## PENCILINGS FROM LIFE.

Shortly after marriage: "Put your little tootsey wootsies up to mine, dear."

Five years later: "Take them blamed old hoofs away, can't you? Do you want to freeze a

"Do you consider him a man of ve-"Heh?"

"I say, do you consider him a man of veracity?' "Well, there's no tellin' what he might do if he was mad an' had a gun."

"My good brother." said the preacher to a sick man, "is there nothing you regret; nothing you are sorry for?" 'Yes-yes,' came from the invalid in a whisper. "What is it, my good brother?"

Well, I was a blamed fool that I didn't sell that gray colt before it broke its leg. 1 was offered \$200 for it, too.

"Ma, what do you think? There's a rumor that Mr. Blicks is a married man! Ain't that too bad?" "Tush! Don't you believe it. If he

isn't a bachelor there never was one," "But how do you know he is?" "Why, pshaw, child; anybody could

"But I tell you he's a good man." "I don't care if he is, I shan't vote for him."

"Why P" "He tries to put on airs."

"In what way?" "Why, b'gosh, he wears two suspenders 'n carries his terbacker in a box, an' he never thought o' chuckin' his pants into his boots till he wanted the nomination.'

"And so your wife is very sick, is shep "Yes; she's dreadful sick."

"Confined to her bed?" much hopes of her."

"No, but she's got so low I ain't got "I wouldn't be alarmed as long as

she can sit up." "But you can't imagine how dreadful bad she is. Why she don't care a whiffet any more how she looks, nor

what the neighbors are up to." "He soems a real bright little fellow, but he doesn't look stout. Is he

healthy, Mrs. Candish?" "Well, no'um, I don't think he is; for you see he's sick right smart." "What do you think is the matter

with him?" "Well, I dono, mum. I've never been able to make it out jist; but from his symptoms when he has a spell, I he's inhaled from his father.

An old man who was dargerously sick gathered his grown-up children about him, and proceeded to divide his property by telling them what cach was to have.

While so engaged a boy about ton years old came into the room, and

"Father, let me have your knife." "Clear out of this, you conseted lie- and its lack on independence, and the whiffet!" exclaimed the sick man. "Don't you know better than to mix when you see I'm busy disposin' of and dressing beyond their income, the my property? Wait till your turn daily papers will record fewer cm-

"I think," said one lady, in a conversation on church matters, "that the proper way to say grace at the table is to have a little child do it. There's

something about it Hike.' "I can't say that I do," said another. "The child of course can not under-

o stand it." "Certainly not; but it can learn a form and repeat it as well as any one." "Then why not teach it to a parrot and be done with it?"

The other lady had no more to say. "Yes, I suppose he's the richest

in his corn-bread days." "You did?" "Well, I did, that, Yes, sir, I knew that man when he didn't own a dog, and done the most of his drinking out of a gourd or a tincup."

"You don't say," "I do, for a rectilinear certainty, Yes, sir, I knew him when he wouldn't have missed going to a circus for anything in the world, and when he was as poor as a patch of ground that has been run in buck wheat for ten years.' "And I suppose he feels grateful to

you for it?" "Him? No, sir; he's too pizen proud to speak to me."-Chicago Ledger.

About Dress. No observing person will contradict the statement that there is a moral influence in good clothes. Any schoolteacher will tell you that the most incorrigible pupil is more pliable, more teachible, when clothed in a new jacket or dress; even a new paper collar, the remains of Sunday finery, has been known to civilize and humanize while it remained unsoiled; and a new bow of ribbon on a giri who scarcely suggested a feminine quality has made a gentle, womanly monitor while the ribbon remained bright. There are hundreds of teachers who would gladly keep a stock of clothing as an aid to discipline were it proper or feasible

to do so. The influence of good clothes is not confined to the ragged, untrained element of the community. A glove or shoe without buttons, a dress with a braid in ragged condition, has thrown an able woman from her usual poise of calm and dignified self-reliance into one of distrust and helplessness. Indeed, it is an accepted fact that one must be clothed in harmony with the time, the place, and the position in order to be self-

