### "JERRY."

He was starving! Not hungry as you or I might me, had we fasted for ten or twelve hours at a stretch, but literally dying for want of food. He lay back in the dingy doorway exhausted, half unconscious, his one friend clasped to his breast. His face was dirty and of a leaden hue, the lips a pale purple, and his hands were as the claws of some untamed thing.

Heavily fell the rain upon the darkening street; the chill, bitter fog of the December dog, moved slowly and panfully down the night grew momentarily deeper, and through it the raindrops pushed their way sluggishly. Little verry, lying in the comfortless shade of the dull doorway, scarcely heeded how the moisture came that saturated the wretched rags that clothed his frame.

For two long days no food had passed his lips. The deadly fever that had seized on him a fortught ago, whilst with him, had killed the sense of bunger, but yesterday it had left him, just at the break of dawn, and with its going had come a wild craving for food of some-of any sort. Wearily he had His silver sixpence lay upon his palm, and the lifted his tired little head from the miserable pillow of damp sacking that supported it to the death sleep that had so nearly closed them ask in feeble tones for drink, for meat, to find himself in that darksome cellar alone! It was a horrible shock to the child. He

had lain unconscious, caught by the fever's deadly clutch, whilst the woman with whom lainous looking creature, half boy, half man, he had lived ever since he could remember anything had succumbed to that same fever's influence, and had died and been buried. A miserable drunken creature, in a way kind to him when sober, brutal to him when gin overpowered her, but as she was, the only protector he knew. Whether she was his mother, or whether fate had just drifted him into ber path the child never knew, but the sense that she was lost to him forever filled him with an awful dread. He knew it when no voice answered his in the early gloom of that wi ter's morning, when his parched tongue had cried aloud witnout response. When he had dragged his worn limbs to the pallet where she used to lie and found she was no longer there, weak as he was and crushed by this sudden knowledge, he hurried back to his own bed, and with nervous, feverish hands sought there for something that in his terrified haste he could not find. He whistled in a sobbing fashion, and at last, languidly, a tiny shaggy soft thing crept to him and sought his groped his way to the door and found himself of dawn grew in the suilen east.

That was yesterday. He had met a slattern to ask eagerly, piteously; "Where is mum?" and she had answered:

"Ye've the right to ask-y'ave! After given 'er the fever as killed her. Get along wi' ye, ye young varmint."

He got along, and all day, oppressed with the weight of the idea that he had killed that woman, and oppressed, too, by the weakness that held him as its prey, he sat in shaded doorways or gaunt archways, hardly knowing that the demon hunger was gnawing at him. Not heeding either, because hardly able to bear the whinings of the starving puppy be held to him with such a tenacious grasp.

But as the next day broke he knew that he wanted food, and a sickening desire for it arose within him. But how to get it! In ali that big, great city of London, who was there to give meat to this poor, stricken lamb! Not one! It was nobody's business! Many men. good men and true, were they sure he was starving, could they see him, was his miserable case placed exactly beneath their benevolent noses, would, I know, have given him sufficient to keep him in clover the rest | in it stood—One! of his life. But then it takes so long to bring ble cases beneath the noses of the benevolent ones, that myriads die whilst the attempt is being made, and only one out of the many is saved.

It seemed to him at he must have done awhile, as when next his dim eyes looked with discernment upon the world, the darkness of night was falling. The rain, too, waheavier, and through it the lamps that lit the wretched by street where he crouched shone with a lurid light.

The little dog was dead, but the child did not know it. I am always glad to think he did not know that. He held it still fondly, convulsively clasped to his breast, and as the body was yet warm it did not dawn upon his dulled mind that life was gone from it. He sat quite still, his head drooping somewhat forward, and one could see that his face might have been pretty but for the stamp of death present and of misery, now nearly passed, that didgured it.

By and by, as he still sat there faint and sick because of the ravening and gnawing feeling within him, a young man came swinging down the dingy street-a young man, gaunt to emaciation, with hollow cheeks and deep set eyes, and altogether a face suggestive of famine. It was not a good face! The devil had planted a line here and there in it-cynical curves round the thin lips, a mocking light in the eyes, a matured expression of scorn towards the world in general. He looked as if he were always carrying on a bitter warfare with his kind.

His clothes were threadbare, his hat shocking. Beneath his arm he hugged a handful of shabby books as if his very soul (although he would have scorned a belief in one; was centered on them. As indeed it was, A student evidently; out at elbows, penniless.

