally with the polite but meaningless qualification that "they would like to look at it for a few minutes, if you have done with it." Of course they get it, whether you have read it or not. And if it is returned in good condition you are exceptionally lucky. Your pet magazine, too, which you intend to have bound some day, and desire to keep spotlessly clean, is also in demand, and you are considered "just as mean as mean can be" if you refuse to trust it in other hands than those of your household. But you must learn to say "No" to these gentry, if you would protect your own rights; nothing but decided snubbing can rid you of the nuisances.

A Long-Lived Family.

A Pensacola, Florida, correspondent of the Louisville Courier-Journal alleges that Robert A. Wright, of Santa Rose county, Florida, is seventy-one years of age, but in appearance, speech and action he would pass anywhere for a well-preserved man of less than fifty. He is able to, and does, more and better work than at any period of his life. He has not lost a day from labor for thirteen months. He is the father of five children, of whom his sons Burrell, Amos and Akbab, are triplets, all now living and fifty two years of age. He is the son of John Wright, who is now living in Canada, and is one hundred and sixteen years of age; is the nephew of the late Davis Eaton, who lived and died in Giles county, Virginia, at the advanced age of (as near as it could be computed) one hundred and thirty-eight years, and who has been one hundred and two years a member of the Masonic order. Differing from the conventional young old man, he eats heartily at all times; formerly he was an inveterate consumer of coffee and tobacco, but has eschewed both for the past five years.

CAPTURE OF A HERRING KING.—A very rare and highly interesting catch was made the other day on the Norwegian coast—a so called "herring king." The herring king ("regalecus") belongs to the family of ribbon fishes so called, and has hitherto been found in three different forms, always of remarkable size, nearly six metres long, thirty-seven centimetres wide, and of ribbon-like thinness. The animal lives at a considerable depth, whence it is easily explained that it rarely comes to the surface or is thrown on the beach. Very few zoological collections may boast of possessing a specimen; none has a well-preserved one, the different parts of this remarkable fish being so tender and brittle as to break even at the mere touch of the hand. The specimen above alluded to was most carefully transported to Stananger, and is without doubt the best preserved one extant. It is a female, measuring four metres in length, thirty-four centimetres in width and eight centimetres at its thickest part; the ovaria are ninetyfour centmetres long and filled with millions of eggs of the size of a grain of sand. The Stavanger museum ordered a tin box made to keep it in, requiring forty litres of alcohol for the purpose of proper preservation.—Paris American Register.

A Southern Romance.

Five years ago, a maiden fair, whose home was at a little town near Macon, Georgia, anxiously awaited an important letter from her absent lover. The sighing lass haunted the postoffice, but the postmaster's face always wore that look of exasperating quietude common to those from whom expected things never come. The maiden thought her heart would break, for she realized at last that her lover was faithless. The scene shifts. It is September, 1881. In Macon dwells the same lady, but she is now a happy wife with two children. She has forgotten the faithless one of her days of woe. She, therefore, is surprised when from the town of her youth comes a letter bearing as a superscription to her maiden name that derived from her husband. An accompany note from the postmaster explains that in tearing away some of the boards of a letter case the missive was found. The envelope was postmarked "1875." The lady spanks the baby to keep it quiet, while she eagerly devours the contents. Heavens! It is from John, who proposes in glowing words, and begs for a kind reply. The lady's husband also enjoys the letter, and, out of curiosity, communicates with relatives of the former lover. It is learned that he is a happy Chicago pork-packer, with a wife and three sons.

She Preferred a Carriage.

"Aw, my dear," said a young man of esthetic mien and close fitting garments to a pretty young lady who leaned confidingly on his arm, as she stepped from a train at the Grand Central Depot last evening, "isn't this nice?" pointing to the Fourth avenue cars standing inside the depot, "to have the caws running in undah the shed. Do you mind that in Hawtford we had to go out into the muddy road to get on the caws?"

"Oh, yes," was the response, "it is very nice to have the cars come in here, but do you know, my dear," she said, giving his arm an extra squeeze, "that I like to ride in a carriage much better than in those horrid cars? I am always afraid of catching some horrid disease."

"Aw, my dear," he said, hesitating, "I wonder where we can get a carriage heah?"

