

### CHRISTENING.

To-day I saw a little calm-eyed child—  
Where soft lights rippled and the shadows  
Within the church's shelter arched and aisled—  
Peacefully wondering, to the altar carried.  
White-robed and sweet, in semblance of a  
flower,  
White as the daisies that adorned the chancel;  
Borne like a gift—the young wife's natural  
dower—  
Offered to God as her most precious hansom.  
Then ceased the music, and the little one  
Was silent; and the multitude assembled,  
Harkened; and when of Father and of Son  
He spoke, the pastor's deep voice broke and  
trembled.

But she, the child, knew not the solemn words  
And suddenly yielded to a troubled waiting  
As helpless as the cry of frightened birds,  
Whose untired wings for flight are un-  
available.

How like is this, I thought, to older folk!  
The blessing falls; we call it tribulation,  
And fancy that we wear a sorrow's yoke  
Even at the moment of our consecration.  
—George Parsons Lotthrop, in Harper's Magazine.

### STORY OF A VASE.

#### The Tragedy with Which It Was Connected.

George S. Goodwin stood with his back to the fire-place and one hand in his pocket, thinking. When his two hands were strong he usually had them both in his pockets, but on this evening one hung in a sling, broken. Half an hour before his wife had departed for church with Mr. and Mrs. Whittier, their next-door neighbors, and shortly afterwards the servants had gone, presumably to church, too. So for once the master of the house was in complete possession. And every few moments he reached over with his left hand and gently stroked the one in the sling and muttered: "It's jolly painful, I know," and then fell to thinking again.

Although late in the autumn, no fire burned in the grate. But Goodwin felt just a little lonesome, and second nature drew him to the fire-place for comfort. When a man is lonesome a fire, if it does not actually cheer him, at least is very companionable, and when there is no fire a person must just put up with the place where a fire should be. So Goodwin backed up to the empty grate, looked at the ceiling, gazed slowly round the room for something to interest him, then down at his toes and leaned back against the mantel-piece. Then there was a crash. Behind him stood a handsome Dresden vase, reflected in a mirror, and as Goodwin leaned back the weakly supported mantel-shelf partly gave way under his weight, and the vase—an heirloom and to him priceless—toppled over, fell against the shoulder of his broken arm, slid an inch or so and stuck in a wrinkle of the coat he was wearing, and there it stuck while numerous small ornaments clattered and smashed on the fender below. Goodwin stood perfectly still and gazed for a moment ruefully at the smashed articles on the floor, then slowly turned his head and looked at the vase. There it stuck, a delicate pink flower caught insecurely on the wrinkle of the coat—a hold that any move, however slight, might unloose and then for a smash on the mantel-piece and fender. He looked for a moment without breathing, then said: "Well, I say," and looked again. Cautiously raising his left hand across his breast until the finger tips were up to his shoulder, but there stopped, for without moving his injured arm he could get no farther and to move the limb simply meant certain destruction to the vase. He thought of all the schemes that would come into his mind, whether by a quick turn he could catch the vase before it hit the mantel-piece—or could he catch it by putting his hand behind his back and letting it fall into the hand. But all the schemes he felt certain would end in the breaking of the one ornament in the house that he could not afford to spare.

"No," he muttered to himself, "There's nothing to do but stand right here like a statue till Grace comes home. That's all about it. As General Grant said: 'I'll fight it out on this line if it takes all summer.' When Grace comes and relieves me I'll probably sit down. Stand bravely with my back to the foe."  
The clock behind him struck seven. The house was now quite dark and a fog hung low over the ground outside.  
As George Goodwin stood, as still as a man without a cigar can be expected to stand, he thought he heard a grating sound in the kitchen. There was a rasp and the back door seemed to be opened quickly and shut softly. As he strained his hearing he caught the sound of muffled footsteps. Instantly the thought of burglars flashed through his mind. Church burglars without a doubt. He had read repeatedly of men who watch for those louses left unattended by occupants and servants, all going out of a Sunday evening. What if the fact that no light burned and every thing was so quiet in the house, had caused some of those ruffians to believe the house untenanted. It was more than likely. What to do he did not know. To move was out of the question. Yes, even though they stole the house from over him he would not break that vase. If he shouted he was afraid the motion necessary would unloose it from its frail hold. Anyhow, his nearest neighbor he knew had gone to church. The only thing to be done was to keep as still as he could, and, if possible, get a glimpse of the burglars so that he might make it interesting for them afterwards. If they caught sight of him doubtless they would decamp a good deal quicker than they came.