forgetful. By the same law can a woman be hidden behind the gorgeousness of her attire. How many carry away from an assembly only the remembrance of an extravagantor self-asserting costume. and

play so many yards of dry goods arranged according to existing modes, their dress seeming so entirely apart from themselves! A costume beautiful in itself may distigure or be disfigured by the wearer. There must harmony, a fitness, between the clothing and the clothed. And this harmony depends upon a principle that lies deeper than artistic qualities of material, color, or design. A woman may study to produce, and sueceed in producing, a costume perfect in all its details, and were it as though it were a part of herself, and yet give no sense of pleasure, because it is out of harmony with her position. The first principle of being well dressed is that the cost shall not exceed the legitimate sum afforded by the provider, whether that provider be the wearer, or a husband or a father. If the cost of the dress be beyond the sum that can be afforded without effort of selfdenial in things of greater importance in the family life, it cannot be, no matter how artistic, a source of pieasure to the wearer or those whom she dresses to please.

No husband can rejoice in the possession of a wife who is dressed in such a manner that he knows the thought she will suggest to every friend is, How can they afford it? No father can rejoice in the consciousness of a tell that by the agonizing look that comes over him whenever he sees a knows that his friends would have a higher respect for him and for his family if they dressed in a manner suited to their position financially. It is the Christian duty of every mother to educate her daughters to this fitness of position, to time and place; and this education must begin in childhood. What can be more incongruous than to see a father with hands grimed and disfigured by his daily labor, coat old and shabby, shoes showing intimate acquaintance with the cobbler, leading by the hand a tiny little one clothed in a prush coat, deep cotto-lace collar, and head covered by a monstrosity of velvet and feathers? But the baby is filled with the sense of her fine clothes, and is learning her first lesson, that the comfort and peace of the family is secondary to the style and cut of her clothes.

It has not been an unmirigated blessing to the laboring and poorer classes of our country that cheap grades of expensive materials are possible be cause of the mechanic arts. A thing may be beautiful in itself that will not be beautiful, or even pleasing, when not surrounded by harmonious condi-

A dress that, all other conditions being equal, would be a delight in the parlor on a reception day, seems sacout of place on Fourteenth street. with the wearer's arms filled with brown paper purcels, and the wearer's guess it must be somethin' or other face draws and haggard because a battle of buring ten dollars' worth of goods for five dollars has been going on for hours. We know when we look at the wearer that the costame must answer for all occasions -party, church and street. All the money that could be gotten together went to purchase an outfit that is out of all armone with the wearer's position in ite. Instead of lembing with pleasure, we give a sigh for weak bumanity

When women are educated to realin and interfere with the perceedin's lize the enormity of the sin of living bezzlements and misuse of trust funds. Nine-tenths of the crimes of this order are tracesble to the false ideals and extravagent potems of the female. members of the family. - Christian Union.

# Intelligent Pickets.

One of the most efficient divisions in the Army of the Potomac, as organis ed by Gen. McClellan in the fatl of 1861, was that commanded by Blenker, who came at the head of the 1st German rifles of New York, about eight hundred strong and became the constnander of some twelve thousand man in the burg, now, and has pie on the table every meal, but I knew him Like the children of the captive Jews, men, nearly all of them Germans. who spoke "half in Hebrew and half in the speech of Ashdod," these Tueton warriors had a vague idea of the English language, and their style of "challenging" was unique. As I was going the grand rounds with a lady and gentleman from Boston we were "passed" through all the pickets on the Leesburg turnpike on the presentation of a free season ticket on a railroad route, which was first shown by an accident instead of the legitimate pass from headquarters, and afterward to test the knowledge of the sentries. "Yah! dat ish goot-forvart!" was the approving verdict after each ostensible careful examination of the card .-Ben: Perley Poore.

Midnight Closing. The law closing saloons at midnight is already having its bad effects. About 6:50 A. M. Sunday, Mr. Ben Zeen staggered into his palatial residence and his wife met him in the

"Well?" she ejaculated in a tone disgust and ironical inquiry.

