A MOTHER'S DIRE ACT.

CHICAGO, ILL., Dec. 16.—When Joseph Kosa, a cutter employed in a Clark street tailor shop, returned to his home to-night he found the door leading to his flat locked and barred. Vigorous knocking brought no response, and when the door was finally forced the bodies of his wife, Antonia, and his 12-months-old child were seen dangling from the transom of the bed room door, suspended by pieces of a shawl strap.

The dead woman was a native of Saxony, and 24 years old. She married Kosa less than two years ago, and their domestic relations are said to have been pleasant, but Mrs. Kosa became nearly crazed when her child took sick recently. It is supposed that she committed the deed when temporarily insane.

DIED IN GREAT AGONY.

St. Louis dispatch: The death from hydrophobia of the daughter of Louis Grundy, ex-chairman of the republican city central committee and a prominent businessman and contractor, was reported to the coroner to-day. Barbara Elizabeth Grundy was thirteen years old. Some time ago she was playing with a young puppy, only two months old, when it bit her. The wound was not serious and as the dog was known never to have been out of the house since the day of birth, and had never been with other dogs, nothing was thought of it. About eight days ago, however, the young lady began to show symptoms of the dread disease, and two physicians were called in. Their efforts to relieve her sufferings were of no avail, and she rapidly grew worse until yesterday, when she died in great agony.

A THING OF THE PAST.

St. Louis dispatch: Knight of Labor District Assembly No. 101, is to become a thing of the past. It is rapidly disintegrating, and in a short time will cease to exist. The assembly included all the local assemblies of men employed on the Gould Southwest system of railroads, and on the authority of its executive committee the strike of last spring was ordered. Since the settlement of that difficulty positive orders have been given on the Missouri Pacific and its connections prohibiting the issuance of passes to employees who may be delegated to represent local assemblies at the meetings of the district assembly. These delegates then were forced to pay fare or stay away, and calling a meeting meant a considerable expense upon the organization. The district assembly had jurisdiction in Missouri, Kansas, Indian Territory, Arkansas, Texas and Kentucky. The sum of necessary fares was more than the treasury could stand, and it was decided—as the power of the assembly was gone—it would be better to disorganize it.

ANTI-MORMON LEGISLATION.

Washington special: The representatives of the anti Mormons are making very earnest efforts to bring up in the house the bill reported favorably from the judiciary committee last summer, which proposes to make still more strong and effective the statutes against polygamy. They are confident of success, and have assurance from the speaker that an opportunity shall be given to consider the bill. Prominent among those who are urging the passage of the bill are Kate Field, Mr. Baskin, of Utah, and the nephew of Brigham Young. The Mormons are also represented here and are active.

There are the usual stories about the use of money by the Mormon representatives. The danger of the bill is, of course, in delay, and the programme of the Mormons at this session, as it was at the last, is to secure delay. They had their wishes gratified at the last session to an eminent degree by delay, whether in consequence of their own efforts or not, they probably may never know.

A DESPERATE PRIZE FIGHT.

Boston dispatch: The most savage prize fight, without exception, that has ever been fought in this part of the country occurred at a late hour last night in a disused loft in one of the wharves in this city, the principals being Dick Cronin, of Boston, and Abe Homer, champion light weight of the United States navy. The pugilists' hands were covered with the lightest of kid gloves and they fought until both were unable to stand, when the referee declared the contest a "draw." Eight desperate rounds were fought. There were several knockdowns and blood was freely drawn on both sides. The faces of both men were terribly cut and disfigured and both had to be carried from the spot. Early in the day police got wind of the affair and on three occasions during the evening when the preparations had been completed for the fight they appeared and prevented it. There was bad blood between the principals, however, and finally the loft was secured, into and from which fighters and spectators had to descend and ascend hand over hand on ropes. Ten well known sporting men contributed a purse of $200, and only they besides the seconds witnessed the fight.

SOME WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

The estimates of the supervising architect for the repairs of public buildings have been sent to the senate. Among them are the following: Chicago customs house, extension of ventilation and repairs, $168,000; Chicago Marine hospital and breakwater, $31,500.

The collections from oleomargarine up to Nov. 30, were $225,299.

