

THE JULY CROP STATEMENT.

The Deductions Made by Reports Received at the National Capital.

The July report of the agricultural bureau says the average condition, July 1, of winter wheat declined from 92.7 to 91.2, and spring wheat from 98 to 83. The average of corn very slightly declined in the middle states and in Maryland, Virginia and South Carolina, with some increase in other states of the south. In the Ohio valley the acreage is nearly the same as in 1885. West of the Mississippi the increase is heavy. In Kansas 20 per cent, Nebraska 10, Dakota 30. The total increase is 3 1/2 per cent, or about 2,500,000 acres. Corn is late on the Atlantic coast from wet weather, cool nights and slow germination. In many sections the seed rotted and replanting became necessary. Instances are known of planting three times, yet there is generally a fair stand, and the crop is growing and healthy, and with seasonable July weather will make a full yield. It has suffered as much as on the Gulf coast, where wet areas are still more unimpaired. In red land it will generally be a vigorous growth, while in gray soils and bottom lands the plants are yellowing and spindling. Some of the areas have already been abandoned. Some parts of Texas have been dry, but abundant recent rains will suffice for a good crop in the eastern and central counties. Arkansas shows a high condition, but Tennessee reports injury from low temperatures and excessive rains. The great corn belt of the west reports a medium to high condition, growing better from Ohio to Kansas. The Missouri valley averages better than the Ohio river and lake region. There is a full stand in Missouri, a vigorous and even growth and ten days earlier than last year. Kansas returns are equally favorable. Insect injuries have nowhere been serious, though the chinch-bug is now threatening some localities in the west. The general average is 95, against 94 last year and 96 in 1884. The condition of winter wheat is reported for July 1 in the northern districts as not harvested and in the southern states as it appeared at the time of harvest the average has declined from 92.7 to 91.2. New York reports a decline of four points. Pennsylvania five, Kentucky two, Michigan six, Missouri and Kansas three, Ohio and Indiana one, and June, and Illinois gains one point. Spring wheat declined from 98 in June to 83, in consequence of high temperature, drying winds and lack of rain. In the principal states the decline has been: Wisconsin, from 97 to 75; Minnesota, 90 to 78; Iowa, 100 to 90; Nebraska, 97 to 87, and Dakota from 99 to 95.

AWFUL SCENES AND SORROW.

Volcanic Eruptions Among the Most Terrible in the World's History.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., July 11.—The steamer Alameda, which arrived today from Australia, brings particulars of a fearful volcanic eruption in New Zealand last month, which are among the most terrible in the world's history. The first reports of the volcanic disturbances came from Tauranga in the Auckland lake district. The natives of that village were sharply awakened from sleep at 2 a. m. by repeated vivid flashes of lightning which continued at rapid intervals for two hours, when a tremendous earthquake occurred, followed quickly by others. The shocks were so violent that people jumped from their beds and fled for their lives in their night clothes, making no effort to save or take anything with them except their children.

AWFUL SCENES AND SORROWS.

The earthquakes continued to follow one another in quick succession up to 7 o'clock, when a lurid orange cloud was observed advancing from the south, spreading out until it covered the sky and while still moving it burst with a sound of thunder and shortly afterward showers of fire began falling.

THE LAND A MASS OF FLAMES.

For the first time in tradition the extinct volcano of Raupahu was awakened to activity. The entire country for an extent of 100 miles long and twenty broad was nothing but a mass of flames and hot crumbling soil was sapped at the highest points by the Tokopu geyser which is said to have been the grandest in the world.

SMALL NATIVE VILLAGES BURNED.

It was noticed that the dust emitted a strong sulphurous smell. Numerous small native villages were totally destroyed. Waeroa was covered to a depth of ten feet with dust and ashes. Ractomahana was completely engulfed as were also some other small villages.

AN OLD CHIEF'S EXPERIENCE.

An old man, a chief at Rauroa, was dug out alive after having been buried in ashes 194 hours. Every effort was made to save the lives of others, but in most cases when bodies were found they were dead.

SLIPPING AROUND LAWTON.