"Cab?" "Cab?" "Carriage?" "Cab?" "Coupe?" "Carriage?" "Cab?" "Cab?" "Want a cab?" "Cab?" "Carriage?" was the next sound that greeted their ears.

"Right out here, my dear," said the lady, half pulling the incredulous young man toward the front of the depot.

The young couple went off in a cab, the young lady beaming with smiles.—[N. Y. Herald.

Mistaken Kindness.

Every one who has heard the story of that down-East woman who, when entertaining her pastor at tea, poured so much molasses into his cup (she could not afford the luxury of sugar) that he remonstrated, whereon she assured him that if it were "all molasses it would not be a bit too good for him." Through the very kindness of her heart she erred. There are a great many people like this worthy women. They will not allow their guests to cry "enough." Their habit of "heaping" food and giving a little and considerable more than is asked for, has nothing to be said in its favor, and a great deal against it. Unless one has a firm, strong appetite that only an earthquake or a tempest could affect, a large quantity of food is appalling. It is much pleasanter to send one's plate to have it replenished, than to be obliged to leave food upon the plate. In order to clear the plate one is prone to over-eat, from the idea of "saving the food." Economy does not signify a lack of plentifulness or stinginess. It means enough for each and all, and nothing is wasted, and when food is served in overabundance, waste must be the result, unless, indeed, the surplus is gathered together again—the simple idea of which is disgusting. Moreover, it is a comfort to get just what one asks for—if "half a cup of tea," that much and no more.

How Jumbo Came Into His Cage.

Lile master like man is exemplified in the case of Mr. Barnum and his agent at the Zoo, the latter proving himself uncommonly smart by the manner in which he solved the problem of making Jumbo enter his traveling cage contrary to his determination. "I suppose you get a lot of money in tips when Jumbo comes out?" was the question asked, with great apparent innocence, of Scott, the keeper. "Oh, yes, as much sometimes as five pounds a day!" "You would not like him to be kept in seclusion all day tomorrow, eh?" "No, indeed." "Then, Mr. Scott, if he goes out it must be through the conveyance we have prepared for him." The next day Jumbo walked through the cage without objection. Smart that, I guess, and worthy of Barnum himself.

A BEQUEST THAT CAME A DAY TOO LATE.—The Troy Press Wednesday gave the particulars of the death of Herbert Thayer, a brakeman who was killed near Fort Edward by the cars. It now appears that the unfortunate had a brother residing in the West. The parents and grandfather of these young men died, bequeathing about $14,000 to be equally divided between them. Herbert had been notified of the bequest, and expected to come in possession of the little fortune the day of his tragic death, and was on his way to that city for that purpose. A short time prior to his death he made known to his fellow-employes the legacy that had fallen to him, at the same time adding in a cheerful way that this was his last trip. Scarcely had an hour passed before Herbert Thayer was a corpse, and when his remains arrived in that city there was a letter at the postoffice transferring to him $7000.

THE HIGHEST BRIDGE IN THE WORLD.—A remarkable bridge is now in course of construction over Kinzina creek, near Bradford, Pa., on the line of the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railway. The structure has a total length of 2051 feet from abutment to abutment, and the height of the rail above the bed of the creek is 301 feet. It consists of one span sixty-two feet long, twenty spans sixty-one feet each, and twenty spans thirty-eight feet six inches each. The bridge will be, it is said, the highest railroad bridge in the world. It is sixty feet higher than Niagara suspension bridge, and 170 feet higher than the great bridge across the Ohio at Cincinnati.

A BLIND MAN'S QUEER MISTAKE.—The Americus, Ga., Recorder says a blind negro wood sawyer has been a walking wonder to us since we came here. He can walk the sidewalk as straight as anybody, and even follow the slightest deviation in the walk; can tell you at any time on what street he is on and whose residence he is passing, and what time of day it is. But one night he got sold badly, as at 2 o'clock in the morning he was found sawing wood for J. L. Price. When asked what he was doing there at that hour, he answered that he supposed it was about supper time. Mr. Price heard him sawing, but supposed it was some cats in the yard.

Experiments made to test the muscular power of insects prove that the smaller the insect the greater the proportionate muscular power. A bee is for its weight thirty times stronger than a horse, for a bee harnessed to a wagon can pull twenty times its own weight.

SHORT BITS.

California's wine crop is short.

Even Easter cards are æsthetic.

Barnum has captured New York.