The supreme court of the United States has granted a motion to advance the important bank tax case of the Mercantile National bank against the city of New York, involving the question of the legality of state taxation upon national bank shares. The case is set for argument the first day after the February term.

The collections of internal revenue during the first five months of the present fiscal year amounted to $48,005,806, being $792,500 less than the collections during the corresponding period of the last fiscal year.

A special says: There is still talk about a revision of the tariff during the present session of congress, but it is chiefly confined to those democratic members who voted with Mr. Randall against considering the Morrison bill. It is stated by Mr. McAdoo and others of this class that though they voted against the consideration of the Morrison bill they do not want to be known as being opposed to any and every kind of tariff reduction, and it is proposed to hold another conference for the purpose of seeing if some reduction of the tariff cannot be made when the Hewitt administration bill is taken up.

SIX YOUTHS TO BE HANGED.

SYDNEY, N. J., Dec. 17.—Of the nine youths sentenced here for criminally assaulting a 16-year-old servant girl, the executive has decided to commute the sentences of three for life. The six others will be hanged.

Among the fourth-class postoffices which will become presidential January 1, 1887, are those at Coldwater, Cimmaron and Neodesha, Kan., and Clarksville, Mo.

Mr Murky Pops the Question.

"She's consented at last! Far two years I'd thought a date on Nellie McCusker, only I had nothin' on an Irish bye's toughness to up and tell her that same! But yisterday, sez I to meself: 'Pat Murky, now's yer time, or never!'

"Nellie was in the pantry washin' the dishes an' sumthin shouted: 'Ax her! She's too busy to look at ver ony way.'

"So I starts on wid: 'Troth, Nellie, it's a bad loife fur a bye to be livin' alone.'

"'Yis,' sez she wid nary a twinkle. 'Mike Ryan, that's jist bin sint to prison, is in a bad way indade.'

"'Och,' sez I, 'there's mony a bye that's lonely livin' rite wid his freends an' naybors. Sure an' I'm lonesome meself.'

"'How can I b'lave that,' says she, 'whin ye've a fiddle?'

"'Did fuls,' sez I, 'are cheerin', but I've got me two eyes set on somethin', somethin' cheerinier.'

"She forget to ax me what that sumthin' was, so I trotted off by another road, sayin':

"'Faith, Nelly, I'm going back across the pond in Marchuary.'

"'Indade!' sez she, flirtin' the dishrag. 'An' it's a pity ye iver cum over?'

"'Yis,' sez I, 'Jane sed thet same in her last letter.'

"'An' who's Jane?' axt Nelly, gettin' red loike the crabs on the table beside her.

"'She thinks a power o' me,' sez I, onbeelin'.

"'Saure an' that's quare. Is she young es me?'

"'Yis.'

"'An' bether lookin'?'

"'Paple mo ght think so.'

"'An' is she waitin' fur ye?'

"'Yis.'

"'Sae'll be changin' names sure, reckon?'

"'Yis.'

"'Wat's her name now?'

"'Jane—Murky!' cried I wid delight.

"'Thin' she's your sister,' sez Nelly, cross es her mistress. 'Well, it ain't much matter seein' ez how I've got a bye wotchin' fur me over in Ballycoran.'

"'Wat's his name?' axt I turin' hot an' cold to wanst.

"'Barney Flynn,' sez she.

"'About me size?'

"'Yis.'

"'An' does he luv ye?'

"'Nixt to the Vargin.'

"'Is he comin' to Americky sure?'

"'No.'

"'Why not, beloid?'

"'Och, Pat, he's married alriddy!'

"'The spalpeen!' says I.

"'Don't give him hard names,' sez she. 'Barney Flynn's me stepbrother!'

"Then she laft that purty laugh o' hern an' I wint up close.

"'Nelly,' sez I.

"'Wat, Pat?'

"'Cud ye luv a bye loike me?'

"'Troth an' I wudn't tiary.'

"'Why not, darlint?'

"'Faith, I was niver axt to.'

"'Then I'll ax ye now.'

"'Don't do it,' sez she. 'I'm that full o' work I couldn't raply for a month,' and the dishes flew'd ivery way es she said it.

"But I sat down on the stip.

"'I kin wait,' sez I.