If they didn't he might get evidence sufficient to capture and convict them. The noise in the kitchen increased. There was now no doubt of the character of the visit.

Into the hall they came, two men with a dark lantern throwing a small circle of light before them. The door of the sitting-room where Goodwin was stood partly open. He dimly saw them peer into the dining-room; then one of them coming toward the sitting-room door, said in a loud whisper:

"Bill, let's s'art 'ere."  
"No," said the other, "there ain't ever nothing in a sittin'-room. That's the sittin'-room. Let's find their bedroom. That's where they keeps their jewels and money—if they've got any."  
"Well, then, up s'airs we goes," and up they went quietly.

Goodwin knew they would be rewarded. His wife's jewelry was sure to be exposed. Some of it was valuable and some not. It was all too good to be lost, any how.

"One thing is certain," thought Goodwin, "I can tell the height of those men, and one of them is called Bill. Both are illiterate, and one has a peculiar, rasping voice, easy of identification. A good detective will soon hunt them out. Probably that light will fall on one of their faces before they go."

After a short time the stairs again creaked, and the circle of light again shot past the door, and as the lantern swung in the hands of Bill:

"This here is a pretty slick haul," said he of the raspy voice, "I say them's real, don't you?"

"Course them's real all right, they're big glitterers, too. Shall we look for any silver, or have we got all as we want?"

"Well, I'm for some of their silver f we can find it."

"If you ask me," said Bill, "I'm for off with this as we've got. It's all we can handle. I say we go."

"All right. We've got plenty of time and we'll divide here. Then you'll go your way and I'll go mine. We can't both be nabbed."

"What? Divide 'ere? It's dangerous. This ain't no place to divide. I've got 'em all safe in my pockets, and we'll divvy when we gets home. L-t's g-o."

"No, you don't," said the raspy voice, "I'm for a divvy right here and I'm goin' to have it. Then we can go our own way. Sit down here. Give me the light. That's it—now bundle the things out on the floor. There you are."

The two men sat down near the open door with the light between them and Bill slowly began to disgorge. There were the wife's diamond rings, two of them; Goodwin's watch, which he had laid aside when his arm was broken; a fine gold necklace and locket, a diamond for the hair, four gold bracelets, jeweled; a number of smaller articles and then there was a stop. As the light shone on Bill's fingers Goodwin noticed his index finger on the right hand was gone. But both had worn a mask.

"Where's them gold studs and that there gold brooch I saw you take," said the raspy voice.

"Oh, yes, them studs, I forgot," said Bill as he put his hand in an inside pocket and took them out.

"Where's the brooch?"

"There wasn't no brooch as I got."

"Yes, there was. It's the best thing of the swag. Out with it."

"I say I haven't got no brooch."

"You tryin' to sneak it. You can't fool me. Out with it, or by the Lor' I'll make ye."

"I haven't got—stand off, Tom. Don't you lay hands on me."

"Out with it."

"Both men were now on their feet."

"Stand off, Tom. I warn ye. I ain't got."

"Give it up," said Tom, in a low, savage voice, as he sprang at the throat of his companion.

There was a sharp, quiet struggle, a few gasps of exertion, a gleam in the air. The sitting-room door flew open. A man staggered backward into the room with his hands to his breast.