"Eh! what have we here!" said he, stopping abruptly before the half insensible boy and poking him with his stick. "Another starveling! Come, speak up, child; what alls you, eh!

Roused by this rude address and dreading all things, Jerry lifted his dull eyes and turned a suppliant smile upon his questioner. It was a woeful little smile, entreating, imploring and openly deprecating the blow that he so plainly expected. All his poor little life long, blows had been his portion.

"So!" said the evil looking young man with a sinister smile, "starving, chi I was right, then!" He stared at the child as if musing. "Here, before one, lies a disatom of the vast mysterious whole. Here, too, lies a striking example of the absolute truthfulness of that charming little fable so sweet to the well fed good man's ear. The divine mercy! The everlasting love that will not let so much as one sparrow fall to the ground-to which the little ones are so specially dear! Here, I say, is an admirable illustration of it-a woodcut, let us say, an insignificant etching," with a glance at the miserably shrunken little frame of the child at his feet. He laughed aloud; a laugh that cut like a bit of cold, cruel steel into the heart of the cowering boy. Was the

blow coming now! "You'll die if you don't look sharp," said the strange man after another prolonged giance at him, followed by a shrug. He thrust his hand into his pocket and brought out three coppers and a six penny bit. "Here, catch!" said he, chucking the sixpence to the

boy, who, by a superhuman effort, caught it, and then turned a glance of passionate gratitude up to his unknown friend.

"Don't," said the latter, with his unpleasant laugh. "I expect I've done you the worst turn of any. It was a gross liberty on my part to seek to prolong your days. You will fling that sixpence into the nearest gutter if have a grain of sense; if not, make it you have a grain of sense; if not, make it last for two days. It is more than I shall have to live upon for that time." He paused and then said abruptly: "There's a shop round

the corner." The boy had dragged himself up by the lintel of the door with a view to thanking him properly in spite of his contemptuous prohibition, but with his last words the young man flung himself round and into the middle of the passing crowd, carrying his eager, wild, accusing face into the turmoil of the

great city. Jerry, still hugging to his breast the dead last before the lighted windows of the cookshop to which he had been directed. A delicious perfume came from the open door, the window, aglow with gas, showed dainties so coarse to you or me, but so delicate to the famished boy that he almost fainted at the sight of them. For a minute or two he let his gaze feast itself upon the rich display and then slowly opened his dirty, emaciated little hand to look at the talisman that should give him his share of the good things he craved. child's eyes grew bright again, half conquering only now, as he stared at it. A whole, whole

sixpence! Alas! two other eyes behold that sixpence at the same moment. A great, rough, vilpeered over the child's shoulder, saw the coin, steoped yet a little nearer as a hawk above its prey, and then the little dirty palm was

empty, the blessed life giving money gone! Poor Jerry! A sensation as of a deadly chill ran through him, and for a moment he reeled heavily against the bars of the window. But after that it reemed to him that he thought no more of it, he gave in, and though not conscious of the fact, quietly surrendered himself to death. It was all over, No hope, no life-nothing was left! Perhaps, indeed, he scarcely knew how things went with him for awhile, but instinct at least led his dying footsteps back to the old horrible home—the loathsome cellar in the squalid court. With faltering feet, with a dull stupid despair upon his half dead little face, with the now cold and stiff puppy pressed to his heart, he descended the stone steps, and like a wild thing stricken sore, sought his

Inside all was still, all was dark. A horrible silence prevailed, a very blackness of arms, and with the puppy, his only and most darkness that might be felt. He began to be passionately prized possession in his arms, he frightened, horribly frightened. He put the dog down and pressed the palms of his hands upon the street just as the first faint streaks tight-tight against his eyeballs that he might not see the grewsome shapes of which the dread gloom seemed full. Teeming shapes on emerging from his lair and had stayed her | that changed ever and ever, and drew nearer, and touched him as he thought-sometimes his hair, and now-ah-now his cheek.

And then the barsh racking cough that had been his for a twelvemonth caught him and shook his thin little frame so roughly in its rude grasp that he had to take down his hands from his eyes to press them to that side where the pain was most cruel; but he still kept his eves fast closed lest he should see those weird awful creatures dancing here and there in the obscurity.