Tombstone special: From advices received today from Sonora it looks as though the hostiles had given Capt. Lawton the slip and are now doubling back toward Arizona. A Mexican gentleman just arrived from the neighborhood of Lawton's present location reports that Sunday last the Apaches killed two Mexicans at Campas, within fifty miles of Lawton's force, and later killed four Mexicans near Tepache. They then headed for the Cananea mountains, with Jose Mariana Torres and 100 Mexican volunteers in close pursuit.

MRS. HUNTER'S PENSION.

In the case of Mrs. Maria Hunter, widow of Gen. Hunter, for whose relief the house passed a bill granting a pension of \$50 a month, which was vetoed by the president, Chairman Matson of the invalid pensions committee, presented a report to the house, in which he sustains the veto. He says the effect of the bill would be to give \$20 per month more than the sum allowed by the general law; that it is not alleged the widow needs any increase and that the committee has barely tolerated the increase of pensions of widows of officers. It is also time that the claimant's application for the legal rate of pension had been allowed by the pension office. A minority report, signed by the republican members of the committee, requests the passage of the bill over the veto, holding that it has been the invariable practice to pension at \$50 per month the widows of officers of rank similar to that held by Gen. Hunter; that the president had signed a number of such bills during this session, aside from the case of Gen. Hancock's widow and there is no reason for making an exception in this case.

QUITE A LIVELY SKIRMISH.

BASLE, July 8.—A German officer in uniform while passing through a street today was set upon by a mob and pelted with stones and mud. The officer drew his sword and attempted to drive his tormentors before him. In doing so he wounded a girl in the neck with the sword blade, whereupon the mob charged upon him and forced him to the ground, beating and kicking him unmercifully. Then the police hurried to the scene and arrested the officer, who had him stripped of his clothing and conveyed him to jail, where he was locked upon a charge of assaulting the girl with his sword. He was subsequently released on bail.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

A Fearful Hurricane Passes Over the City of Chicago.

CHICAGO, July 13.—About 3:30 o'clock this afternoon a heavy rain and hail storm struck the city. Immediately after the storm a cyclone struck that portion of the city fronting on the lake between Twenty-second and Fifty-fifth streets, but extending very little west of Cottage Grove avenue. At the foot of Twenty-fifth street was located the Lakeside sanitarium, an institution where during summer days mothers brought their babies, who were cared for by trained nurses in the employ of the Sanitarium society. The Sanitarium consisted of a raised platform 150 feet long, over which was built a roof supported on posts, the sides being open to the breeze, though awnings were provided as a protection from the sun. Upon this roofed platform were hammocks, swings, rocking-chairs, and at either end of the pavilion was a small, frame building. Sixteen babies were being cared for at the sanitarium when the hail storm came up. They were made to take into the frame building at the north end of the pavilion, and were screened under shelter when a cyclone or whirlwind struck the pavilion and wrenched the posts from the ground, carrying the entire structure several feet and setting it down again. Though the roof was blown to pieces and scattered far and near, and badly wrenched by the storm the building was not blown down or upset, and no one in it was hurt. The news of the demolition of the pavilion soon spread, and anxious mothers who had left their babies at the sanitarium hastened to the scene with terrible apprehension for the safety of the little ones. Their fears were soon allayed and they took the precious bundles of humanity, hugged them close to their breasts and left with joyful hearts. All along Cottage Grove avenue to Twenty-second to Fifty-fifth streets was seen the ravages of the storm. Trees of a quarter century's growth lie uprooted in the street or were broken off. Much damage was done to window glass by the hail.

Mr. Adam Binnenschein, a florist at No. 2509 Cottage Grove avenue, has green houses and flowers damaged by the hail to the extent of \$1,000. Other florists in the neighborhood also sustained considerable losses.

THE APACHES SURROUNDED.

As Usual, They Are About to be Wiped Out of Existence.