"I warned!"

"You've done for me, Bill," gasped the man as he sank to his knees.

"I warned you," half shouted Bill, with terror in his voice as he stared at his companion.

The stricken man shuddered and gasped, stood up, staggered and fell backward with a heavy crash on the floor. His arms spread out, his head rolled to one side and he lay dead. The lantern, now on its side, streamed on the uncovered face of the murderer, and stamped the likeness on Goodwin's mind. The murderer clutched the door and stood for a second glaring in terror at the dead man. Goodwin stood transfixed with the awful scene.

"My God!" muttered the man, "I've killed Tom." Then looked at the knife held in his hand. Holding it at arm's length from him he threw it at the prostrate form. Felt in his coat, tore from its lining the fatal brooch and cast it from him. With one last look he stole out of the room and was gone.

Then the strength faded from George Goodwin. His knees gave way, his senses reeled, his head sunk on his breast, and as he fell to the floor the heavy vase toppled over, smashed on Goodwin's head and lay in pieces in the dark room beside the senseless spectator and the murdered man.

Months after the time, George Goodwin recovered from the terrible fever that followed the night when the servants found him lying on the floor. He lay delirious from the injuries to his head caused by the vase he had tried so hard to protect. Every person

supposed that in a desperate struggle he had killed the burglar, and when the spring time came and he got stronger in health, and the wound had almost healed his wife and friends realized that he was hopelessly insane. He rapidly gained in strength, but his face bore a troubled look, and for hours he sat brooding—always refusing to enter the sitting room and insisting that all the mantle-pieces be taken down and that his wife put on no jewelry. Not until May was he able to take short walks.

One bright morning Mrs. Goodwin put on him a heavy coat and sent him for his usual walk in charge of a servant. The path lay over one of the many heaths that surround the great city of London and past a row of houses in course of erection. As the invalid and his attendant approached one of these houses a hod carrier came down a ladder and commenced filling his hod with bricks. When the invalid was almost opposite him the man looked up and shouted to a fellow laborer on the half built wall. This companion looked over the side and the bright sunlight, reflected from a piece of tin roofing, fell strongly on his face. Goodwin stopped short. Then with a bound he reached the ladder, and before the servant could stop him almost flew up. In an instant he had the man by the throat.

"You murdered the man Tom," he shouted.

"Stand off, you lie; back!" shouted the man, recoiling aghast.

Then springing forward and putting forth all his strength he hurled the weak man to the ground below.

For a moment the double murderer stood still. Then, buttoning his coat over his breast and stepping forward he said:

"Man, I killed Tom Britton."—E. W. Sabel, in Detroit Free Press.

### LEMAITRE'S JOKES.

How an Eminent French Actor Tried His Wits in Real Life.

When the eminent French actor or Lemaître had a new role to play he invariably tried it on the public in the every-day course of his life before acting it on the stage. One day he was traveling in a crowded stage-coach when the idea struck him to rehearse a scene in which he was to personate the part of a sick man. Suddenly his visage became, as it were, decomposed; his eyes grew dim; his arms dropped down motionless; his body doubled up, and he sighed and groaned most heart-rendingly.

All his fellow-travelers regarded him with fear and trembling; some thought he was seized with black cholera and on the point of death. The coach stopped and he was about to be removed to the nearest doctor, when Lemaître, judging that he had gone quite far enough, and delighted with his success, gradually became himself again, and a few witty remarks disclosed the secret of his illness.

On another occasion he indulged in a similar rehearsal at the Cafe des Varietes, but this time he nearly got into hot water. He entered the cafe, swaggering like a bully, and after gazing at all the customers with contempt, stopped at a table where a young officer and his wife were sitting. Here his bearing became so insolent that every body protested, and called on the landlord to turn him out. The young officer, pale with rage and indignation, rushed at him and demanded an explanation.