He was cold-so cold! He shivered and shook with terror, and with something elsethat last dread toy chill that every moment crept closer and closer to his heart. And after awhile he sat down and let himself fall quietly backwards until his poor tired head lay upon the damp payement. He put out a feeble hand, and finding the dead dog, mechanically drew it nearer to him.

And then a wonderful thing happened. All at once the cellar, it seemed to him, grew full of light. A light, strange, awful, marvelous, such as you and I have never yet seen. And

A most gracious figure! Tall, a little owed and clad in a long garment, than which no snow freshly fallen was ever half so white. And the face-who shall tell the divine fairness of it?

Little Jerry could not have described it then, but as he gazed on it he knew all at once the fullest meaning of the words "Love" and "Peace" and "Rest.

And the figure stooped and gathered to his breast the little frozen boy, and suddenly a soft delicious glow ran through his numbed veins. And Jerry let his tired head fall gently back against that tender bosom.

And heavier and heavier grew the weary limbs, and then suddenly, oh, so light! and presently he felt himself lifted up-ever upwards-and carried away-away. And never more did little Jerry know cold

or hunger or fear or dispair, and never again did darkness trouble him, for

"There shall be no night there." Author of "Molly Bawn" in London Soci-

A Railway with an Arctic Terminus. As the train whirls out of Winnipeg the stranger is reminded of the agitation that cost the Canadian government nearly \$500, 000. The money was sunk in the Hudson Bay railroad. The beginning of the line is plain to all, but the Greenland terminus will never assume more palpable form than shown on the blue prints of the projectors. Mines and other western investments which caught the fancy of St. Louis investors were rich in virgin gold compared to the prospects of a line carried into a country where not even the footprints of the squatter are found. Yet money was forthcoming for the construction, and bonds were floated on the London market, where the barren steppes were depicted as teeming with life and lands more prolific than American bottoms.

The terminals on the Arctic ocean were impressive both in magnitude at construction. Thirty miles of the line were built, and at the close of the political campaign forces were withdrawn. A cheap shed of rough boards. sheathed with tarred paper, which flaps in the wind like a signal of distress, conceals the only locomotive of this great northern line. On the rusty rails stands a train of flat cars, beautiful in fresh paint as they were delivered by the builder. Tall weeds fill the space between the cars and on the sides, and there is an air of abandonment that would raise tears in the eyes of the bondholders if they only saw this reverse of the bright dreams in which they indulged when they let their British guineas escape their grasp. -St. Louis

### Republican. Neuralgia and the Nutmeg.

Mr. Gould has been quite free from his old enemy, neuralgia, for three months past. It is interesting to note here that just three months ago I suggested to Mr. Gould that the only sure cure for neuralgia was to steal a nutmeg and wear it hung around his neck. Almost immediately subsequent to my suggestion Mr. Gould was reported to be in better health and free from his old enemy. Since that time he has not had a return of the trouble. What is the natural inference! Of course the money king will not acknowledge his debt and thereby incur the risk of an indictment for petty larceny, but the circumstantial evidence is overwhelming.—Brooklyn

# NATURE'S MARVEL.

MAJESTIC BEAUTY OF THE GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO.

The Landscape Under the Shadow of the Peaks of the San Francisco Mountains. A Stupendous Scene-A Valley 6,000 Feet Deep.

The whole face of the land now shows that this region was once the scene of vio lent volcanic disturbance. One or more of the peaks of the San Francisco mountains display extinct craters. The ground in places is covered with scarize, and the upheavals scattered about have that distorted, broken, uncanny appearance resulting from some convulsion of nature.

With an early start we make good headway. The road all the way from town has been very good for a mountain district, with only one or two rocky or steep hills. We pass Red Buttes to our right and stop at Red Horse Spring, where we water our stock. This "spring" is simply a hole dug in the ground to catch the oozing or "seepage" that flows from the San Francisco mountains. It was not long before the guide pointed to an abrupt break in the long vista through the forest-free here as elsewhere from under brush-and we knew that we were nearing our goal. In a few more minutes we drove absolutely within a few yards of the chasm. The walls of the canyon were above us. We jumped from the wagon and scaled the steep incline leading to it. There was no hint of the glories that awaited us.

