OUTWARD OR HOMEWARD.

attl are the ships that in haven ride, Walting fair winds or a turn of the tide; Nothing but fret, though they do not get Out on the ocean wide. O wild hearts that yearn to be free, Look and learn from the ships of the sea!

Bravely the ships in the tempest tossed, fet the waves till the sea be crossed; Not in despair of the haven fair, ough winds blow backward and leagues be lost O weary hearts that yearn for sleep, Look and learn from the ships of the deep! -F. W. Bourdillon.

MARRIAGE OF UNEQUALS.

Women More Likely Than Men to Marry Beneath Their Intellectual Station. The genius of Milton never found a sweeter theme than the ideal marriage of our first parents in Eden, yet he who wrote so beautifully of the married state was himself the wictim of an unhappy marriage. Indeed, men of genius have, perhaps, been more unfortunate in this respect toan ordinary mortals, because, living on a higher plane of thought, it was more difficult for them to find a helpmate equal to themselves. The same is srne, although not to the same extent, of women of genius who have married men inferior to themselves in mind, because a woman's nature has not only more endurance, but more adaptability in it than a man's, The man soon grows impatient of the conversation of a frivolous wife, especially if she disturbs his mental occupations, but the woman often feels a pleasure in the bomage of a commonplace husband, if only he be an honest and considerate fellow, and with her more than with man "pity is akin to love." Hence it is that there are probably more clever and highly gifted women who throw themselves away, as the phrase is, upon a good natured simpleton, than of talented men who fall in love with women who are not in intellectual

sympathy with them. The world "marries and is given in marriage," and the wedding bells ring on from age to age unceasingly, and yet how few who witness the life contract of brides and bridegrooms stop to consider the tremendous importance of so brief a ceremony. Upon the mental, moral and physical qualities of the man and of the woman may depend the actions and results of actions of a succession of human beings in generations yet to come. The ungoverned will descends from sire to son, and the secretiveness or aquisitiveness uncontrolled by other qualities in the father or the mother may make the thief, the liar er the miser, who, a few decades hence, will be the black sheep of the family fold. An ungovernable temper married to an ungovernable temper may beget the murderer whom society is forced to hang for its own protection, but who may be as irresponsible before the tribunal of supreme justice as the hunatic is now held to be before our earthly

It has been said, coarsely, perhaps, in the ears of modern refinement, but with perfect truth, that while we take every precaution to insure high qualities in the higher types of dogs and horses, we seem to think it a matter of no consequence to insure a noble nature to our own offspring.-Brooklyn Magazine.

She Fixed His Blouse.

We had gone into winter quarters at Charleston, W. Va. Some new recruits had arrived for the Thirty-sixth Ohio, and one of them was finding fault with the government table, took his station as much as possible befor not putting more pockets in his blouse. hind the young couple, his eye all the time It bappened that the wife of Gen. R. B. Hayes was on a visit to the general and was stopping at headquarters. Some of the boys length said the young man to his companion, told the grumbler that he could get a pocket as he passed the saccharine for her use. at in his blouse; that Gen. Hayes kept a seamstress at headquarters on purpose to patch their clothes and sew on buttons.

"Yes," said one, "the general is always on the lookout for the welfare of his men. Only the other day be had a man arrested for sowing on some buttons. The idea of a soldier woman for that purpose! If you want angeneral; you will find the lady there. Tell to a decision. He leaned over and said: them what you want and you will soon

He was soon on his way to headquarters, while we watched to see the fun. The recruit marched up and the general returned his salute and said:

"Well, my good man, what can I do for "General, the boys told me there was woman here to sew for the soldiers, and I wanted to get a pocket put in this blouse."

Before the general could answer Mrs. Mayes spoke up and said: "Certainly, certainly; leave your blouse for

an hour or so and you shall have a pocket in When the soldier returned with the pochet in his blouse, and the boys told him who the lady was, we realized that we had carried the joke too far and had imposed on one of the est and truest women in the world.-National Tribune.

Christian Converts from Buddhism.

I met a gentleman a few days ago who has but recently returned from a residence of several years in India. He is well educated, and during his long residence in the land of Buddhism he turned his attention especially to the effects of Christianity upon the followers of Gautama. At first he was deeply impressed by the devotion shown by the natives who professed to have embraced the religion of the western world. He found them faithful in their attendance at the services held by the missionaries and very careful in following out the instructions given them by their teachers. In fact, they were, as a rule, far more devout than the members of the European colomes.