Suddenly Lemaître again changed his appearance. He was no longer the Captain Fraaceuse of a few minutes previous, but a confirmed idiot, unconscious of what he had done. The floor shrugged his shoulders in pity and resumed his seat, while the actor, asking the next table, sat down like an ordinary customer, ordered some coffee and proceeded to read the papers as if nothing had happened.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

### BARBARA HECK'S WORK.

The Life of a Woman Known as the Foundress of American Methodism.

Barbara Heck is known in church history as "the foundress of American Methodism." She was born in Ireland to German parents, who belonged to a settlement of German emigrants from the Rhine Palatinate to the Emerald Isle. These people soon came under the influence of Wesley and his preachers, and formed one of the strongest Methodist societies in Ireland. In 1760 Philip Embury, a Methodist preacher, with a number of these Germans, including Paul Heek and his wife Barbara, sailed for New York. Settling there, for some reason they gave up their Wesleyan meetings, but in 1765 Mrs. Heck had become so impressed with the wickedness of this falling off that she felt called upon to arouse her friends from their lethargy. Her earnest words so impressed Embury that he again undertook his work as a preacher. She rested not until she had gathered a little congregation to meet at his house, and by their joint exertions the famous "Old John Street Chapel," the first Methodist Church in America, was built. When Wesley's preachers came to take charge of the John Street Church, Mrs. Heck removed with her family and that of Embury to Northern New York, where they founded Methodist societies. They finally settled in Upper Canada, and became the founders of their denomination in that locality. Barbara Heck died there, at the residence of her son, Samuel Heck, near Augusta, in 1804, at the age of seventy years.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

"Suite, suite home," sings the Jeweller in the family hotel.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

### LEAP-YEAR PRIVILEGES.

Time-Honored Rights and Prerogatives of the Gentler Sex.

It is probable that many of the fair and at least an equal number of the unfair sex have scarcely bestowed a thought upon the fact that 1888 is leap year, in which the ladies' law, as it is called, may prevail.

In three years out of every four man has the privilege of "popping the question," and the annoyance of sometimes having a plain-spoken "No" for the reply. On the fourth year woman may propose, if it so please her.

A lady has the privilege in leap year of suggesting marriage between herself and a bachelor acquaintance. In the event of his refusing, the penalty is that the ungallant gentleman shall present the tender damsel with a new silk dress.

There is a reservation, however, that the right to claim this penalty depends on the circumstance that when she proposed the damsel was the wearer of a scarlet petticoat, which (or a little of the lower portion of which) she must exhibit to the gentleman, the understood idea being that the silken dress shall cover the petticoat, and thus assuage dire feminine indignation at the rejection of her offered hand.

If any of the readers catch a glimpse in 1888—say in a high wind, or when a carriage or car is entered, or a madly street-crozier of the slightest bit of scarlet in a lady's most comfortable and usually unexhibited garment, they may imagine that she has quitted the house with the dire intent of asking somebody to marry her or of getting the silk dress mentioned.

It is said that in a work entitled "Courtship, Love and Matrimony," published in 1606, ten years before the death of Shakespeare, is this explanation regarding ladies' privileges in leap-year:

"Albeit, it is now become a part of the common law, in regard to social relations of life, that as often as every bissextile year doth return, the ladies have the sole privilege, during the time it continueth, of making love unto the men, which they do, either by wordes or looks, as to them it seemeth proper; and, moreover, no man will be entitled to benefit of clergy who dothe in any way treat her proposal with slight or contumely."

This quotation is given by a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, but there are some words in it which were scarcely in common use in Shakespeare's time.

"Social relations of life" is a comparatively modern phrase; and though the word "relations" is used once by Shakespeare, "social" never was. Oddly the word "contumely," though not given in "Ayscough's Concordance," occurs in "the proud man's contumely," which is put into one of Hamlet's most thoughtful soliloquies.