The scene bursts upon the eye in all its majestic beauty. The brain reels, the faculties are almost paralyzed in contemplating the stupendous depths, the awful chasms, the amazing conglomeration of castellated butte, mountain, rocky pinnacle-of a thousand fantastic forms-now unfolded to our view. It looks as if the hand of an avenging God had swept the region in wrath. It is superb fearful, fascinating, horrible! The vista ex tending for immense distances in every direction shows the varied, weird, uncanny, beau tiful forms of peak, cliff, and rocky crag ris ing from the depths of the mighty gorge They have a thousand shapes. Some are like casties, some resemble the ruins of colossa cathedrals. Some are twisted and distorted so as to resemble nothing but their twin brothers far off in the distance. The brilliant and varied coloring-vermilion, blue, gray, brown, yellow, white-of rock and cliff adds to the splendor of the scene. Do we know how long the canyon is? How wide it We do not want to know! Not yet, at least. Its sublimity suffices. We have seen it before. We must have seen it before. But where? In our dreams!

### A STUPENDOUS SCENE.

But the scene is so stupendous that we cannot rely alone upon the eye to take it in. We must call in the aid of other faculties before we can even form a faint conception of the immensity before us. Here is a "sermon in stones" indeed!

The view before us presents a chasm more than twelve miles wide, more than one mile in depth and stretches for miles and miles to the east and to the west. The wall of the canvon does not at this point go sheer down to the bottom, but proceeds to it by a series o 'benches," Still it descends perpendicularly -or nearly so-to the first bench so many hundreds of feet that we grow dizzy when we look over and contemplate it. We cannot see the river immediately below us, partly from this circumstance, partly because the view is obstructed by many gigantic forms of rock and earth. Far away to the east we catch a glimpse of a narrow white thread which we are told is the river. Through a powerful glass we can see it seething and boiling over rapids, and at times when the breeze dies away we can hear the roar of the cascade. The distance, however, is so enormous that we can hardly believe the statement of the guide that the stream is here a large one sev-

eral hundred feet wide. Nearly opposite where we stand, on the top d butte, whose founds almost at the bottom of the abyss, is the sand stone rock known as Heidelberg castle. Miles away to the northwest is an immense forma tion-so distant we cannot determine its composition—looking like the ruins of a cathedral. Scattered throughout the length and breadth f the gorge as far as the eye can reach, and isolated for the most part, are gigantic peaks, crags and even mesus. Here and there far to the north we catch glimpses of the distant walls of the canyon "on the other side."

## THE GEOLOGISTS' STATEMENT.

After the first impression of the beholderne of awe, of wonder, almost of horrorthe thought comes, "Here has been some mighty convulsion of nature that seems almost as if it had shaken the earth to its center." We can scarcely credit the statement of geologists that the river in its course for ages has cut this mighty gorge which has been widened by the combined agencies of corrosion and disintegration. The mechanical wear of streams as performed by the aid of hard mineral fragments carried along by the current is enormous. "The element of velocity," says Capt. Dutton, "is of double importance. The Colorado in this respect is an exceptional river. The average fall in feet per mile through the district of the Kaibab (the Grand cauyon) is 12.07." The same authority observes: "Those who have long and carefully studied the Grand canyon of the Colorado do not hesitate for a moment to pronounce it by far the most sublime of earthly spectacles. If its sublimity consisted only in its dimensions it could be sufficiently set forth in a single sentence. It is more than 200 miles long, from 5 to 12 wide, and from 5,000 to 6,000 feet deep. There are in the world valleys which are longer and a few which are deeper. There are valleys flanked by summits loftier than the palisades of the Knibab. Still the Grand canyon is the sublimest thing on earth. It is so not alone by virtue of its magnitude, but by virtue of the whole

-its ensemble." There is a trail, but a difficult one, leading from a point in this vicinity to the bottom of the canyon, and guides can be procured to conduct the tourist to it. One must have a men of to-morrow. Patient, careful, studivery steady head, however, to accomplish the feat, and be a good strong climber besides. Some idea of the task may be had from the nothing can be transported but a small quantity of food. The hardships of such an undertaking are therefore apparent. Very few persons have ever attempted it, but among them have been two ladies, upon one of whom, as I am informed, the effect of surmounting such an incline has left an indelible impression. She has never been the same

## Tring the Frisky Laces.

woman since. - New York Times.

Returned travelers from country and seaside hotels speak of the low shoes worn by the ladies this summer. The ladies also speak of them. The laces would untie, and who was to tie them but the escorts. In this way many a "board walk" promenade was prolonged and mutual happiness resulted. Some of the dudes, however, complain that they cracked their heavily starched waistcoasta in stooping down to gallantly tie the frisky Advocate.