"'The mistress woll cum an' found you here.'

"'I'd be plazed to mate her.'

"'I'll tell her ye're a robber.'

"'Begorra, that's just what I am, for I'm athier Nellie McCusker's heart!'

"'Ye'll be arrested.'

"'I've bin alriddy and yer blu' eyes did it,' says I. 'Cum, Nellie, lock me up in ver warm heart forever.'

"'Och, its boulted and I've lost the key.'

"'Thin I'll clolmb in at the winder.'

"She hung her curly head fur a minit, and whin she looked up I axt her to be me wife."

"'I'll gav ye fo've seckinds,' sez I. 'Ef ye wuil just fotch me the big pewter spoon ye've bin wipin'; ef you won't, thin put it back in the drawer.'

"She peeped at me over the top av it.

"'D've ye mane what ye say, Pat?'

"'Yis, darlint,' saz I.

"'Thin here is the spoon!'"—*Boston Herald.*

Vanderbilt's Tomb.

A writer in *The New York Graphic* says: I paid a visit not long ago to the old Moravian cemetery at Staten island, where the Vanderbilt crypt is built. As you enter the gate by the little wooden church, before you is an ordinary vault, where a man watches night and day, and here the body of the great millionaire rests for the time being. Following the road that leads to the left through the woods, you come after a few minutes upon the large sepulcher designed to contain all that is mortal of the great railroad king. It is in a sequested, lonely spot, and a sense of isolation comes over you as the great, massive tomb is first seen. It looks much like a Moorish receptacle for the dead, with the two round cupolas of granite rising from the embankment at the back. The front of the tomb is of blocks of white granite beautifully and wonderfully carved, and through the two side gratings can be seen tall urns, each bearing an inscription. It is proposed to lay out ten acres of ground about the tomb in a park.

How a Country Paper Is Run.

The "copy," after the managing editor has revised it, comes to the composing room. It then passes through the hands of the foreman, then the printers set the type from it, then again the "devil" handles it, and lastly the copyholder and proof-reader tackle it. The latter is expected to correct the spelling, adjust the punctuation, "fix" the grammar and see that no typographical errors occur. He must know everybody, and the initials of their names. He must be a physician, metaphysician, antiquarian, philologist, logician, conchologist, theologian, naturalist, botanist, up in the dead languages, and must be, besides, acquainted with the whole field of general literature, poetry, fiction, history, art, etc. It is not surprising, then, that an error slips into a paper once in a while.—*Baltimore American.*

Gems of Thought.

It was a very proper answer to him who asked, why any man should be delighted with beauty? That it was a question that none but a blind man could ask, since any beautiful object does so much attract the sight of all men that is in no man's power not to be pleased with it.—*Cervantes.*

Men resemble the gods in nothing so much as in doing good to their fellow creatures.—*Cicero.*

I hold it cowardice
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawned an open hand in sign of love.
—*Shakspeare.*

A man that can not mind his own business, is not to be trusted with the king's.—*Saville.*

A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.—*Talleyrand.*

I think the first virtue is to restrain the tongue; he approaches nearest to the gods who knows how to be silent, even though he is in the right.—*Cato.*

What is the worst of woes that wait on age?
What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?
To view each loved one blotted from life's page,
And be alone on earth, as I am now.
—*Byron.*

Deference is the most complicate, the most indirect, and the most elegant of all compliments.—*Sheenstone.*

An egotist will always speak of himself either in praise or in censure; but a modest man ever shuns making himself the subject of his conversation.—*La Bruyere.*

Wherever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man I take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.—*Pope.*

To smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief.—*Sheridan.*

Money and time are the heaviest burdens of life, and the unhappiest of all mortals are those who have more of either than they know how to use.—*Johnson.*

And 'tis remarkable that they
Talk most that have the least to say.
Your dainty speakers have the curse,
To plead their causes down to worse;
As dames, who native beauty want,
Still uglier look the more they paint.
—*Prior.*

It Was Not Sheol in Those Days.

In the good old days "befo' de wah" our fathers and mothers were more firmly fixed upon the rock of orthodox than their degenerate sons and daughters, and the new-fangled "isms" made slow progress among those who were grounded in the belief that "In Adam's fall we sinned all," etc., etc.