The following is the statute in the old Saxon code referring to leap year:

"Albeit, as often as leape yearre dothe occur, the woman holdeth prerogative over the men in matters of courtships, love and matrimony; so that, when the lady proposeth it shall not be lawful for the man to say her nax, but shall entertain her proposal in all gude curtesie."

A Scotch statute of 1228 reads as follows:

"It is statute and ordaint that during the reime of her maist bleisid majestie, ilk fourth year, known as leape year, ilk maiden ladve of baith high and low estate shall have liberty to bespeak ye man she likes; alvith, if he refuses to take her to be wif, he shall be mulcted in the sum of one pound (£1) or less, as his estate may be, except and awis if he can make it appear that he is betrothed to one woman, and then he shall be free."

Leap year naturally makes us think of marriage; and we hope all the young ladies and widows will be bold enough to "pop the question," and do it without blushing or stammering. Now is your opportunity.—*Troy (N. Y.) Times.*

### ADOPTED CHILDREN.

How to Make Adoptions According to All the Forms of Law.

The love of children is so much a part of our natural instincts that it leads many childless parents to adopt as their own some child, the love of which they hope shall satisfy the needs of their nature in this regard. They so often do this by mere word of mouth and the taking home of the little one that it is well to know that, unless the adoption is made formally and by prescribed legal steps, they are only making future sorrow and vexation for themselves instead of the happiness they have anticipated. For at some future time, when it may have become convenient, or desirable, the former owners or guardians of the child may claim it and take it away, though they should tear out the new parent's heartstrings with it. It is fitting, then, in order that there shall be no trouble by and by, that the adoption of the child, when made, shall be made according to all the forms of law. These require the petition to the court of both the husband and wife desiring to adopt, accompanied by the written consent of the child's parents or other guardians, or, in the absence of such persons, of some one appointed by the court to represent them. When this petition has been granted, and the adoption has been sanctioned by the court, it can not be undone, and the child is, to all the intents and purposes of law, the child of its adopting father and mother, and can inherit from or through them every thing that is not entailed upon descendants by blood. Any appeal from the sanction of the court must be made within a year, or otherwise it is useless.—*Harper's Bazar.*

### AN INGENIOUS DEVICE.

The Invention of a California Physician for Taking Chloroform.

One of the most peculiar cases is that of a doctor who was formerly one of the finest practitioners of the West. Coming from an excellent family, possessed of large wealth, he received a liberal education, and, deciding to become a physician, studied at one of the best Eastern colleges, and graduated with unusual honors. Many years ago he came to San Francisco, and after having been established here for a short time began to acquire a fine practice. In a few years he had among his patients some of the most prominent and wealthy men of the city. He had occasion to use a large quantity of chloroform in his treatment, and when he began to be troubled with insomnia, the result of repeated attacks of neuralgia, he also turned to the anesthetic for relief. But the remedy subsequently proved to be worse than the disease, for with repeated applications he found that he was unable to discontinue its use, and soon became a confirmed user of the drug. He would frequently return to bed during the early part of the day for the purpose of enjoying the drug, and not a night passed that he did not avail himself of its sleep-producing powers. The cunning of an insane mind began to devise means to add to the enjoyment of the body, and finally evolved an idea which must be admitted to be certainly original.

Obtaining a long rubber tube, which could be easily stretched, he attached firmly to the ceiling at a spot which would be directly over his head when in bed. To the other end he fastened a medium sized sponge. After getting into bed he would pour three or four ounces of chloroform over the sponge, often using half a pound during the night, and then pulling it down to his face would hold it to his nostrils until unconsciousness ensued. When his hand fell to his side, the tension on the rubber tube being relaxed, the sponge naturally flew upwards, leaving the victim to continue his sleep without the possibility of receiving an overdose.