THE OLD TIME RIVER DOGS.

A Veteran Captain Regrets the Tamenes of Modern Navigation.

"Steamboating ain't what it used to be," said a veteran captain, and, as he brooded over the days when every trip of a boat was characterized by some stirring event which made indelible impressions on the officers, passengers and crew, his face assumed a mel ancholy cast. "Nowadays steamers ply up and down the Mississippi in regular old seven and-six style, with nothing but sociability among passengers to relieve tiresome mo-

notony "In the palmy days of Capt. James Lee, Sr. with whom I served on more than one boat, we never had any such quiet and order as now reigns. I do not mean that the times were tough or outlawry on board the steamers prevailed, but there was excitementsomething to keep us interested. The captain always took charge of everything of that sort, fully protecting his passengers.

"One was when he commanded a steamer in the Memphis and Vicksburg trade. At the latter point three tough passengers got aboard, all heavily armed, and one of whom had killed a man only two or three days before. Although boisterous, they kicked up no disturbance until the boat was about to land at Memphis. Then they became engaged in a squabble with the clerk, a sickly, consumptive looking young man, about some trivial item. The captain watched the progress of the row until he thought it had gone far enough, when he quietly appeared on the scene and suggested that they do their quarreling where they got their whisky. This nettled the rowdies, who turned their attention to the new comer, stating that they would raise a row whenever it pleased them. Of course the captain objected and there was a fight. Squaring himself be knocked down the first man to reach him, and was preparing to receive the murderer when the third, with a long knife, made for him in the rear. Seeing the danger the clerk seized a heavy iron poker and dealt the would be assessin a heavy blor across the head, knocking him senseless. This about disposed of all save the murderer, and he and the cap tain clinched. Both were powerful and plucky. They struggled out to the cabin stairway and rolled down, Capt. Lee on top. "By this time the boat had landed and the first mate was ashore. Perceiving the fight

he ran aboard, jerked off his coat and hat, threw them on the deck and almost danced for joy as he exclaimed: 'Let him go, captain; this is my fight.' He sailed in, and the captain allowed him to take charge. The two men fought and fell, the mate underneath. Capt. Lee reached down and placed his substitute on top, but his antagonist soon floored him again. Two or three times the positions were reversed by the captain's interference, and always with the same result, until fluxily the police arrived and arrested the cause of the trouble. As he marched away ie bonstingly said: "I've got the worst of it. but it took the whole boat. Come at me one at the time and I'll lick the entire crew ! But the mate! He looked as if he had been drawn through a sausage mill. Capt. Lee took him aft, washed and condoled with him and gave him a stimulant. When the power of speech returned the widing but insufficient substiate remarked: 'Captain, I owe you an apolgy. That was not my fight.' The man who iid him up and was arrested received a heavy fine and short imprisonment sentence from the court.

Capt. Lee, Sr., is now in his eightieth year, takes life easy and leaves the fighting to his worthy s.m. who follows in the footsteps of his venerable and respected sire when it becomes necessary to hold his own.-Memphis

Mischief of Owning a Horse. How many people are there in the world who are sensible enough to jot down as one of their reasons for devout gratitude in life the fact that they have never had money enough to be able to afford a horse and carriage? Not that there is any harm in having a neighbor who is burdened with one, especially when, once in a while, he takes you a fine drive. Still, it is always a wise thing to be on one's guard against such a neighbor, nd to keep perpetually on the lips the The prayer: "Lead us not into temptation." fatal temptation of a horse's four legs is to lead a man to forget that he has two of his own, which, if kept in serviceable order, can carry him, body, mind and soul, into a thousand places into which the horse's legs gould never take him-over fences and through woods and upland pastures, along the rocky courses of leaping mountain brooks high above the clouds on summits of Pisgah outlook, and over the ridges of precipitous cliffs, springing sheer from the ocean, surges

thundering and foaming at their base. Now, the mischief of owning a horse that one so so n becomes his slave, and is forced to go merely where the brute, unusilietical beast, can travel. No matter how dusty the highway, or how delightful it would be to strike across country, still straight along the dusty highway must the half suffocated victim go. He has no legs of his own. They have gone to the dogs, like his classical studies, through sheer lack of use; and all the fine machinery connected with them-deep breathing lungs and stout beating heart-have suffered the same collapse.—Boston Hernld.