Tombstone (A. T.) special: A courier arrived in Tombstone this evening who left direct from Lawton's command three days ago. Lawton was then about thirty miles south of the Campas Sonora. The command was in good condition and spirits and has plenty of provisions. It has followed the trail of the Indians steadily. The Indians are now broken up into small parties. Two or three are reported to have retreated about fifty miles south of Lawton's present position. Near the Las Delicias mine, the command found two Americans killed by Apaches. The Indians endured great hardships from lack of food and water. All the mountains of that section have been burned off and there is no grass. The rainy season has not set in and the Indians are suffering. Lawton is pressing the Indians before him, thoroughly scouting the country. The Mexican troops have agreed to head them off in the south. The hostiles are thus inside of the triangle, two sides of which are composed of Mexican troops and the base of Lawton's command. The Indians will have to be killed or driven to the sea unless they succeed in eluding the troops and slipping around and back to the United States. Lawton's men are all anxious to distinguish themselves and get the Indians. Regarding the fight between the Apaches and Mexicans, when the Peck girl was captured, the scout who talked with the captives says thirty-two Mexicans were engaged in the fight, and only five Apaches, three bullets and two spears. The Mexicans ran away and left their dead on the field, who were buried by Lawton when he came up next day.

A \$20,000 POSTAGE STAMP ROBBERY.

The post-office was broken open last night and robbed of \$20,000 in money and stamps. No clue to the thieves. Mr. Laraway arrived in the city on the early train from Lake Minnetonka, and was not aware of the robbery until he arrived at the office. The lobby of the postoffice is open at night and the safe blowers had no difficulty in opening the stamp window, where one crawled through and opened the door from the inside. The safe was near the window, but as the glass is painted they could not be seen from the street. The work was by the "profession." They drilled a hole four inches deep between the handle and the combination, then packed the lock. Laraway intimates there was about \$20,000 in stamps in the safe, and of this amount \$18,000 was taken, they having left \$2,000 in one cent stamps. All the currency in after 5 o'clock, amounting to \$24, was taken. After the robbery they made their exit through the door of the office and took the mail carrier's horse and rickety, Middlemist & Taylor's delivery wagon, and carried the bundle off. As near as can be ascertained the robbery was committed between 1 and 2 o'clock. The office does not employ a watchman. From the looks of the stamp department they left in great haste, leaving the steel drills and a large sledge and pickaxe, also a silk handkerchief with a mark on it which will be a clue for the detectives.

STARVING CONVICTS.

Denied Food in Order to Force Them Into Submission. Atlanta (Ga.) dispatch: One hundred and twenty convicts confined in one of Senator Joe Brown's stockades, near Cole City, in Dade county, have been without food for forty-eight hours, in pursuance of a plan to starve them into submission. Senator Brown gets all the long term convicts, whom he keeps employed in the Dade county coal mines. These men number about 500, and are kept in four stockades. When the superintendent drew the long chain which binds them together yesterday morning, the men in one of the stockades, 120 in number, refused to move. The range leader announced that the men could stand the excessive heat; that as they were life convicts their position could not be made any worse; and that shot and shell could not make them surrender. To all appeals their only answer was that they would die before they would resume work, work as they had been at. Col. E. F. Towles telegraphed this state of facts to Gov. McDaniel, who at once ordered out the military, and held it in readiness. At this stage a telegram was received from Towles in which he stated there were but two ways to reduce the rebellion, either to force the men down or to starve them out. As the stockade was sufficiently guarded he had decided to starve them out. Pending the effort to bring the convicts to terms by this method the troops are held under orders to answer if needed. Reports from Cole City are to the effect that great consternation exists there. The people are fearful that if such a large body of convicts should escape, they might wreak bloody vengeance on the people. The governor is in constant telegraphic communication with Col. Towles on the subject.

SCHEME OF THE GRANGERS.

A scheme is on foot to hold a farmers' convention in St. Paul August 25, with a view to effecting a permanent organization, and to have headquarters in Washington. The principal object of the organization will be to look after national legislation bearing upon agriculture and labor.

MR. BECHER INTERVIEWED.

London special: The Daily News publishes an interview with the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in which he pays a high compliment to the orderly manner in which the English elections are conducted, comparing with elections in America very unfavorably to the latter. The Americans, he says, are profoundly interested in the English political leaders, holding them in a sort of ideal reverence. The English election laws he considers much more rigorous than those of America, but the latter's system of registration is better. Bribery, he says, is the greatest danger to which the American system is exposed. The dynamite fund is sent to England by imported watches in America for whom American-born Irishmen have no sympathy. Referring to the question at issue, Mr. Beecher says: "I know that outsiders are said to see most of the game, but when a man is playing chess it is never allowed that an outsider should suggest a move."