If he awoke during the night the operation would be repeated. "It was a great scheme," to use a slang phrase, but it is not known if the doctor ever applied for a patent on the invention. It is possible, however, that the practice continued until he had been a user of the drug for some time, and so continued until he had merely patients enough to enable him to preserve a proper appearance of respectability. Although practically a slave to the drug for years, it is said, but with what truth can not be readily ascertained, that of late he has begun to see the handwriting on the wall, and realizing what the end must be unless the habit is abandoned now uses the drug to but a small extent.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

### TRUTH OF WEATHER-LORE.

The Reverence for Tradition Entertained by the Average Mortal.

The persistent survival of weather-lore in these days of intellectual emancipation is not at all remarkable when we consider the extent to which the vulgar sayings embody real truths. A few years ago Messrs. Abercromby and Marriott embarked on an extremely interesting inquiry with a view to determine, by actual comparison, how far the popular proverbs express relations, or sequences, which the results of meteorological science show to be real. The investigation proved that something like a hundred of the more popular sayings are, under ordinary conditions, trustworthy. Such being the case, we need not be surprised that simple country folk prefer familiar couplets to all the "isobars," "cyclones," and "synchroscopic charts," in the world. If "hills clear, rain near," means the same as "the presence of a wedge-shaped area of high pressure, accompanied by great atmospheric visibility, is likely to be followed by the advance of a disturbance with rain and southerly winds," which for all practical purposes it does, the preference is justified on the mere ground of breath economy. The thirty-one words demanded by science stand no chance against four.

But it is unfortunate that, along with the limited number of folk-sayings founded on truth, there has survived a very large number founded on the grossest error. These latter have borrowed credence and respect from the proved credibility of the others, and apparently they are all destined to sink or swim together. Hammer as we will at certain favorite proverbs which we know to be based upon error, it is all in vain. The reverence for tradition is too much for us. And of all the superstitions, pure and simple, which defy our attempts at destruction, the most invulnerable are those ascribing certain effects to the influence of the moon.—*John Westwood Oliver, in Popular Science Monthly.*

—Senator Bate, of Tennessee, was a Confederate officer, and one of his peculiarities is the carrying of an unlighted cigar in his mouth. It is related of him that he was standing on a field of battle in conversation with his brother, and as he was in the act of lighting a cigar his brother fell dead at his feet, picked off by a Federal sharpshooter. Since that time it is said that General Bate has never lighted a cigar.

—Mrs. Mulligan, pension agent at Chicago, reports 36,699 pensioners on her rolls, of which number two are widows of soldiers of the revolution, thirty-five survivors of the war of 1812 and 452 widows of veterans of that war. Last year she dispersed nearly \$7,000,000.

### AN AUTOGRAPH MARR.

Value of the Signatures of a Number of Famous Men and Women.

One of the new fads of the season is the collection of autograph letters from living men and women. One day this week a Broadway shopkeeper showed me an odd collection and told me the prices that he hoped to get for each letter. One from Browning, the poet, is marked \$4.50. A humorous letter to President Garfield, signed Mark Twain, is held at \$5. The great humorist says:

"It seems to me that it is better to have a good man's flattering estimate of my influence—and keep it—than to fool it away with trying to get him an office."