#### Work of the School Teacher. Who of our public servants work the

hardest?

Is there any doubt it is the school teacher! And of these school teachers a large proportion are women-underpaid, overworked, aging women. The law says when a soldier, a policeman, a fireman reaches a specified age he shall be retired on half pay. Was there ever a general who planned such comprehensive compass, such far reaching operations as those which occupy the time and attention of our school teachers? Was there ever a policeman given so precious a charge as that given to our school teachers!

A school teacher!

What does that mean? It means the man or woman who plants the seed, who molds the clay, who turns the switch, who steers the bark, who outlines the map of existence for the boys of today, the ous, apprehensive, anxious all the time, these are the conditions of the faithful school teacher, and if our public schools are an instifact that the trip occupies three days and that tution of which the country boasts, and of the difficulties of climbing are so great that which our statesmen are proud, to whose brain, hand and endeavor is it due? Yet of all our public servants they are the poorest paid. They have long hours, foul air, constant irritation. Joe Howard's Letter.

## They Tell Their Own Story.

A recently returned traveler, who crossed the ocean on a vessel which carried 1,000 persons all told, looked carefully at the boats and life saving apparatus and found that there were accon nodations for 600. The figures tell their own story and tell it with striking force, too.-New York Tribune,

### Secret of a Happy Life. A man who was very sad once heard two

bys laughing. He asked them: "What makes you so happy?"

"Happy!" said the elder, "Why, I makes Jim glad and gets glad myself."-Christian

# RESCUE THE BUILDINGS.

A PLEA FOR THE CONVERSION OF DEPRAVED STRUCTURES.

What an Observant Artist Says Concerning New York's Bad Architecture. Houses That Are Moral Sins and Streets That Are Monstrosities.

"Wicked." "Wicked!"

"Yes. Worse than than that. Positively

"I don't see it exactly in that light." "Of course you don't. That is because you are a reporter, and to you any house is a good house so long as the rooms are clean, comfortable and well furnished. Now if you were an artist you would very soon discover the depravity of New York architecture.

Look at that house across the street." A square plain front this house had, with a narrow, grassless plot on either side of the broad steps. So far this house was as moral a dwelling as the most orthodox and straight | as that." faced artist could have desired. The windows were large and the interior was concealed by broad curtains of a dark green material. There was nothing sinful about the windows. The wickedness was shown in the roof, which was gubied and otherwise distorted out of all embiance of Christian form.

'What do you think of that!" asked the irtist.

"That is somewhat faulty." "Somewhat! Why, dear boy, it not only creaks all the commandments at once, but positively grinds the stone into sand for its mortar. If that house is not a mortal sin I am no theologian. But that is not all. Look along that line of abandoned structures. Ob-

serve the rascally contour of the roof. There is no grace, strength, evenness or picturesque unevenness in that line. It is not even bad nough to be good. It lacks the graphic vilainy of a band of Texas train robbers, which deases the eye and interests the intelligence, lowever pained the heart may be. It only presents the bold and witless prosiness of a sollection of stale beer drinkers in an east side police court on a Monday morning. Such depravity is disgusting." "Aren't you a little hard on our architec-

ture?" A MORAL MONSTROSITY.

"Is is not our architecture. It is not any ne else's architecture. It is not architecture at all. We can't be too hard on such an inlecent exhibition of criminal taste. In every large European capital there is a symmetry in the styles of architecture. It is divided into the old, the renaissance and the modern usually, and the buildings are grouped toether in an honest and virtuous way. Such ouildings are models. They are patterns and lo the world good. Take Boston, and parts of Washington. There you find architectural rectitude. But in New York all the rimes in the artistic calendar are exemplided with a diabelical plenitude that must warm the cockles of the old boy's beart every time his mind reverts to the subject. Fifth avenue is a moral monstrosity. Broadway an example of abandoned wickedness that ught to make a Christian shudder to conemplate, and the side streets from Tenth street to the Harlem river contain rampant crime enough to keep the hangman busy until the morning after the crack of doom. You never looked at it in that light, did con I