"Morn'n," he gurgled. "You are a pretty looking spectacle, ain't you?' She continued. "Go up stairs

and go to bed." "Watsh 'at for, mudjear?" he responded, holding on to the ban-

"You're drunk, that's what it's

"Ain't neazher." "I'd like to know what you call it

then?" "Why, m' love, a'nothin', I 'shure you. Ish jush bin waitin' up wisher boysh, ter shee'f zher law-breakin' shaloons wazzer goin' ter shuttup at midnight, an' m' love, darned 'f one we wash in didn't do it, an' shut ush all up in share, till jush while

## go." - Merchant Traveler. Nutmegs Poisonous.

It is not generally known that nutmegs are poisonous, but Dr. Palmer writes to the duerious Journal Pharmacy detailing the case of a lady who nearly died from eating a nutmeg no consciousness of the and a half, and he points out the wearer! How often women on the fact that the taxic effects of the arms street, as well as at the reception, are described in both the National and have the air of figures designed to dis- United States disponentories

## HAIR AND BEARD.

### The Hirsate Appendage in History and Romance.

'Fair tresses man's imperial race ensuare, And beauty draws us with a single har.

No subject within the scope of human science is really so unimportant, as to general well being, and yet, the question of the hair and beard, its cut and color, has been more prolific of custom, rule and law, than almost anything connected with mankind. The champions of long hair, and of

short hair, have ranged themselves under separate banners, shed each others blood, disturbed whole communities, and made history for an idea that could promote neither happiness nor contentment for either side. Families have been divided by it, divorces have been granted in consequence of it, and legislators, in all ages but our own, have enacted laws to enforce compliance with their own peculiar views in this trivial matter. common sense eventually regulated the affair and gave to every person the right outside of the tyranny of fashion's whims to care for the exterior of his head and to shape the natural covering of his face according to in tividual sentiment.

Ecclesiastical governments, adoptng St. Paul's declaration that "long hair was an abomination unto a man, have made a vigorous war against the sinfulness of the custom and fulminated in opposition to it from the pulpit as barbarous, unclean and unholy: but at the same time they have permitted tolerated and sold immunity from sins, ex special gratia, not of the hair or beard, but of the heart and mind and conscience of greater enormity and more worthy of denunciaion and suppression.

Woman's tresses have tuned the poet's lyre, nerved the warrior's steet and drawn woeful sighs from the depths of the lover's heart.

All other features are, to the enthulastic lover, subordinate-beauty, inellerence and goodness are nothing. His life and hopes are staked on her voluntuous locks; he awakens from his dream of bliss only when, in a moment of cariosity, he discovers it is alse-a chignon.

Lank hair, among the ancients. was sign of cowardice; Ruburn hoir, or ight brown, evidenced great susceptioility to the tender passion, as well as are intelligence, industry and a pouroful disposition; black hair was not highly esteemed, the wasess as of it being thought jestens and quorrelome; red hair, in general, was an aversion, a mark of reprobation, area before the time of Judes. "As wicked as a red asa" was freely applied to upy one having bright red bair, and was a popular and opprairious saying, and, to make the sentiment more minding. one of that patient tribe of quadrapede was made to atone for it every year by being thrown from a high wall.

The Romans never adopted long bair, as later nations did, deeming it effeminate and unbecoming, alike for scholar, statesman or warrior. A few of them may have done so, but it was after they had ceased to be a untion of warriors and became scented courtiess. baring, by the Bourn rouths, was an event looked forward to, and commenced at about the age of 21.

The Frank's were long bair, which was the distinguishing mark of kings and nubles. An old historian remarks: "The hair is never out from the hearts of the Francish King's sons: it is parted on the furnhead and falls equally on both sides. They aprinkle their hair with guid-dust after plaiting it in small bands, which they ornsmented with pearls and precious mut-

It has been written by some one that Dionysius, the tyreat, was so fearful of violence that he would permit no one to shave him, and that he singed his beard off with hotomannt shells. This is, of course, an absurdity, for the heat required to singe would have burned the shells; and so, either the tyrant rid himself of his beard in some other way, or did not shave at all; probably the latter.