A lady of our acquaintance tells a good one illustrative of the above. She and her brother were attendants upon the Sunday school of the orthodox church in the village in which they lived. The Universalists were endeavoring to establish a church there, and held Sunday services and Sabbath school in the town hall.

As the children were on the way to Sunday school one day, the boy insisted upon leaving the beaten path and attending the lately organized school, greatly to his sister's indignation.

In consequence of the young man's contumacy the affair reached the dimensions of a regular "scene" upon the public street, in which a sturdy boy was marching off toward the hall, with a little girl hanging to his jacket skirt, weeping in a heart broken fashion.

"What's the matter, sis?" asked a gentleman whom they met. "Has your brother been whipping you?"

"No, sir, but he's real naughty."

"What has he been doing?"

"He's goin' to that new Sunday-school at the hall!"

"I didn't know it was naughty to go there. What is the matter with the new school?"

"Why didn't you know? They haven't got any hell there."—*Chicago Ledger.*

Letters to the Lady of the White House.

Many persons have the idea that the position of mistress of the White House carries with it no other duties than the social one of presiding on state occasions or assisting the President to receive. In reality the position is far from proving a sinecure, for Mrs. Cleveland endeavors not only to read, but answer personally all communications directed to her. When one reflects upon the size of the mail daily delivered at the White House it will be seen that this is no light task, but, rather, one which would give constant occupation to a secretary specially engaged for such work. Upon returning from the Adirondacks, Mrs. Cleveland found the mail awaiting her large enough to fill a good-sized clothes basket, but she went bravely at it, and has just concluded her self-imposed task of reading through and answering this formidable pile of manuscript.—*Washington Capitol.*

He Had an Attachment for Her.

One of Sheriff Harrington's new deputies called upon a pretty Washington avenue widow to serve an attachment.

"Madam, I have an attachment for you."

The widow blushed, but said something about reciprocation.

"You must proceed to court."

"I prefer that you do that."

"Come, hurry, please, the justice is waiting!"

"Oh, well, then, you have the license, I suppose?"

The deputy cleared himself in time.—*St. Louis Chronicle.*

A Bonanza.

"That dime is only worth five cents," said the groceryman to Johnny Fizzletop.

"How's that?"

"It's got a hole in it."

"So a hole in a dime is good for five cents."

"Just so."

"Then give the dime back to me. I'll punch another hole in it and then it will be worth ten cents. By thunder, I'll punch six holes in it and then it will be worth thirty cents. I'll have money to throw at the birds pretty soon."—*Texas Siftings.*

A CRAFTY WOMAN.

One of the Greatest Confidence Operators of Her Time—How She Deceived an Old Man.

A Philadelphia dispatch of Nov. 29 to *The New York Times* says: Charles Dayton Talmage brought his romantic and peculiar connection with the notorious adventuress, Mrs. Annie Wallingford, to a most dramatic climax this afternoon, when he appeared as a witness in a suit affecting his interests which was on trial before Judge Fell. He testified to the fraudulent and crafty methods by which the subtle adventuress got him in her toils and secured from him an assignment of all he owned on earth. The old man's frame shook with excitement and his voice trembled with emotion as he declared "it was a fraud and a cheat. I never owed her a cent of the $15,000 said to have been a consideration for the assignment. She has robbed me of $20,000. She has seventeen husbands and twenty different names." Mr. Talmage said he knew whereof he spoke, and his knowledge was acquired by long and bitter experience.