"No, not exactly." "Well, that is not the worst of it. The effect of living among sins so generously displayed and universally condoned must be pernicious in the extreme. It stands to reason that a man must de eriorate who lives in a structure which has robbed the grave of the Sixteenth century for its roof, stolen its stoop from the tomb of the Seventeenth century, obbed the archives of the last century for its windows, and purloined its cornices from the notebook of a dipsomaniacal builder in the last stages of mania a potu. Can you be surprised when such a man robs a bank, murders his wife, runs for a political office or commits ome other social error! No, sir; our alleged | zulps. architecture is a fruitful cause of crime, a national curse, a social pest, and the sooner a law is enacted punishing such crimes as severely as they deserve, the better it will be or this country. What we need is a home missionary society for the salvation of deorayed buildings, with a mission house on Fifth avenue, opposite St. Patrick's catheiral, where the chief offenders may have an opportunity close at hand to mend their ways and be saved before a seismic Nemesis avenges heir crimes against a patient and outraged

## The Food of the Aristocracy.

nature."-New York Mail and Express

Some startling revelations have recently seen published in Paris as to the materials of French cookery, and especially of Parisian butter. A correspondent sends the following story, of which he guarantees the accuracy, ts to a not dissimilar state of things in

I happen to know a man who makes a livng by collecting the rancid butter and dirty butter scrapings from the butter shops, and then retailing them to West-end confectioners! The other day I met him wheeling a ruck load of the loathsome looking stuff along the Bayswater road.

"Hullo!" exclaimed I, "what in the name of goodness have you got there!" for really I ould not tell from the look of it, it was so lirty and discolored, while the stench it gave out, when I went up to it, was something tearful.

"Oh," he replied, with quite a business air, it's offal." "But, what kind of offal! It smells almost

ad enough to knock you down!" "Why, butter offal. "Indeed! Do you mind telling me what ou're going to do with it?"

"Make it into lumps, and then take it round to the confectioners. "The confectioners! What do they want it

for! It would poison a dog."
"Perhaps so," responded my friend, with omething very like a grin; "but, none the ess, it don't poison the aristocracy."

What do you mean?" "Why, that it's used in the pastry fal-deals they're so fond of." "But not as it is, surely?"

"Oh, no! they first purify it some way."-Chicago Times. A Railway Station Near Athens.

At the gay little white and green railway station of Eleusis a knot of Albanians awaited the train, and no sooner did we stop than one of them, a graybeard, with a solemn air, adjusted a pair of great iron spectacles upon his nose, and received the handful of newspapers which the train had brought.

The others crowded round him, babbling timidly; but the moment the sheet was unfolded, and the scholar hemmed, there was silence and every one listened earnestly for the war news of the day. It was a pretty picture; and I tarried for a moment to hear their comments before going among the white houses, with their red roofs and green shutters, and the squab hut which represent the two qualities of buildings at Eleusis. But the auditors listened in respectful silence, and the toncless bell having tinkled its warn ing, the mail train went on its way to Corinth.

-Temple Bar.

THE COST OF FINE PIANOS.

An Alleged \$50,000 Investment-Prices

of Wealthy Men's Instruments. The one subject of which piano dealers and piano manufacturers and workmen in piano factories have been talking for the past few days, is the piano said to be for Mr. Henry G. Marquand, with five figures following the No dollar mark in the invoice thus: \$46,950. such price as \$46,950 was ever paid for a piano before, but no prophet will venture to say that no one will ever pay so much again.
"What do you think about such a piano?"

said a reporter to an uptown music dealer. "Had you arrived at the age of maturity before the war of the rebellion began," said the dealer, "and had you been of a cynical disposition at that time, you would have been interested, not to say astounded, at the large sums of money paid as income taxes by men in this town. It gave one notoriety to pay a large in ome tax, and no one was debarred from paying as good a tax as he chose. Perhaps a piano could be built with that sum, but it would have to be inlaid with gold and have the monogram set in diamonds before the bill could honestly call for half as much

"What, then, do the elegant pianos of the men of great wealth cost?"

"Ordinarily from \$1,500 to \$2,000, Mrs. Jay Gould bought one recently that cost \$2.-500. It was an upright grand and just as fine an instrument in everything that goes to make a piano as ever left the factory of one of the best known makers in the city. C. P. Huntington has recently purchased a piano. His cost \$2,000, while Judge Hilton, another millionaire, got one not long ago for which he paid a little more than \$2,200, I believe. Now, these instruments were the very best the workmen could produce. The builders knew, of course, that it would help them to sell fine pianos to other families if such peopla as these had their make of instruments. The choicest woods, seasoned to the exact dot, were used in the cases; extra quality cloth worth \$18 a yard, where the ordinary stuff used is worth from \$5 to \$10, went to the actions; the ivory was selected from perhaps a hundred different tusks, and so on from the casters under the legs to the varnish on top, everything was the best. The monograms were worked out in gold or antique metal, or some other expensive stuff, and when the instruments were set up in the parlors of the purchasers there was a richness to the tones that would enchant any one. And the tone was there to remain; such an instrument will last wonderfully. But, after all, you can get just as good an instrument, one with precisely the same tones and one that will last just as well, for less than half the money paid by Mr. Gould."-New York Sun.