WHOLESALE DROWNING.

London dispatch: A letter from Hoesrad, Bohemia, gives full details of the catastrophe which recently happened at that place, and which resulted in the drowning of nearly fifty people. The correspondent says that seventy boys and girls of the neighborhood, while on their way to be confirmed by the bishop of the district, had embarked on a small ferryboat to reach the opposite shore. The river had been swollen by heavy rains, and when the middle was reached the boat began to rock. Several of the occupants, including the boatman, jumped into the river to lighten it and the jolt caused the craft to upset, throwing every soul into the water. About twenty-five managed to save themselves by swimming out, but the remaining forty-five were drowned. One-half of the houses in the district are rendered desolate by the accident.

TWO DUKES APPEAL.

PARIS, July 12.—The Duc D'Annamale has appealed to the council of state against his expulsion from the French army. He has also addressed to President Grevy the following letter:

"Three years ago, without pretext or precedent you inflicted on me the severest disciplinary punishment. I remained silent until today. By striking my name from the army list you interfere with the charter of the army without considering titles won in war. Ministers strike men without respect, men honored for their services and traditional devotion to the country. My counsel will defend my cause, which is that of all officers as well as myself, the dozen of the general staff. It is my duty to remind you that the military law is not a law of the country. The Duc de Chartres, who held the rank of major in the French army, has also appealed to the council of state from the decree of expulsion in his case."

KANSAS PROHIBITION CONVENTION.

The state prohibition convention assembled at Emporia on the 14th at the opera house. The committee on organization reported and H. C. Vrooman, of Osage county, was elected chairman and M. E. Tamm secretary. The report of the committee on resolutions was unanimously adopted. It makes quite a lengthy document, embracing fifteen resolutions. The following candidates were unanimously nominated: For governor, C. H. Branscomb; for lieutenant-governor, T. W. Huston; for secretary of state, N. B. Klaine; for auditor of state, C. H. Lanston; a colored man; for treasurer, William Crosby; for superintendent of public schools, Mrs. D. R. Suther; for associate justice, E. H. Prater of Emporia.

IRISHMEN THREATEN ORANGEMEN.

DUBLIN, July 12.—An Orange soiree was given in the rotunda this evening and was attended by 2,000 persons. The hall was guarded by police. Thousands of nationalists surrounded the building. Many placards were posted with the inscription, "We will pay you Orangemen dogs in Irish coin the long debt which Ireland owes to braggers of the Boyne."

The Mysteries of Japanese I. a.

The mysteries of the Japanese lac have never been mastered by European workmen. Their artists were craftsmen of untiring patience, and placed by the condition of feudal life above the needs of mere money making. They were often ennobled and always esteemed. They did not hesitate to lavish on a sword or an ivory tureen, a screen or a minute decoration of a sword hilt, all their artistic genius in design or pictorial effect. The modern lac is an ephemeral production—in thin texture, with ornamental glazing of effective but not solid character. Its panels and cabinets, rich with incrustations, are gaudy and ill-drawn. There is nothing in which the collector so often goes astray. The old Japanese lac resists heat and cold alike, submission beneath the sea for months does not spoil it. It is built up slowly—often centuries of wear.

Willie and His Questions.

One day I sat in a car seat on the Saugus branch of the eastern road behind a pale, careworn lady who was taking a little boy from Boston to Malden. As the little boy was of an inquiring turn of mind and everything seemed to attract his attention, I could not help listening to some of his questions. "What is that, auntie?" the little boy inquired, pointing to a stack of hay on the marsh. "Oh, that's hay, my dear," answered the careworn lady. "What is hay, auntie?" "Hay is hay, dear." "What is hay made of?" "Hay is made of dirt and water and air." "Who makes it?" "God makes it, dear." "Does He make it in the day or in the night?" "In both, dear." "And Sundays?" "Yes, all the time." "Am I 't wicked to make hay on Sunday, auntie?" "Oh, I don't know. I'd keep still, Willie; that's a dear. Auntie is tired." After remaining quiet a moment, little Willie broke out: "Where do the stars come from, auntie?" "I don't know; nobody knows." "Did the moon lay 'em?" "Yes, I guess so," replied the wicked lady. "Can the moon lay eggs, too?" "I suppose so. Don't bother me." Another short silence when Willie broke out: "Benny said that oxins is an owl, auntie; is they?" "Oh, perhaps so." "I think a whale could lay eggs—dout you auntie?" "Oh yes—I guess so," said the shameless woman. "Did you ever see a whale on his nest?" "Oh, I guess so." "Where?" "I mean no, Willie, you must be quiet; I'm getting crazy." "What makes you crazy, auntie?" "Oh, dear! you ask so many questions."