Florida has shipped all her oranges.

De L ssups is building a splendid cemetery.

Panier effects are taking a decided place among spring styles.

The speech from the thrown—don't hit a fellow when he's down.

The less we parade our misfortunes the more sympathy we command.

A promising young man—One who is engaged to half a dozen girls.

The young lady who banged her hair at a looking glass did not break the glass.

The man who is forever airing his knowledge is never at loss for wind power.

A lady says that it takes many men a whole lifetime to learn to carry a $10 bill home without breaking it.

A justice of the peace fined a man twenty shillings for beating another because it was the value of a pound.

Buckwheat given to hens makes the yolk of their eggs a very light yellow. More corn will increase the color.

Bronson Alcott says: "The blonde type is nearest to the divine likeness." Very few newspapers use the blonde type.

The Dallas Times thinks the German newspapers would be more popular if they were not published in a foreign language.

The late Prof. Ko was a great admirer of horse cars. But then the Chinese are always different from any other folks, you know.

A man with a felon on his hand is entitled to sympathy. How much more the keeper of the State Prison, who has a great many.

An appropriation is to be made by the Queensland government to institute a search for potable water on the artesian principle.

The Duke of Wellington's saying connected with early rising was not a bad one: "Let the first turn in the morning be a turn out."

Researches among the rock formations of Western America show that it is to the New World we must look for a perfect pedigree of the horse.

It has been discovered that the Congressional Library does not contain a single work on temperance, and the mystery is: What Congressman brought the fact to light by inquiring for one?

Henry Henkle, a Rochester inventor, is engaged in a project to generate electricity on an immense scale, and transmit the electric current to any point desired for illuminating and other purposes.

Skip this paragraph. It is really unfit for publication, got into this column by mistake, and was happily discovered in time to be turned on the press:

It isn't anything scribbling writes a woman
I'm sometimes she wishes I'd know
But you bet he'll find it out anyhow
If she puts the least kind of a blow
Now we'll never let on that this poem she's already read—
We know she'd get all somehow
If she had to hound on her head.

"There's too much horse-racing at our agricultural fairs," remarked Parson Jones to the secretary of the county society. "I should like to know, sir, what horse-racing has to do with agriculture?" "Well, Parson," replied the secretary, with a pleasant smile, "nothing, perhaps; or, at least no more than church lotteries have to do with spreading the gospel." Parson Jones saw the point, and changed the conversation immediately.

Dr. Amat says that sea bathing "has proved of great benefit in many cases of disease of the eye. The improvement appears to be due to two causes: 1. The influence which such a course has on the general health by curing anæmia and elevating the tone of the system, since sea bathing is in the highest degree restorative. 2. Sea water and occasionally, also, the atmosphere of the sea has a local irritant action, which should be watched, since it is most serviceable when there is a chronic, torpid and indolent inflammation, while it is exceedingly dangerous when the inflammation is of the acute kind.

GREAT LITTLE MEN.—Upon examining the biography of the greatest pro-e-writers of ancient and modern times, we find many of them have been little men. One of the great poets of Athens was so small that his friends fastened lead to his sandals to prevent his being topped over or blown away. And Pope was so small and crooked as to be compared to an interrogation point. Abbe Galiani was the prettiest little harlequin that Italy ever produced; but upon the shoulders of that harlequin was the head of Machiavelli. Moore, the Irish poet, was so small that George IV. once threatened to clap him into a wine cooler.

The Ladies' Emporium.

Mrs. M. A. Winnie, manager of the Ladies' Emporium and Lace House, 167 Third street, Portland, is in receipt of a full line of Hamburg and Tortian edgings and insertions, as well as many novelties in neck wear. This old established house always keeps in the lead, and ladies in search of beautiful and reliable goods can always be pleased and satisfied by visiting the Emporium.

OREGON TO MASSACHUSETTS.

Some time ago Messrs. Hodge, Davis & Co., of this city, read in a Massachusetts paper that Hon. Charles R. Ladd, auditor of that state, was afflicted with an incurable kidney disease, and had been obliged to give up work and return to his home. They immediately sent him a box of their celebrated Oregon Kidney Tea, and from time to time sent him other boxes. A few days ago they received from him the following letter:

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,
Auditor's Dep't, Boston, Nov. 11, 1881.

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CHAS. R. LADD.

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