Complimenting a Young Hero. I saw Blanche Roosevelt lift a man from

fusty business street into a half heaven of gratified con:placency once by a few words and a soft and mellow look from her big blue eyes. It was on Park row, and she had just. stepped into her carriage when a sturdy young fellow saw an old woman pause and stagger in front of a team of horses. She was on crutches. We all saw her. There was no real danger. No one moved for a moment, and we stood staring at her with he stolidity born of the muggy heat, when the sturdy young man jumped forward, took her in his arms, and carried her quietly to the walk. Then he colored, and looked ashamed. The woman thanked him awkwardly with a trembling lip, and he nodded half surlily and started on, but before he had gone a dozen steps Blanche Roosevelt jumped from the carriage-nearly bowling me over therebyand running up to the red faced youth seized one of his hands and gave it an ecstatic lit-:le squeeze. He turned and found a woman's face looking into his. It was a wonderfully expressive face. The eyes spoke volumes. He looked into them and seemed transfixed. Miss Roosevelt smiled, and said, in a soft voice, as though whispering to a baby: "You're a good fellow, you are-a good fellow."

Then she dashed back into the carriage, while the man's chest swelled out, and he stood looking after her, breathing in veritable

"He'll be aghast with delight for a week," I said as I closed the carriage door.

"Do you know what he is?" said the girl, peeping back at him as he stood peering hotly after her. "He's a hero-if he does turn in his toes."-Blakely Hall in The Argonaut.

## The Hotels of London.

In London there are a number of strictly first class hotels, like the Metropole and the Victoria, for example; but they are patronzed almost exclusively by Americans. Engishmen prefer the very small hotels, almost like our boarding houses, except that meals are served in the rooms. I have stopped at several of these-at Charidge's and at Edwards'-the famous resorts of royalty, and I have always been approved by the obtrusive and overwhelming character of the attendance. You arrive, and the doors are thrown open with a grand flourish, the servants greet you with Oriental reverence; one of them brings you the inevitable "jug" of hot water, and you proceed to wash your hands. Perhaps in the course of that operation you pass nto another room for an instant, and, on your return, with your hands still covered with soap, you find that the jug, water and all, have mysteriously disappeared, and you are obliged to begin over again. Indeed, I have found this unceasing service very disagreeable.—Mrs. Frank Leslie's Letter.

Cure of Whooping Cough.

The author has found that fumigation with sulphurous acid will frequently succeed in immediately arresting whooping cough. His methods consist in having the child dressed in entirely clean clothes in the morning and removed from the apartment; then, in the sleeping room, as well as the other rooms ocsupied by the patient, his bed clothing, lothes, toys and everything which is wash able should be hung up; then sulphur should be burned in the rooms at the rate of twentyfive grammes for each cubic meter of space, and the rooms should remain closed and subjected to the fumes of the sulphur for five hours. Then everything should be aired, and at night the child should be put to bed in his room, which is thus completely disinfected. Nothing else is requisite, and even in rebeltions cases the effect of this disinfected atmosphere will be found to be effective .- "A. F. C.," Archives of Pediatrics; Massachusetta Medical Journal.

A Yankee Drummer in Canada. There are a good many people in Montreal who don't like the notoriety given to that city as the refuge of crooked citizens of the United States. The other day, as a well known and esteemed commercial traveler from this city was walking in a street in Montreal carrying a handbag, he was spotted

by a number of boys, who at once began to sing a burlesque on "Yankee Doodle," begin-ning "Yankee Boodle came to town, a ridin on a pony."-New York Tribune. Mr. Spurgeon tests the readiness of bis pupils by sending them into the pulpit with a ealed envelope containing a text. From that

text the pupil is supposed to preach. In Mono, Cal., marble is found that is semi-

transparent and looks like white glass.