Did you ever see a fly eat sugar?

"Yes, dear."

Where?

"Willie sit down on the seat and be still or I'll shakedown. Not another word!"

And the lady pointed her finger sharply at the little boy, as if she were going to strike it through him. If she had not been a woman she would have worn.—Binghamton Republican.

LAFAGAN'S LOGIC.

Our boasted liberty is but equality.

About the only way to cure conceit, if inherited, is to die. A true wife is proud of her husband; he, the calves of his legs. Wisdom is an attentive listener. That's what makes it so hard to beat. Happiness that don't make us forget others' misery is happiness indeed. Long-winded ideas are generally weak ones. Condensation is the great force. The biggest fool of all is the young man who would appear worse than he really is. I notice that when there is no war almost anybody can tell you how to "cock a cannon."

It is a tough truth, nevertheless it is one, that enough money will make any shame respectable. Where one man wants but little here below," three others are within hailing distance who want it all. If punctuality isn't a golden rule then the embossing clerk wasn't sound on the goose at the time. That's all. Natural smartness may hold the lead for a time, but in the end ability will either win or split its breeches trying.

The excellence of Christianity consists in lightening the world's load of care and sorrow and with the least amount of gusto. A little conceit is a good thing. If a man thinks himself just as smart as the other man, they are at least on an equal footing to start with. Caution is next to understanding. A cautious person may make mistakes occasionally, but will never cross the path of the same skunk twice.

Show me a man that is kind to a lost dog and buys his own tobacco, and I'll show you a man that is universally respected in his neighborhood. You may not, in your affluence, remember the time when you were no more respected in this world than a pain in the small of the back, but other people can. Most anyone can abuse a fellow man with first-class ease, but it isn't every ordinary man that can stand still and have him lathered on without kicking over the breeching. I've been disappointed and "sat down on" a good many times so far in my career, yet somehow I do not appear to lose any flesh mourning over it, and I guess that's the best way. But few men permit kindness of heart to interfere with their business, and those who do more often get knocked into a double-headed cocked hat for their pains than otherwise. I do not approve of getting angry at every little thing, yet I don't care to be imposed upon too often either, when I have plenty of sea-room to hump around in and the requisite vitality to lift my voice. Even a fool would more often be suspected of ordinary sense if he or she would sit down, look wise and say only "yes" and "no," as this "yes" and "no" business is about as hard a thing to do as such people with as I know of. If my neighbor endeavors to blot out a past life of wickedness by a present one of goodness, I certainly respect and sympathize with him, yet shall not neglect to lock my smoke-house door as formerly. Once betray humanity and there is no unreserved confidence after.—Chicago Ledger.