After studying them for some time, how-ever, my friend became convinced that a very large percentage of the apparently converted natives were far from being sincere in their protestations. While parading before the Europeans as devoted Christians they were secretly as faithful followers of Buddha as even the most punctilious member of the Exalted Order of the Star of India could wish them to be. My friend found that the native of India, like the heathen Chinee, had a great deal that was "artful and bland" wool over the missionaries' eyes in order to He explained that a native who was known joyed a great many more advantages among Europeans residing in India than the one who failed to renounce Buddhism.—"Ram-Vork Tribune.

"Don't you dawnse, Fred?" "No, dear boy; I'm invited out for my facial expression."—New York Journal.

The New York court of appeals has reaffirmed a former decision that the elevated railroads in New York city must pay for es through loss of light and air to s along the lines. - Chicago Times.

CONTROL OF THE EYES.

Something That Is Particularly Neces sary in the City of New York.

The greatest secret of enjoying existence in New York is that one must be absolutely the master of his own eyes. Hungry Joe, the arch confidence operator, used to say that he could distinguish a stranger by his hat or shoes. The idea that these betray men is so deep rooted that many strangers always buy New York hats and shoes as soon as they are rive, while others who expect to come often to town order these wearables from city But you can get correct hats and shoes in any large city, and off styles in the

But whatever one looks like he must control his eyes or life will be a perpetual torment to him. Our dudes and Anglomaniae society carry the thing too far. They go about forever looking over every one's head, or else staring with a dead and live glassy look, insulting alike to whomsoever they glance at and to their own intelligence. Thi they think "the grand air" and their admirers dub it aristocratic. A ward politician the other day said to me that the leader of a certain political faction was "gitting 'ristocratic." I asked him how he was showing this.

"Oh," said the beeler, "he has a tired look, and he don't seem to see you 'less he wants.' But by eye control I mean the seeing of everything without being seen to do so. This necessity is bred by the borde of street bandits that prey upon every man out of doors. Their number is legion and their ways are the ways of brigands. If a man lets his eyes fall on a boy who utters a peculiar street cry he is apt to have from two to six newsboys leap for him like so many human catapults. As he steps from a hotel, theatre, depot or club, if he allows his eyes to wander an instant he will be at once surrounded and hemmed in by cabmen, each seeking his custom, even by violence. If he turns his head to look at the mendicant who addresses him he may not be able to get rid of the fellow for a block. Resting the eye for an instant on a group of well dressed men (who may be interested in a "quiet game"), or on a boisterous drunkard or a voluble crank, may prove to have very annoying results. I was talking the other day to a lady whose receptions are very popular, and I remarked that people commented very curiously on the difference between her manner in doors and her carriage on the street. In doors she was all affability and unconscious

ease, and out of doors she was a poker. "It's all put on out of doors," she said; "it goes on with my bonnet and wrap. I was in endless trouble as long as I yielded to my inclination to be natural and carcless. Some can tell you. But now I am on my guard as long as I am out of doors.-Minneapolis Tri-

Elopers Sure Enough.

"There had been an account of an elopement in the morning papers," said the commercial traveler, "and I was thinking of it when a couple drove up to the country hotel and registered, 'Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So.' I winked at the boys and said: 'Here's for a joke.' The old hotel keeper was a very dear friend of mine and took my word for gospel truth, so when I said: 'Look out for 'em! I think I know 'em, and they are eloping and they are not married,' etc., you ought to have seen the old fellow. He scowled and lifted his chin, and wagged it up and down half a dozen time, sort of as though he was thinking it over, and then he walked off. All the other boys in the house were put on to the joke and we agreed to watch the old man and see what he did.

"Supper rang, and the party of traveling men took seats at one table and left the new arrivals to the sole occupancy of another. The hotel proprietor, who helped serve at the watching their every movement. "'Will you have some sugar in your ten?' at

"No, thank you; I never use sugar in my ten,' was the sweet response.

"We were watching the old man as he stood near them and heard this answer. He grew about a foot in a second. 'He's got a clew,' said I to myself. And it was a clew such as would make the eye of a Pinkerton detective patching his clothes when the general has a sparkle. The idea of a husband not knowing whether his wife used sugar in her tea or not! other pocket in your blouse take it to the The old man didn't linger long about coming 'Young man, you leave the table. That woman is not your wedded wife ?