The greatest prejudice has existed against the wearing of the beard and the style of the hair. Archbishop Tait forbade one of the clergy to officiate in hitown church because he had grown a mustache. Lord Justice Knight Bruce refused to hear the causa of a barrister because he wore a beard. and numerous instances might be cited to show the disfavor which the wearing of a beard has excited. -Geo. P. Goff, A. M., in the Ingleside.

# Children's Toys.

A reporter who was strolling up Second avenue a few evenings ago had his attention drawn to a number of children in front of a small store. They were eagerly scrutinizing and admiring a number of many-colored wooden and rubber balls in the window. The writer, upon entering, found a multitudinous assortment of children's toys. The salesman and proprietor, all in one, was asked which assortment of toys pleased the little ones the most and met with the greatest demand, and replied with as much seriousness as a man who did a million dollars' worth of business in a year:

"That all depends upon the season of the year, my friend. Just now the bouncing ball is in senson. What is a bouncing pall?" repeated the man with apparent amazement at the reporter s ignorance of children's playthings. Why, here it is. Let me show you how it is worked, for I guess the little thing was not in vogue when you were young."

The vender of the so-called bouncing ball, which had an india-rubber string attached to it, bounced it in all directions, catching it scientifically in his hand as it bounced back. At the end of the string was a small loop, through which the operator's finger is inserted. thus leaving the hand in a position to be open so as to receive the bail.

"Do you sell many of these toya?" was asked. "Thousands," came the prompt reindusrubber ball, which is most sought after because it is not so liable to smash windows or looking-glasses.

sometimes give the youngsters a hard knock. I've seen many of them with pretty good lumps on their faces from their efforts to catch the ball as it re-

bounds.

"How do the prices range?" "All the way from one to fifteen ents. Come around here any day, Sunday particularly, and you will see stream of children going and coming from here that would do your heart You seem to be making a good hy-

ng," was remarked. Yes, I have lived here for nearly ighteen years, and have been in no ther business than selling children's

ovs in all that time. I am not a milionaire, but I have plenty, thank goodness I please the young folks and hey please me, God bless them! It was through their patronage I bought has little house a few days ago, so that have made up my mind that I will rater to the little ones until I am called away. I am busy all the year round, etween kites, skipping-ropes, tops, hoopher, marbles, sleighs and many other kinds of toys for children."-New York Mail and Express.

## "Tip-Cat."

A very amusing game is now being extensively played in London streets. To play it you require a heavy little illet of wood sharpened at both ends. Place your billet on the ground, and wait till a stranger (if possible a responsible and corpulent elderly genleman) is within twenty yards of you Now strike your billet smartly on one of the pointed ends with a stick. This will cause it to fly up in the air, and you then propel it with your stick in the direction of the target (the stranger's head). If your aim has been true the game is won. No points are scored for a miss, but credit is allowed for a hit anywhere on the bat, body, or legs of the object. Ricochet hits may be allowed. It is advisable to seclect a new pitch as soon as the game has been won. This beanstful sport is technically knows as "tip-It may be played anywhere and at any time. It is peculiarly suitable to a wide and frequented thoroughfare at about 9 or 10 is the morning. Owing to the vigilance of the police there is no danger that those engaged in the sport will be improperi, interfered with by malicious or inquisitive speciators. - St. James's luzcite.