The public has had only scraps and inklings of the most remarkable chapter in the life of the woman who is justly entitled to the distinction of being one of the greatest confidence operators of her time. She met Charles D. Talmage in Paris in 1878, and their relations soon became quite intimate. In less than a year there was a quarrel, an exchange of rings and gems. A lawyer put things in shape and the two actors in the drama separated. Six years elapsed before they came together again. The meeting was in a boarding-house in New York, where both were living. Mrs. Wallingford has concealed the ravages of time with cosmetics and a tawny wig, and for nearly a week she passed before Mr. Talmage's inattentive eyes unrecognized and unknown. Meanwhile she had taken the measure of her intended victim and formed plans which contemplated nothing less than the getting possession of his entire fortune. When the time was ripe she revealed herself, brought up pleasant memories of the past, and prevailed upon the old man to go and live with her in a flat on Sixth avenue, near Twenty-eight street. Then she commenced to carry out her well-planned schemes. She knew that at an earlier period of his life Mr. Talmage's mind had been unsettled, and that he was constantly in more or less dread of a recurrence of his mental malady which might land him in a mad-house. This was the string on which she played. She discovered that Counselors George W. Arundel and R. O. Moon, of this city, had in their possession about $8,000 which they had recovered in a suit in which they had acted as Talmage's counsel. To get this money was her first object. With all the influence she had over her deluded victim this seemed an easy task. She told him that Messrs. Arundel and Moon were his enemies and would confine him in an insane asylum if he came to Philadelphia. She assured him that his relatives and friends had already instituted proceedings to have him declared a lunatic. She hired men to track him on the streets of New York, and then pointed them out to him as detectives sent over to entrap him and get him back to Philadelphia. By these means she persuaded him that he could not safely come to this city. The quest on then arose how he was to get the money from Mr. Arundel. To this she proposed an easy answer. There was nothing to prevent her coming to Philadelphia, therefore give her a judgment note and let her collect it from the attorneys. Talmage still hesitated, so he was taken to a lawyer's office and browbeaten into acquiescence.

Past experience had taught the adventuress caution, and she fortified her position until it seemed impregnable. Not satisfied with getting Talmage's signature to a judgment note for $8,400, she also made him sign an affidavit stating that the judgment was for borrowed money and that he had no defense to it of any kind or sort. Fearful that this might not bind his real estate she took in addition an assignment of all his property. Besides all this she got him to write her a letter, dated in 1879, admitting that he owed her money. To give this paper the proper appearance of age she explained that she would dip it in tea and carry it in her pocket for awhile. These papers she brought on to Philadelphia and spread upon the records of the common pleas court No. 3. No Philadelphia lawyer would assist in the conspiracy, so that she was obliged to act her own attorney until she brought a lawyer over from New York with her. She issued an attachment against Mr. Arundel, and expected that she would get money immediately. Mr. Arundel surprised her by making a most vigorous and persistent defense. Without having any precedent for his action he stood between the woman and his former client, held on to the money in spite of the orders and protests of the latter, and was fully sustained by the court. Mrs. Wallingford made repeated efforts to force him to give the money up, but was always balked. Finally she got disgusted and kicked Talmage out of the flat. This was just what Mr. Arundel had predicted to the court that she would do as soon as she found herself unable to get the money. Mr. Talmage then came on to Philadelphia, and Mr. Arundel explained to him the true condition of affairs. He was duly grateful and became as bitter against the womanas he had formerly been strong in his passion for her. He retained Messrs. Arundel and Moon to assist him in getting the court to open the judgment entered on the $8,400 note. Depositions were taken, in which he described how it had been extorted from him, and declared that he owed the woman nothing. The court promptly granted his application and opened the judgment.

Mrs. Wallingford, however, has not yet given up the contest. Although she has no judgment, she has the note, the affidavit, and the tea-stained letter, upon which she intends to ask a jury to give her a verdict. Her efforts are at present directed to securing a lawyer who will content to represent her.

EXPLORERS ASTONISHED.

Remarkable Discoveries that Some of Them Have Recently Made.

It happens now and then that an explorer makes a sensational and wholly unexpected discovery. Several curious facts with regard to certain tribes of savages have recently been ascertained. Mr. W. Montagu Kerr, for instance, has found among the Makorikori tribe in in Africa, whom he is the first to describe, gunpowder which they make themselves for use in the flint-lock muskets which they obtain from native traders.

This tribe lives far from the east coast and quite a distance south of the Zambesi river. Their gunpowder burns slowly, and its explosive force is far inferior to that of ours, but it answers their purpose very well. They mix the efflorescence of saltpeter with charcoal which they make from the bark of the mufati tree. This mixture is baked in an earthen pot for several hours, and then it is pulverized and spread in the sunlight, where it is left for some time. It is not at all likely that the Makorikoros, like the Chinese, discovered the art of making gunpowder. Their fathers doubtless learned it from the Portuguese or from slaves who had lived among white men on the coast. We hear strange things once in a while of African tribes, but it was hardly to be expected that a wholly unknown tribe, hemmed in by the mountains of inner Africa, would be found engaged in the manufacture of gunpowder.