"The couple never whimpered. They called for their team and drove on. The most surprised party in the affair was ours. We andn't dreamed that we were so near the truth. The next day the same pair were arrested in a neighboring town and carried back to their homes. If I should tell the landlord now that the Methodist minister that boards with him was Jesse James in disguise he would believe me."-Lewiston Me.) Journal.

Teapot and Punch Bowl. Afternoon teas are filling up the remaining days of the senson at Washington and the teapot and punch bowl still "draw," as theatrical people put it. A lackadaisical youth who was making eyes and saying soulful things in a languid way to a pretty assistant at a reception was handed a glass of punch to change the conversation. Tasting the compound, he rolled his eyes up, and said, "This punch is a symphony." He was only equaled by a Kansas man who was taken to one of Mrs. Cockrell's receptions, and being given her famous punch did not know whether t was a symphony or not. In fact, he did not know what the stuff was that he was drinking, as he was a rigid total abstinence man. He was shy as well, and seeing that every one else had a little glass cup of the harmless looking liquid he took one too. The poor man thought it was some kind of tea, and the bowl seemed more innocent to him than a bottle. He remarked to a friend afterward that it was very nice, but that he believed that it made him feel very queerly. One hostess has introduced this winter the fashion so common in Paris of having hot punch. She is an original woman all around, though, and caps the climax by giving her hot punch at her Sunday evening receptions. "Ruhamah" in Globe-Democrat.

Farmers in the Senate. The remark is current that "Judge Reagan of Texas will be the only farmer in the senate," but its propriety is most doubtful. There are numerous other senators who have farms. out his character, and simply pulled the They do not work them personally, nor depend upon them for a living, nor yet derive keep in the good graces of the Europeans. any especial pecuniary profit from them. But then neither does Mr. Reagan. His wife runs to have embraced the religion of the west en- the farm and says they lose money on it; for the soil is too sandy to raise any crops, and the sand is too poor to make into glass. - New

The Sewers and Catacombs.

The prefect of the Seine allows 800 excursionists a day to visit the sewers and catacombs in aid of the sufferers from the floods in the south of France.

In Germany during a year are made 540,-000 real meerschaum pipes, 500,000 imitation meerschaums and 500,000,000 wooden pipes.

GLUTTONS OF BYGONE DAYS. Some Distinguished Cases of Tremendous

Appetites-From the Records. Elizabeth Charlotte, the Duchess of Oreans, writing under date of Dec. 5, 1718, "The late king, monsieur the dauphin, and the Duc de Berri were mormous eaters. I have often seen the king eat four plates of different kinds of soup, a whole pheasant, a partridge, a dish of salad, two thick slices of ham, mutton flavored with garlie, a plateful of pastry and finish his repast with fruit and hard boiled eggs." There was a good old German from Wittemberg, where my Lord Hamlet attended the university. who had a fine faculty for storing away provender. His case is well attested, as handsome as her mother, For a wager he would eat a whole sheep or a whole pig or put out of sight a bushel of cherries, stones and all. He lived until he was about 80 years of age, a great portion of the time supporting himself by exhibiting the peculiarity of his appetite, which, to say the least, must have been a very eccentric one. Thus, he would chew glass, earthenware and flint into small fragments. He had an and birds, and when these were not prothe sand pounce and he would have gobbled the inkstand, too, had he not been

Taylor, the water poet, tells of Nicholas Wood, of the county of Kent, in England, who was a tolerably good trencherman. On one occasion he got away with a whole sheep; at another time with several rabbits; at a third with three dozen pigeons—well grown pigeons, not squabs; again with eighteen yards of black pudof cherries and three pecks of damsons. Dr. Copland, in speaking of two children who had wonderful appetites, the youngest, 7 years old, being the worst, said: The quantity of food devoured by her was astonishing. Everything that could be laid hold of, even in its raw state, was seized upon most greedily. Other articles, an uncooked rabbit, half a pound of candles and some butter, were taken at see time. The mother stated that this little girl, who was apparently in good health otherwise, took more food, if she could possibly obtain it, than the rest of adventures that I had were quite alarming, I her family, consisting of six beside her-

restrained.