A brief note signed by Wilkie Collins, the novelist, is held at \$1.50. Another from Sir Charles Dilke, the English statesman, whose escapades caused such a sensation a year or more ago, is valued at \$1. One from General John C. Fremont, the pathfinder, and the first candidate of the Republican party for President, is ticketed \$2.75. An autograph verse and signature by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is \$2.25. A short letter written by eloquent Bob Ingersoll is not valued very highly. It may be purchased for 75 cents. One from the Marquis of Lorne, ex-Governor-General of Canada, may be had for \$1.75. Justin McCarthy's autograph is valued at the same figure. John Ruskin's is more highly prized. It is held at \$1.50. Clark Russell, the author of so many weird tales of the sea, has a name of some pecuniary moment. It is marked \$2.50. A scrap of paper signed by General W. T. Sherman will be sold for \$5. A letter of Spurgeon, the famous English divine, in which he mentions the Tory press is "bullying me very badly," may be had for \$1.25. A letter from Charles Algernon Swinburne, the poet, apologizing for his illegible handwriting, is valued at \$1. One from Sir Arthur Sullivan, of operatic fame, may be had for \$2.75. Another from Alma Tadema, the distinguished English artist, is held at \$1.75. A badly written note from Edmund Yates, the English journalist, is quoted at \$1.25. The signature of Albani, the sweet singer, may be had for \$4.50. Horatio Alger, Jr., the writer of boys' books, is not so high priced. His may be had for 50 cents. Lawrence Barrett, the actor, can get \$1 for his own signature; George Bancroft, the historian, \$1; James Gillespie Blaine, \$1.25; Benjamin F. Butler, 50 cents; George William Curtis, 25 cents; Samuel Sunset Cox, the witty member of the House, 50 cents; James Freeman Clark, the eminent Boston divine, \$1; Simon Cameron, the Nestor of Keystone State politics, 75 cents; George W. Childs, Editor of the Philadelphia Ledger, 50 cents; and the signature of his old enemy, Chas. A. Dana, Editor of the New York Sun, at the same figure; Rose Eytting, the actress, 50 cents; Edison, the Menlo Park wizard, 50 cents; Emily Faithful, the English philanthropist and writer, \$1.25; Cyrus W. Field, \$1; Mary J. Holmes, the novelist, 50 cents; ex-President Hayes, 50 cents; Joel Chandler Harris, "Uncle Remus," 50 cents; James Russell Lowell, \$1.50; Modjeska, the actress, 50 cents; Levi P. Morten, ex-Minister to France, only 25 cents; Louise Chandler Moulton, the Boston writer, 75 cents; Bill Nye, 50 cents; Edward E. Rice, the theatrical manager, 25 cents; and Stuart Robson, the comedian 75 cents; a poem by Siedman, \$6; a signature by Carl Schurz, 50 cents; one by John Sherman, 75 cents; Richard A. Proctor, the astronomer, \$1.25; and Zola, the French novelist, \$6.50. Three signatures by people of the stage may be had for 50 cents; they are Fanny Davenport, Mary Anderson and Wilson Barrett. Senator Everts, Roscoe Conkling, ex-Senator Mahone, Senator Chandler, Fred Douglass, Speaker Carlisle, Steve Dorsey, Samuel J. Randall and Senator Vest for 25 cents each. The most costly signature is that of Ouida, the novelist, \$7.50, and the cheapest Boston's only Mike Kelly, the ball tosser, 10 cents.—*N. Y. Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

### An Accommodating Climate.

"Pretty cold out your way, winters, isn't it? Mercury twenty below, and all that sort of thing?"  
"Why, yes," said the Minneapolis man, "it is kind of cold; but then the fact is, the cold sort of strikes right in and takes hold, and stays there; and you really aren't conscious of it till it begins to thaw out of your system in the spring. And then the weather's warm, and you can stand it."—*Puck.*

—The colored school at Hawkinsville, Ga., to be known as the Dempsey Clarke Institute, was named after Dempsey Clarke, who years ago was sold as a slave on the block by the sheriff at Hawkinsville. He ran away from his new master, took to the swamps, and for years lived as a runaway slave. He was at length captured by dogs, but again ran away. His owner sold him while yet in the woods. Dempsey was pleased with his new owner, and became his most trusted servant. After the war he became a landowner, prospered, and is now one of the most prominent planters of Houston County, and his liberal gifts have resulted in the new school.

—A rubber ball, two inches smaller than the pipe, was placed in one end of a new natural gas main in McKeesport, and five pounds pressure suddenly turned on. The ball turned several sharp corners, passed through two T joints up six feet to the top of the regulator and landed at the other end of the main, a mile distant, in forty-five seconds, actual time.