A few years ago Lieut. Wissmann came home and told a remarkable story about tribes he had met with south of the Congo river, who were far more civilized than most African people. His report is now fully confirmed by the travels in the same region of Lieuts. Kund and Tappenbeck. They found last year, between the Congo and Sankuru river, many street villages, with large, gable-roofed huts standing squarely on either side of the street, inhabited by brownish-red, fine-looking people. These villagers have advanced notions of comfort. They sleep on wooden bedsteads instead of on the floor. Their homes are the largest yet found in Africa, and are kept clean. Their streets are about fifty yards wide, sometimes two or three miles long and are carefully swept. Refuse of all sorts is taken away and thrown into pits dug for the purpose. They are clever hunters, and train their dogs to follow game. They carve pestles out of ivory for pounding manioc, and they have astonishing skill as wood carvers. Lieut. Kund brought home two wooden cups representing negro heads, which might readily be taken for European products, owing to their superior workmanship. Behind the houses of this populous Zenge tribe are neatly kept gardens and plantations of bananas.

When Lieut. Holm visited an isolated settlement of East Greenlanders two years ago he was astonished to find among these natives, of whom the world had never heard, walrus spears of which the handles were made of wood, although no timber grew there, and the points of hoop-iron. He ascertained that the sea current had brought these useful commodities to the poor Esquimaux in the shape of wreckage and iron-bound boxes.

It has recently been shown that in parts of Chili where European trees and plants have been introduced the native flora is actually disappearing and the imported vegetation is flourishing in its place. Exporters are often surprised to see the familiar plants and fruits of other regions growing as exotics where they did not dream of finding them. Kerr discovered the tomato in the far exterior of Africa, and Schweinfurth was much astonished to find tobacco in the heart of the continent, where it was raised and enjoyed by natives who had never heard of its American home, though the name by which the weed was known among some tribes was doubtless derived from our name for it.—*New York Sun.*

Had a Taste for Tar.

"Can I do anything for you?" politely inquired the young man in charge of the cigar factory office as a stranger entered.

"Why, yes, I guess so," was the rather slow reply. "You make a brand of cigars called the 'Joax,' don't you?"

"Yes, sir, we do."

"And you keep advertising that you are bound to preserve the excellence of the brand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I've been smoking the 'Joax's' for a couple of years past, and it's only lately I've noticed a change in the taste. I thought I'd drop in and see about it."

"Why, sir, we are using even better tobacco."

"And the same fillers?"

"Better fillers, sir."

"Well, that's probably the matter. Up to a fortnight ago they had a beautiful taste of tarred rope, and my wife used to inhale the smoke for catarrh. Since that time they seem to have a sort of sheep-twine taste, and the smell is like an old towel on fire. I was going to say that if——"

"Our cigars are made entirely of choice tobacco, sir!"

"No rope inside?"

"No, sir!"

"Oh, well, then, I guess I'll change my brand. Tarred rope lays over sheep-twine any day in the week with me, and there's my wife's catarrh and the baby's whooping cough to be consulted. Sorry to have troubled you, sir, but all of us have our taste, you know."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Increase of Population.

In round numbers the population of the United States increases at the rate of 1,000,000 a year. The census of 1880 showed a population of over 50,000,000, and close estimates based on local censuses give in 1886 55,000,000. Of this increase about one-third is from abroad. Two natives reach the stage of action for one foreign born resident. The ratio of native increase must in the future be greater, as the native element is constantly growing larger, while the foreign is about stationary.

In a Battle Panorama Studio.

The central platform is, of course, the standpoint from which visitors will view the panorama—and therefore the artists are only too glad to go to it frequently, as the painting nears completion, in order to observe the effect and progress of their work.

This, too, is the place of conference, and despite the signs of "No Admittance," within and without, visitors are frequent and usually welcome. These visitors are often veteran soldiers who took part in the action represented, and who often make helpful suggestions.