self. A trifle over a hundred years ago a London youth ate five pounds of shoulder of lamb and two quarts of green peas in fifty minutes; and a Polish soldier, who was presented at the court of Saxer, succeeded in one day in getting outside of twenty pounds of feef and half a rosst calf, with the appropriate "fixings," When George III was king, a watchreaker's apprentice, 19 years of age, in three-quarters of an hour devoured a leg of pork weighing six pounds and a proportionate quantity of pease pudding, washing all down with a pint of brandy, taken in two "tots." The tall Nick Davenport, the actor, is known to have caten a seven pound turkey at a single sitting. Instances of depraved appetite are numerous, and men have been known to swallow fire, swords, spiders, flies, toads, serpents, cotton, hair, paper, wood. cinders, sand, earth, clay, chalk, flint, musket balls and earthen ware. One man could swallow billiard balls and gold

nity. One day he overdid the business by foot in his blanket and crawled into one of owing fourteen and it killed him. land, two men of Wiltshire wagered with each other as to which could consume the greatest quantity of food in the shortest space of time. One of them blotted from existence six pounds and a half of rabbit. a loaf of bread and two pounds of cheese in a quarter of an hour, and he was so pleased with the approbation he received and a half pint of brandy.—Good House-

The Railway Postal Clerk.

or throwing letters into the boxes for work his muscles begin to feel tired. for a moment, because his labor has just begun. He must brace himself up and enter upon a desperate game of follow | my leader the leader being a man who worked himself up from an apprentice to themselves first one way and then another, always keeping up that ceaseess throw, throw, throw, not for one hour or two, but for eight or ten hours, taking on additional pouches as the train flies through the country at a breakneck speed, and throwing off other pouches as pouch knocked out the small boy standing on the station platform, or landed in

the middle of the cornfield near by. The train does not stop at any but important towns, and the postal clerks must take chances on the pouch they throw off to the rural postmaster striking the ground anywhere within a quarter of a mile of him. By the time the clerk has got to the end of his run, the place being Chicago, St. Louis, Pittsburg, Grafton, Cleveland, as the case may be, and having been kept in a violent motion, legs, arms and mind, all the time, it is only reasonable to suppose that he feels tired, | Mail and Express. and he does. - Cincinnati Times-Star.

Silence That was Grand.

"It was so still in the hall," said Dobsomething grand!"—Tid Bits.

To Drink or Not to Drink.

"Yes," says Jenkins, "I am one of those fellows that can drink or let it alone. When I am where it is I can drink; when I am where it is not I can let it alone." —Detroit Free Press.

HANDSOME MRS. KATE CHASE.

Pen Picture of the Lady who Ruled Washington Society Fifteen Years Ago. Some days ago an afternoon reception was given by the wife and daughters of Mr. A. B. Mullett, formerly supervising architect of the treasury. Among the ladies receiving with the hostess was Mrs. Kate Chase, as she now calls herself-the once famous and always beautiful Kitty Chase. It was the first time she had appeared at any social gathering in Washington for many years, and the woman, who fifteen years ago ruled Washington society as it never was ruled before or since, was not personally known to onefourth of the guests present. Beside her stood her daughter Ethel—a slim, indefinite kind of

a girl, possibly to be pretty, but never to be As for Mrs. Kate Chase, her beauty is o that noble sort that age cannot wither nor custom stale. Besides, she is a woman who has passed through great storms without letting them agitate her unduly. She is now nearly 45 years old, but she looks ten years younger. She has lost the first brilliancy of her youthful complexion, but she can't help being superb and distinguished. In the day of her power she was intensely feared and ad mired, but never inspired or seemed to try especial preference for caterpillars, mice to inspire affection, so that the animosity she awkakened on the part of those who saw curable he would content himself with ber for the first time in many years assisting mineral substances. Once he put down at a party was of a critical kind. No doub his "maw and gulf" a pen, the ink and this suited her quite as well, because pity is something she always disdained.

She is no longer rich, and inherits Chief Justice Chase's financial inabilities in a marked degree. The sum of what she has now is the small competence left by her father, who lived and died a poor man. Whatever claim she has upon Canonchet is worth nothing now, and this woman who could order twent; two gowns with all accessories from Paris not many years ago, and repeat the orde whenever she felt like it, appeared the other day in the simplest kind of a black costume. dings, and on other occasions 60 pounds But it was nevertheless degant and approprinte, because it couldn't be anything else with Kitty Chase as its wearer. She niwny, had a perfect genius for clothes, and her striking beauty guined effect from the style in which she dressed.—Washington Letter.