The Mysteries or the Lobby. The mesteries of the lobby were partly parelled to February, 1876. when Cot. Irwin was forced, under pain of imprisonment, to disclose the names of those among whom \$190,000 was divided. Col. Formey's Washington correspondent, McFarland, reneived \$25,000, which he remitted to the colonel Ex-Mayor Barrett rew. B. Shaw, the "Nester" of correspinetonts, admitted that he had reneived \$15.000. His services considered, according to his sworn evidence, to thing harted. The store he rendered no other service; he bribed golardy; he tried to influence nobody. Once in a while when he met a louding statesman he would ask him casually how it looked, and would go was racomon out ogrado bas smod So (III) for it. He was to lavor of all subsidies, he unid, because they gave him a chance to speculate in stores. But if they all were as fruitful to him as this one he would well afford not to specialists, but pass is peaceful aid age in putting remunerative counadruits leading statesmen, - Bent Pericy

# Bassia & Pter Fersus, Non Indian

That the Rossians are ever likely to invade India is improbable. I have no dembt, however, that they are by no mesos sorry to hem approached, ladis, because, in case of a dispute with us if Europe, their presence so near to our Indian possessions would oblige us to send troops To India instead of-as was the case during the Turco-Russian war-bringing Indian troops into the Mediterranean. But for this I do not blame them. We can not@nsist that Central Asia should be given over to arrbarism in order that our position in India and in Europe may be strengthened. The Russians had as good Aright to andex Turkestan as we had to make our numerous annexations in India. We are too apt to view everything through English spectacles, and to imagine that other powers will oblige us by doing the same. Nor can we isolate our possessions in all parts of the world by perpetuating deserts on there frontiers. The Russians no doubt wish to reach the ocean, but their objective point is not India, but Persia. - London Truth.

# Story of a Silver Piece.

A remarkable story of a coin was related to a re porter last night. He was shown a silver half-dollar, coined in 1858, on which was engrav-"S. T. Simons to S. Parker Coryears, and says the coin was given to him when an infant, and that he kept it until he was 10 years old, when he grew eager for something, like all boys at that age, and spent the keep-

He does not remember where he spent it or what he purchased, but recollects the time. He never saw or heard of his coin again until yesterday, when it was paid to him by the bookkeeper of the firm with which he is employed. There is no telling where the piece has been in all these years, but it is singular that it should at

last find its way back to Mr. Cornell. Mr. Cornell prizes the coin very highly, and, as he regards its recovery as phenomenal, has withdrawn it from circulation. "No money will buy it," be says, - Louisville Courier Journal.

How to Bleach a Sponge.

Remove the sand by shaking; wash the sponges in hot water, and press as dry as possible. Then place in a bath of dilute muriatic seld for half an They are cheap, and busides hour, remove, and, after washing well easily lost. Then again we have the in hot water, place in a bath of fresh acid, to which has been added 6 per cent of hypo-sulphite of souts, allow it to remain for twenty-four The wooden bouncing ball, as you can hours. The sponge is then finised by see is of a very hard substance, and washing in water and drying.

## The Genius of Success.

The Americans, as a class, have reached their positioneas merchants, farmers, bankers, medianies, and inventors from a race of men who struggled with privation at the start. They have met the rocks and hills of New England, the forest and the Indians of the West, the undeveloped world, from other worlds apart, and conquering these have gained the courage of success, for failure brings weakness and victory brings an added strength.

It is the same even story with the banker or the peasant. "We value most what costs us most;" we own longest what we earn with hardest effort, and retain the most of what we study deepest. The rule is proved by the prudent saver of money or the spendthrift of time. While one bred to luxury has little need of toil, another born with fortune will waste no effort for it, and all bred in climates of even heat and pleasure may sleep and rest and live in idleness. So exertion: is the developer of mind and body. Very many Americans are born poor, and they feel the cold and know what hunger means.