The army stories that are told on the central platform, when old soldiers meet and discuss the old days, would, if collected, make a prodigious volume. The floor of the platform is chalked and rechalked with diagrams, some referring to the panorama itself, but more to illustrate occurrences upon other fields. The strong pine rail surrounding the platform is penciled all over with kindred decorations, while scraps of paper, upon which are memoranda of incidents and a variety of data, as well as names and addresses, are pinned to the convenient timber with thumb-tacks.

The artists paint steadily, every individual being mainly occupied in perfecting his own work, though never hesitating to ask or extend aid in some special direction. One artist, for instance, has an excellent figure of a mounted officer, all complete excepting the portrait, a photograph for which is pinned to the canvas. While this artist goes to strengthen a line of battle, another one will rapidly paint in an admirable portrait for the incomplete figure. Soon, another brush is busy with the horse, while still another artist calls for some special saddle and bridle to be brought to the platform that he may paint the trappings.

Now, look at the back of the photograph which is pinned to the canvas—a faded *carte de visite* of a young officer; upon a slip of paper we read the following: "Col. K, now on General Sheridan's staff; then captain, General Thomas's staff, H 47" (meaning the section H, square 47 of the panorama;) "French cap, blouse, captain's straps—staff—dark-blue trousers, gold cord, cavalry boots, staff sword, McClellan saddle; shabrack—black horse; see sketch."

This instance will give an idea of the way in which facts are preserved when a panorama is painted by artists who conscientiously strive to make of the work a great historical painting.—*Theodore R. Davis, in St. Nicholas.*

Orange Groves in California.

In comparison to the extent of southern California, the localities suited to the growth of the orange, lemon, and lime are very limited. I mean by this that the places where the orange can be brought to perfection, without coddling, wrapping, etc., are few and limited in extent; even on the far-famed Riverside there are many groves on the lower ground where they get an occasional freeze, and where, in their young stage, the trees have to be wrapped and covered each winter, and in the valleys nearer the coast, Los Angeles, for instance, they get so many fogs that the fruit is more or less spotted with fungoid growth, which materially affects their keeping qualities and sale, so that, really speaking, there is only the mesa land, near the interior foothills, where the orange, lemon, and lime will flourish summer and winter, where the fruit is brought to its highest perfection, and where, year by year, the grove yields a good income to the grower. But given a good location, planted to good budded fruit, there is no tree planted that will yield such an income as the orange. The planting is done from February to June. Seeding plants cost from 40 to 60 cents each; budded trees from 75 cents to $1 each. They are planted all the way from eighteen feet apart to thirty feet, and the estimate of last season's planting in the three counties—viz., San Diego, San Bernardino, and Los Angeles,—was 1,000 acres, or nearly 100,000 trees, and these are almost exclusively Washington Navels. The output of last season was about 153,000 boxes, or somewhat over 35,000,000 oranges, and Riverside alone netted $300,000 for their crop. An orange orchard, if it is well attended to and properly cared for, will begin to pay about the fifth year from planting. The lemon is harder to cultivate than the orange, and the crop is more expensive to handle. The owner of a lemon grove must have a cool curing-house, if he would make anything out of his crop, because the lemon should be picked before it is ripe, and placed in bins in a cool room to cure. When picked the skin is thick and not very juicy, but when properly cured it comes out with a thin skin and an abundance of juice, and such fruit always finds a ready market at a good paying price; but the California growers are only just beginning to find this out.—*Vick's Magazine.*

Severity in Verbosity.

Smith and Jones were bewailing the great increase of crime in our country, and endeavoring to account for the alarming number of defalcations by men in positions of trust. Smith maintained that our Judges were not sufficiently severe in the penalties imposed upon this class of offenders, and said he believed "if the courts would give those fellows 'the butt end of the law' there would be less stealing by persons holding fiduciary positions."

"I believe you," says Jones. "And, by the way, our judges don't seem to be at all like Mr. Evarts."

"How so?"

"Why, given to long sentences, you know."—*Chicago Ledger.*

A Waste of Time.

German: Why don't you Americans drink beer as we do?

Young America: How's that?

German: Sip it slowly, and take half or three quarters of an hour to a glass.

Young America (with disgust): It would take all night to get full.—*Life.*