A Young Indian's Self Torture.

Muszah, a promising young Sioux Indian, who is one of Buffalo Bill's attractions, received word the other morning of the death of his brother at Pine Ridge agency, Dakota, and he becan to mourn his loss in true Indian fasiolon. He first uttered a prolonged series or yells, shricks and groans that brought all the police in the neighborhood to the garden and aroused all the inmates of that extensive structure who were taking a morning sleep. They all knew what the matter was and only the uninitiated in Indian edstoms gathered around him to watch the proceedings. As the fervor of his grief increased he drew his long bowie knite from its sheath and began slash ing his bared breast, arms and legs with ir. While the blood from half a dozen wounds was coursing down his body and forming red pools at his feet, he sat down and with the same bloody weapon began whittling out wooden pins about the thickness and length of a lead pencil, which he sharpened to a point. During the time that it took him to manufacture a half a dozen of these he kept up the loud, dismal howling, expanding in volume as the pain increased and the pools of blood grew larger.

When the skewers were ready he caught the fleshy part of one leg between the thumb and the fingers of the left hand and drove the wooden pin into the flesh until the pin protruded. He did the same to each limb, and also drove a pin through either check. These he allowed to remain for two hours, during which time none dared to speak to him or attempt to interfere. Among the Indians it is on pain of instant death that one Indian In the New York medical journals for speaks to another who is in "mourning" until 1822 a record is made of a man who after the third day. After the Indian drew could swallow clasp knives with impu- out the pins he rolled himself from head to the mangers, where he lay all day without which well it might. In 1870, in Eng- food or drink, meaning and greating and occasionally breaking out into wild shriels as he thought of his loss. The blood strined wooden plus were exhibited to many visitors to the gorden, and there were many applications for them to be kept as mementoes. -New York Tribune.

A Lady Railrond Stenographer Talks. I have often thought that the humdrum life from the bystanders that he finished off of a stenographer had a tendency to break with a beefsteak, a pint and a helf of gin | down and eventually drive out altogether the imaginative and postical in one's nature and make life practical in all its details. The murmurings of poety on moonlight, violets, memories and hope, grate harshly against the Now the train starts. The postal clerk | whisperings of the chief clerk on subject of has been pulling heavy pouches around drain tile and the tariff rate on wheat in carloads, with the result of giving the poem a half an hour, and if he is unused to the dry flavor, savoring of owner's risk with a rebate. Leisure hofrs cannot be devoted to But he must not quit or take rest, even poetry, because thought must be concentrated upon rate quotatious, billing directions, unstamped tickets, while one's dreams are filled not with the beautiful, but with mocking

ghosts of rates, tariffs and wavbills. Inspiration may come at times, but so cerhas been in the service for years and has tainly will also come the rate clerk with the request to make a bektograph copy of a lot of the high and mighty office of chief clerk per cent sheets, dreviful things with strings in charge of the car, whose power is for of figures, not nice, even figures, but with the time as absolute as that of the czar of lots of fractions to them which must not be all the Russias. As the train dashes mixed up with the various other per cents. along all these clerks must continue their | Most of my working hours are spent in a railwork, now made 100 per cent. harder by road office, and I have almost given up my the swaying of the car. They must brace poetical dreams to look after skipments of water pipes, stove eastings, potatoes, butter, furniture, hams, hides, stoves, oil cakes, lumber, beer, egge, live stock, patent medicine, etc.—Globe I emocrat.

Senator Stanford's Wife.

It seems Mrs. Stanford will never be a great society woman, although this winter, for the the stations are passed, all the while in a first time since their son's death, she has state of uncertainty as to whether the come out of retirement and has also entertained some. But she can't help having her superb diamonds remarked on and her gorgeous gems observed. She still wears a kind of half mourning-the kind which admits of lace and diamonds-and she is a dignifled and fine looking woman. Both she and Senator Stanford have a life work in perpetuating the memory of their son in a way to benefit other people's sons-and Mrs. Stanford says she is too deeply interested in that to give a great deal of time to society. But Washington is such a fascinating kind of place that she will be just like everybody else -give a great deal more time to it and g out vastly more than she expects. - New York

Wales as a Scientist.