Where Congressmen Receive and Meet Letters and Campaign Literature. After the discussion of a great question the amount of mail matter that passes through the postoffices at the house and senate is something enormous, writes a correspondent of The Cincinnati Times-Star. Any day, and almost any hour of the day, you are liable to see heavily loaded bags pulled away from the door of the house and senate, carrying tons of public documents, speeches which have been made in the house and senate, and are sent out as campaign literature by the thousand, reports of the various departments, documents of all sorts and sizes and kinds and characters. Even the letter mail of the members of congress is something remarkable. The big mailbags which go from the city postoffice to the house of representatives postoffice every day carry probably on an average of ten thousand letters daily. Ten thousand letters a day seem a good many, but a pretty careful estimate of the number received there shows that this figure is not too great. They come from all directions and are upon all conceivable subjects. Your average congressman gets more letters, of course, from his own district than elsewhere, but he is not contented to his own people and the section which he immediately represents in his correspondence. Many of them get letters from all parts of the country, and from all parts of the world, indeed. Foreign stamps and foreign postal-cards are by no means a novelty in the house and senate postoffices. Again, if a spring bonnet costs \$27.50 what will a derby hat come to? One ninety. Because this same gentleman who pays for the aforesaid spring bonnet desires to economize on spring hats. Domestic economy is an intricate science. And here again is a beautiful scene of economy: Closing up the house during the summer months to allow the family to enjoy themselves in the country. Are you not paying rent? Yes, unless you own the house. But house owners are not included in this argument. I refer to the gentleman who pays rent. Who gets the benefit of this vacant house during the summer months? The servant girl, the policeman, and the cotton-gin. What are the family doing in the country? Enjoying themselves and getting tanned. They are getting healthy. Good. But in the meantime you are paying rent. This is one of the delicate questions in economy. Again, a young man writes to ask me if he can get married on \$10 a week. Yes, he can, if the girl's father is a millionaire. But, unless the girl's father is a millionaire, I would advise you to keep single. Can a man keep house on \$10 a week? He can—about three days.—Pack.

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A TREATISE ON ECONOMY.

When summer comes purchase an \$8 suit of blue flannel. This is economy. In a month's time if they begin to reach upward at the ends sew lead at the bottom of the legs, or if this will not answer the purpose, "sprinkle sugar in the shoes to call them down." This is rough on high-water "pants." If they become yellow on the knees, ink them carefully, or bol them in black paint. If they stretch at the waistband, lay them over in platts. Then go around the block, and people will imagine you to be one of Barnum's latest additions to the museum. Save money and purchase \$8 suits. A real \$8 suit can be had of all the leading clothiers. Never pay as high as \$30 for a suit of clothes. Eight from thirty leaves twenty-two. Twenty-two dollars are saved by this deal. Economy is wealth. Again, let us look in the tangle of domestic economy. A man will sometimes walk to save car fare, and then purchase a quarter of a dollar's worth of cigars. He will also complain bitterly of the full times; but watch him enjoy the ballot in the orchestra. This is bald-headed economy. People must enjoy themselves one way if they have to economize in another. Again, will an 80-cent shirt stand rubbing on a washboard? It might. But generally they are handled with care. "Deal gently with the prize package shirt" is a rule sometimes laid down by laundriesmen. "Steam and coax it to become clean," he adds to the laundress, "but do not wrestle with it." A laundress will not wrestle with a cheap shirt. Again, if a spring bonnet costs \$27.50 what will a derby hat come to? One ninety. Because this same gentleman who pays for the aforesaid spring bonnet desires to economize on spring hats. Domestic economy is an intricate science. And here again is a beautiful scene of economy: Closing up the house during the summer months to allow the family to enjoy themselves in the country. Are you not paying rent? Yes, unless you own the house. But house owners are not included in this argument. I refer to the gentleman who pays rent. Who gets the benefit of this vacant house during the summer months? The servant girl, the policeman, and the cotton-gin. What are the family doing in the country? Enjoying themselves and getting tanned. They are getting healthy. Good. But in the meantime you are paying rent. This is one of the delicate questions in economy. Again, a young man writes to ask me if he can get married on \$10 a week. Yes, he can, if the girl's father is a millionaire. But, unless the girl's father is a millionaire, I would advise you to keep single. Can a man keep house on \$10 a week? He can—about three days.—Pack.

The Fair Girl Graduate.

"Could I see the editor?" she asked, looking around for him, and wondering what was going on under his table. "Eh! yes, I'm him," responded the editor, evading himself, and slipping a cork in his pocket. "What can I do for you?" "I'm a student in Packer institute," responded the blushing damsel, "and I've written a little article on 'Our School Days,' which I would like to have published in The Brooklyn Eagle, if you think it is good enough." "Certainly," replied the editor, gazing in unconscious admiration upon the beautiful face before him. "Does it commence: 'Our school days. How the words linger in sweet cadences of the memory?' Is that the way it runs?" "Why, yes," responded the beaming girl. "Then it goes on: 'How we look forward from them to the time when we shall look back to them.' Isn't that it?" "It certainly is," answered the astonished girl, radiant with delight. "How could you know what I had written?" "Then it changes from the pianissimo and becomes more tender: 'The shadows gather around our path. The roses of friendship are withering, but may we not hope that they will bloom again, as we remember the affection that bound us here and made—'" "No, you're wrong there," and the soft eyes looked disappointed. "Is it 'Hope on, hope ever,' ask the editor.