The same hard exercise that athletes use to make a grand physique, mentally applied, makes a strong mind. The same close drill in thought that racers and gymnasts practice bodily will harden every mind-muscle, every faculty, encourage every energy, and deepen every plan and purpose. Thought to the mind of thinkers is like Mous to the hand of workers, the hardening fibre-maker that each pro-

The accident of poverty is the genius of success. The rich rarely invent anything; the poor and thoughtful give a life to active energy. Taken as a class we have all started poor. As the farmers among the rocks of New England met the hills and hindrances of broken lands and stony fields, so the Western landowners were met by an army of trees and a navy of warshes, and the railroads encountered oppasation from deserts and rivers, lakes and mountains. So in overcoming these obstacles be inventions the keouer montal monis ous develouted. The history of railroads and bridges,

word of the struggles and progress of ingir projectors, is tim lengthy to more than glance at, but we all well know and deeply realise that their improvement and development bath with been the marrel of the century. The elebeautifully draw the grouple picture: "Who shall stop this glarious work, which is opresiding blessings and pros-perity around us! Who shall dure to Thus far shalt thou go and no further' ! Who shall diesate to it after doing so much? Must it now patter and rest in ingirarious esset! On nevspeed on ward in triumph; it shall sald link after link to the grewt chair that binds manified together; it should speed onward, still onward, through the georges of the mountain, over the depths of the valley, till the iron borne, should have be are tire. 'car of which mostrils granth forth smoke, and whose breach kindleth reals,' shall be heard thundering through the echoing soli-tudes of the Bencky Moustains startling the lone Indian from his wild re-bread, and ere lone reaching the golden shores of the far-off Pecific, there Americas freemes at the glorious evens which has conquered lime and distances, and bound them by mearer

A few ig sentions came from men in easy circumstances, but by far the greater growth is from the struggling classes. The remark of the learned and eloquent English advocate, Lord Erskine, that he never cut loose from embarrassment and pleaded from the beart until one day when reduced to ging at his coat skirt, saying Father, give us bread," is the true sentiment of inspiration to Americans. Their families have been pleading for bread and intensified their energy. This is the stimulus to the woodman's arm as he hews down the wilderness; the motive of the engineer as he climbs the steep ascent of the Rocky Mountain railway, or burns the midnight lamp in experiments with electric light This is the restless, active energy born with those who are born to labor; children of the same ancestry; heirs of the same inheritance; rewarded by the same applause and honored for the same pluck that picks bright jewels from the earth's rich mines, or shapes rude wood and metals into palace cars, cradles grain or plies a shuttle with the fruits of genuis, where one man by invention does what a hundred could never do by plodding, and what a hundred would never have attempted but for a reward of victory, the

aim and watchword of Americans. The American genuis springs from our own soil, and has a native value. It is a growth of our own climate, a neil." Mr. Cornell is a man of 20 reward of our own creation, a force prompting our own increasing and competing activity, unknown, unused, and not needed elsewhere. Its mark is original, its progress universal, and "every time the sun rises in America it seems to add many millions to the wealth of the nation," as well as a useful invention that shall either lessen labor or increase happiness .- J. W. Donovan, in The Current.

# Kansas Sheep.

Sheep there were, indeed; thousands of them, objects of unfailing concern to the gentlemen and delight to the Indies

"What is that stone wall?" asked, one afternoon, a lady sitting on the

piazza with her opera-glass. "That stone wall, madam, answered

a Harvard graduate, politely, "is the sheep coming in to the corral." To see the sheep go in and out, night and morning, was a never-failing amusement. Sometimes the ladies wandered down to the corrals at sunset to see the herds come in, and you would have supposed them to be waiting for a Fourth-of-July procession with bunners, from the eagerness with which they exclaimed. "The here they this earth, but to live us come! there they are!" as the first own burt and to that o taint tinkling of the bells was heard in suffered death as a felou.

### the distance. If two herds appeared at once from opposite directions, the one with lambs had the "right of way," and Sly, the sheep-dog-not the only commander who has controlled troops by sitting down in front of them-would hold the other herd in check till the lambs were safely housed. The lambs born on the prairie during the day frisked back at night to the corral beside their mothers, a lamb four hours old-being able to walk a mile.