The London correspondent of Science writes that the Prince of Wales has just been bins, speaking of the concert, "that you elected an honorary member (probably the could have heard a pin drop." "Was first British one; of the Linnsean society, there a large audience?" asked Peterby, which has hitherto been somewhat chary of "The house was half full." "Is that bestowing its "parchments sealed with wax." all? Hum! you ought to hear the silence This famous society was founded in 1788, and there when there is a full house. Oh, it's is the owner and custodian of the library, manuscripts and herbarium of the illustrious Linnsens, who died in 1778. These were originally bought from his family for about \$5,500, by Dr. James Edward Smith, who founded and was first president of the Linnæan society, which has comprised in its roll all the most distinguished naturalists of the day, and may be considered to be a select club of scientists.

TWO LUCKY MEN.

A Barber and a Laborer Win a Big Frize in The Louisiana State Lottery.

Zacharias Messinger is a barber who has pursued his trade of scalping chins and clipping hair at 315 Bush street for some two or three years past. He has during that time had the honor of exercising his tonsorial art upon the caput and physiognomy of Boss Buckley and in consequence has enjoyed the patronage of the followers of the great Bush street statesman. His trade was a good one and afforded him a good living, but nothing more, and he has endeavored to increase his store of gold by wooing the fickle Goddess of Fortune by investing in lottery tickets. He paid his addresses more particularly to the good dame who low Smith's dam. The creek below the dam presides over the drawings of The was about five rods across, and the bottom Louisiana State Lottery and has held one or two coupons nearly every draw ing during the last three years. As the gamblers say, he has played in good luck and has nearly always won enough to give him a small prefit, so that lately he has been "playing with the money of the bank." A few drawings ago he came down town and as he passed the Chronicle office he saw by the bulletin board that ticket 67,060 had drawn the capital prize of \$150,000. He knew that his ticket was 67,000 and something and he rushed home to get it. His delight can be imagined such as are natural to all girls when in danwhen be found that he held a coupon

and when he gets back will put it into some legitimate business. The other lucky man is a Swede named A. Monsson, who lives at 1364 Center street in Oakland. He is a laboring man and has been living a hand-to-mouth existence such as usually falls to the lot of a toiler in the land. He bought a coupon from a peddler as a speculation. When he heard of his good luck he could not believe it, and when convinced that he had won \$15,000, turned white with nervous excitement. · He is a single man and is now much sought after by the young ladies of his acquaintance. -San Francisco (Cal.) Chronicle, May 4

of the winning ticket, which entitled

him to \$15,000. He went down to his

shop, presented each of his assistants

with a suit of clothes, made arrange-

for them to carry on the business and

trip to Europe. He expects to be

gone about seven months and to spend

from \$3500 to \$4000 on the trip. The

An Army Contractor's Experience

I had a curious experience with an army contract once-a few years after the war closed. I got an order for a lot of fine groceries for officers' stores. Among the rest were twenty-seven sacks of Java coffee—a hundred pounds to the sack. It was for a station so far to the west that the freight was five cents a pound. The coffee was billed at twenty-seven cents a pound. After a while I received notification that the coffee had been rejected, probably on account of mildew in ocean transportation. I wrote to have the coffee sent back, and at the proper time my teams were there to receive it. When it came to the store I told one of the clerks to the same goods we had shipped. The "trier" came out of the first sack filled with yellow corn. It was put into anot. pulled out with the same result. And so on know? all around. Every suck sent back was simthe post had raken out the coffee and probably get which it was."—Town Topics. sold it to the country groceries, and put corn in its place. The sacks looked all right on the outside. The same strings had been used done to diceive. I sent for the quartermaster on duty here, and showed him the fraud. There was a long controversy about it, but in the end the government stood the loss, and 1 got paid for my coffee, less the value of the twenty-seven sacks of corn sent back in its place.-- Globe Democrat.

Edison's Microphone.

Perhaps it may be remembered that years ago Edison was interested in the microphone, a device for magnifying minute sounds in a most wonderful manner; it was with the microphone that Edison said he would enable people to bear a fly walking across the ceiling, the steps of a fly sounding like that of a war horse upon a theatrical stage. His latest move in this direction is a device which, at tached to a small cabinet organ, enables it to give out the sound of a cathedral instrument bigger than that of the Boston Music hall. and he says that a hand organ provided with his new invention will be heard across the East river. If this is so, some one is going to get killed, either Mr. Edison or the Italian nobleman who attempts to put his device to use. 'The idea of hearing "Il Balen" or "The Heart Bowed Down" or "The Sweet By and By" from two or three hundred hand organs suchlenly endowed with ten times the power of Barnum's steam calliope is semething awful, and Edison has done well to get far out of the reach of civilization before announcing