"That comes in farther on. You had it nearly right. It is: 'The sun shadows close around us. The flowers of friendship are sleeping, but not withered, and will bloom again in the affectionate remembrance of the chains that bound us so lightly.'"

"Strange that I should have made that mistake," said the editor faintly. "I never missed on one before. From there it goes: 'Schoolmates, let us live so that all our days shall be as radiant as those we have known here and may we pluck happiness from every bush, forgetting never that the thorns are below the roses, and those whose hands are bruised in the march through life.'"

"That's it!" exclaimed the delighted girl. "Then comes, 'Hope on, hope ever.'"

"Surely your born," cried the editor, blushing with pleasure and once more on the track.

"Yes, yes, you're right," giggled the girl. "I can't see how you found me out! Would you like to print it?" and her face resumed an anxious shade.

"Certainly," responded the editor. "I'll say it is by the most promising young lady in Brooklyn, the daughter of an esteemed citizen, a lady who has taken a high social rank."

"That finishes the school commencement at one swoop," sighed the editor gloomily, as the fair vision floated out. "Can't see how I made that blunder about the shadows and roses and friendship. Either I'm getting old, or some of these girls have struck something original. Here, Swipes, tell the for man to put this slush in the next issue supplement," and the editor fell in his hair for the cork, and wondrous what had happened to his memory.—Brooklyn Eagle.

POSTOFFICES IN THE CAPITOL.

Where Congressmen Receive and Meet Letters and Campaign Literature.

After the discussion of a great question the amount of mail matter that passes through the postoffices at the house and senate is something enormous, writes a correspondent of The Cincinnati Times-Star. Any day, and almost any hour of the day, you are liable to see heavily loaded bags pulled away from the door of the house and senate, carrying tons of public documents, speeches which have been made in the house and senate, and are sent out as campaign literature by the thousand, reports of the various departments, documents of all sorts and sizes and kinds and characters. Even the letter mail of the members of congress is something remarkable. The big mailbags which go from the city postoffice to the house of representatives postoffice every day carry probably on an average of ten thousand letters daily. Ten thousand letters a day seem a good many, but a pretty careful estimate of the number received there shows that this figure is not too great. They come from all directions and are upon all conceivable subjects. Your average congressman gets more letters, of course, from his own district than elsewhere, but he is not contented to his own people and the section which he immediately represents in his correspondence. Many of them get letters from all parts of the country, and from all parts of the world, indeed. Foreign stamps and foreign postal-cards are by no means a novelty in the house and senate postoffices. Again, if a spring bonnet costs \$27.50 what will a derby hat come to? One ninety. Because this same gentleman who pays for the aforesaid spring bonnet desires to economize on spring hats. Domestic economy is an intricate science. And here again is a beautiful scene of economy: Closing up the house during the summer months to allow the family to enjoy themselves in the country. Are you not paying rent? Yes, unless you own the house. But house owners are not included in this argument. I refer to the gentleman who pays rent. Who gets the benefit of this vacant house during the summer months? The servant girl, the policeman, and the cotton-gin. What are the family doing in the country? Enjoying themselves and getting tanned. They are getting healthy. Good. But in the meantime you are paying rent. This is one of the delicate questions in economy. Again, a young man writes to ask me if he can get married on \$10 a week. Yes, he can, if the girl's father is a millionaire. But, unless the girl's father is a millionaire, I would advise you to keep single. Can a man keep house on \$10 a week? He can—about three days.—Pack.

A TREATISE ON ECONOMY.