When shearing-time came, they went into the sheds expecting to see the thick wool fall in locks beneath the shears, like the colden curls of their own darlings: great was the amazement to see the whole woolly fleece taken off much as if it had been an overcoat, looking still, if it were rolled up in a ball, like a veritable sheep, and often quite as large as the shorn and diminished creature that had once been part of it. One very hot day they braved the heat themselves for the sake of going out on the prairie to see how sheep keep cool. Instead of scattering along the creek, seeking singly the shade of the bushes or the tall trees only to be found near the creek, they huddle together in the middle of the sunny field more closely than ever, hang their heads in the shadow of each other's bodies, and remain motionless for hours. Not a single head is to be seen as you approach the herd; only a broad level field of woolly backs, supported by a small forest of little legs. Alice Wellington Rollins, in Harper's Magazine

## This, That and The Other.

Talking of tortures reminds me that some of our modern tortures are becoming very much modified of late years. Take the photographing business for instance. The old method of torture was to fix your head in a vise patterned after the ancient thumb screw. This fixed you so that you couldn't help yourself and enabled you to gaze at the camera with a sort of cast-iron stare. You were then requested to rivet your gaze on that part of the wall that contained a card reading: "We do a cash business only," and the operator would place his open watch in the palm of his hand and ay, "Assume a pleasing expression, please," as he whipped off the brass cap from the camera. From that eternity your nose itched, you telt a tickling behind the ear, your for 8 twitched, you wanted to sneeze, you were sure your stoney glare was rapidly freezing on your face, and lafore the brass cap was replaced you as a uncontrollable desire to yell a gold Indian war whoop at the top of

your voice. Now all that is changed. omerator lets you sit in a chair and sound any expression that suits you. He gives a rubber bulb one quick squeeze and the camera winks jovially at you and the thing is done. It is astonisiong the progress that has been made in photography. In New York the other day I saw a detective's camera that would take a picture on the street with the rapidity of a pistol shot. Olt went off not unlike a pistol only with less noise, and took a peture complete in every particular in the infinitesimal part of a second. The Scoville Opti-cal Company, of New York, manuto be welcomed by the glad shouts of factures them in the shape of a sort of hand satchel box that is warranted not to raise anyone's suspecions, as to what it is. The one I saw belonged to Mr. Wilson, editor of the Philadelphia Photographer, who was then on his way to New Orleans, and intended to take characteristic street scenes with it on the fly.

The dentist's business is another occupation of torture second only to that of the old-time photographer. The improvements in that art of late years are also wonderful. A friend of netual want he felt his coldren tug- on ine who belongs to the chair that will netual want he felt his coldren tugdo much to place the wretch who sits in it still further in the dentist's power. A lever moved by the foot raises or lowers the anxious seat and another lever tilts it to any angle required. A cord that dangles at his good right hand contains a couple of electric wires which can be attached to two instruments of torture. The one is a little electric lamp and mirror that goes into the mouth and illuminates it like a brilliant ball room. The next is a sort of electric pen which beat the metal into the cavity of a tooth. It works literally like lightning. The next thing ought to be an electric tooth extractor-a lightning jerker, as it were.

The following yarn was sent in the other day anent a gubernatorial election of auld lang syne: Brother O. promised Brother P. to vote for a certain candidate, but on election day, to the disgust of Brother P., Brother O. sold his vote to the opposition. In a few days thereafter Brother P., noticing Brother O. passing on the opposite side of the village street with his head lowered and seemingly in a meditative mood, accosted him by saying:

"Good morning, Brother O. How much did you get for your vote the other day?" Brother O. raised his head, turned

about, and looking at Brother P. with an air of injured innocence, said: "Now then, Brother P., is that the way one Christian brother should talk to another?" - Detroit Free Press.

# Treatment of Beggars in England.

For an able-bodied man to be caught a third time begging was considered a crime deserving death, according to an old law in England, which remain-ed in force for sixty years. The poor man might not change his master at his will or wander from place to place. If out of employment, preferring to be idle, he might be demanded for work by any master of the "craft" to which he belonged, and compelled to work whether he would or no. If caught begging once, being neither aged nor infirm, he was whipped at the cart's tail. If caught a second thus his ear was slit or bored through with a hot iron. If caught a third time, being thereby proved to be of no use upon this earth, but to live upon it to his own burt and to that of others, he authored death as a follow.