Brooklyn Engle. Cost of Tombstone Designs.

his latest achievement.-New York Cor

Weeping angel, age 10, fine finish. \$ 45 to \$75 Weeping angel, with wings ...... 60 to 90 Weeping angel, with wings..... Adult angel, with or without wings 90 to 150 Adult angel, with urn..... 100 to 200 Greek gods, demigods and muses 

A piece of zinc placed on the coal di a hot stove will clean out the stovepipe. The vapor produced carries off the soot by chemical decomposition.

The yelk of one egg, three drams of glycerine and fifteen grains of carbolic acid make an excellent mixture for softening the hands. Vienna bread such as we have here is un-

derstood to be materially different from that they enjoy in Austria. Bent whalebone can be restored and used

again by simply soaking in water a few hours, then drying them. Boston women call cranberry tarts "Thack-

eray puffs," because they are so keen and semi-bitter.

American leather paper, in white and gold, to a popular material among London house THE COMING HOUR.

Wall through the bosom of the night, Storm wind; how strong thou art! Thou canst not change the inward sky,

The summer of my heart. Shed thy cold tears, O winter rain; Sob through the twilight dim I only feel the sunshine's glow

Is ripening fruit for him. Bend your brown branches, leafless trees? Beneath the wintry sky; I know for me the harvest time, The vintage hour is nigh.

The grapes are glowing on the vine, For Love's own hand to take; But he must press them with his lips The wine of life to make!

SETH GREEN'S GALLANTRY.

His Rescue of an 18-year-old Maiden. An Interesting Incident.

Said Seth Green, the fish culturist; "I was trout fishing on Pine creek, Pennsylvania, becovered with 'hard beads,' from the size of a goose egg to a barrel. The water was threefeet deep, and whirled around like the whirlpool of Niagara. There was no escape there for anybody if he was unlucky enough to get in, unless he was a very expert swimmer. There were sawhorses placed across the creek and planks fastened to them for a foot bridge. I had a twelve pound basket nearly filled when I saw an 18-year-old girl come on the bridge. When she got to me I stepped on one of the sawhorses to let her pass.

"I watched her as she continued, and don't think she had got more than thirty feet from me before I noticed that her head began to swim. She gave one of those peculiar screams ger, tottered for an instant and fell head foremost down the stream, and being buoyed upsomewhat by her clothing the swift current carried her rapidly along toward the deep hole. To drop my rod and jump into the water was but the work of a second, and I made my way over the 'hard heads' in three last week he and his wife started on a fect of water as fast as I could. I went down. twice, but kept going and overtook her about fifty or sixty feet from where she went in, and then began the struggle. I grabbed her and turned her around, and the first thing she remainder of the money he will invest did was to clutch me with one hand and push in some safe security as a nestegg, her clothes down with the other, and when she had got them below the surface we were both taken off our feet and went slipping and floating down. We went three rods before I gained a footing. The girl must have been very fond of me for I never got such a hugging in my life as she gave me. I had my trout basket, with the strap hung over my shoulder. I kept swinging it around, and it looked at one time very much as though we three would go into the deep hole.

"Well, I finally got a firm footbold, and then I had a painful duty to perform, and that was to stop that girl hugging me and get her quieted down so that she knew what she was about. I told her that she must take hold of her garments and with both hands raise them to the top of the water, or we never could get back to the bridge against the current. I placed her in front of me and put my arms around her, and we went lockstep back to the bridge. I tell you it was a severe wrestle with the boulders, current and basket of fish, but we reached there at last, and then continued the same step to the edge of the bridge at which she came on, when I modestly turned my back and stayed in the water while she climbed out, arranged her skirts and ran off,"-Turf, Field and Farm.

Amering the Fitchil Expression.

A New York surgeon says he can take any man under 40 years of age and so alter his facial expression, by the use of the knife and a little pain that his own wife could not identify him. The next bank cashier who makes a haul should try this scheme instead put a "trier" into a few sacks to see if it was of going to Canada. He can then enjoy the money right at home. - Detroit Free Press

'What is Jigsen in mawning for, do you

The either faw his bwothaw aw hisdawg. ply that much shelled corn. The soldiers at One of boards of lower week, but I wenly faw-

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