When summer comes purchase an \$8 suit of blue flannel. This is economy. In a month's time if they begin to reach upward at the ends sew lead at the bottom of the legs, or if this will not answer the purpose, "sprinkle sugar in the shoes to call them down." This is rough on high-water "pants." If they become yellow on the knees, ink them carefully, or bol them in black paint. If they stretch at the waistband, lay them over in platts. Then go around the block, and people will imagine you to be one of Barnum's latest additions to the museum. Save money and purchase \$8 suits. A real \$8 suit can be had of all the leading clothiers. Never pay as high as \$30 for a suit of clothes. Eight from thirty leaves twenty-two. Twenty-two dollars are saved by this deal. Economy is wealth. Again, let us look in the tangle of domestic economy. A man will sometimes walk to save car fare, and then purchase a quarter of a dollar's worth of cigars. He will also complain bitterly of the full times; but watch him enjoy the ballot in the orchestra. This is bald-headed economy. People must enjoy themselves one way if they have to economize in another. Again, will an 80-cent shirt stand rubbing on a washboard? It might. But generally they are handled with care. "Deal gently with the prize package shirt" is a rule sometimes laid down by laundriesmen. "Steam and coax it to become clean," he adds to the laundress, "but do not wrestle with it." A laundress will not wrestle with a cheap shirt. Again, if a spring bonnet costs \$27.50 what will a derby hat come to? One ninety. Because this same gentleman who pays for the aforesaid spring bonnet desires to economize on spring hats. Domestic economy is an intricate science. And here again is a beautiful scene of economy: Closing up the house during the summer months to allow the family to enjoy themselves in the country. Are you not paying rent? Yes, unless you own the house. But house owners are not included in this argument. I refer to the gentleman who pays rent. Who gets the benefit of this vacant house during the summer months? The servant girl, the policeman, and the cotton-gin. What are the family doing in the country? Enjoying themselves and getting tanned. They are getting healthy. Good. But in the meantime you are paying rent. This is one of the delicate questions in economy. Again, a young man writes to ask me if he can get married on \$10 a week. Yes, he can, if the girl's father is a millionaire. But, unless the girl's father is a millionaire, I would advise you to keep single. Can a man keep house on \$10 a week? He can—about three days.—Pack.

The Fair Girl Graduate.

"Could I see the editor?" she asked, looking around for him, and wondering what was going on under his table. "Eh! yes, I'm him," responded the editor, evading himself, and slipping a cork in his pocket. "What can I do for you?" "I'm a student in Packer institute," responded the blushing damsel, "and I've written a little article on 'Our School Days,' which I would like to have published in The Brooklyn Eagle, if you think it is good enough." "Certainly," replied the editor, gazing in unconscious admiration upon the beautiful face before him. "Does it commence: 'Our school days. How the words linger in sweet cadences of the memory?' Is that the way it runs?" "Why, yes," responded the beaming girl. "Then it goes on: 'How we look forward from them to the time when we shall look back to them.' Isn't that it?" "It certainly is," answered the astonished girl, radiant with delight. "How could you know what I had written?" "Then it changes from the pianissimo and becomes more tender: 'The shadows gather around our path. The roses of friendship are withering, but may we not hope that they will bloom again, as we remember the affection that bound us here and made—'" "No, you're wrong there," and the soft eyes looked disappointed. "Is it 'Hope on, hope ever,' ask the editor.

"That comes in farther on. You had it nearly right. It is: 'The sun shadows close around us. The flowers of friendship are sleeping, but not withered, and will bloom again in the affectionate remembrance of the chains that bound us so lightly.'"

"Strange that I should have made that mistake," said the editor faintly. "I never missed on one before. From there it goes: 'Schoolmates, let us live so that all our days shall be as radiant as those we have known here and may we pluck happiness from every bush, forgetting never that the thorns are below the roses, and those whose hands are bruised in the march through life.'"

"That's it!" exclaimed the delighted girl. "Then comes, 'Hope on, hope ever.'"

"Surely your born," cried the editor, blushing with pleasure and once more on the track.

"Yes, yes, you're right," giggled the girl. "I can't see how you found me out! Would you like to print it?" and her face resumed an anxious shade.

"Certainly," responded the editor. "I'll say it is by the most promising young lady in Brooklyn, the daughter of an esteemed citizen, a lady who has taken a high social rank."

"That finishes the school commencement at one swoop