

SHOE-MAKING IN SLAVERY.

How an Intelligent Colored Man Acquired His Trade.

Some few weeks ago, while visiting the Quaker City, I had occasion to pass down Locust street, and on hearing Eleventh street my eye was attracted to the following sign over a small cobbler's shop:

JAMES MONROE PRESTON BEAT LOGAN.
PRACTICAL BOAT AND SHOE-MAKER.

Having a few moments' spare time, idle curiosity tempted me to see the man with such a name, form his acquaintance and obtain his history. On entering the shop what was my surprise to find the only occupant a negro. Upon inquiry from him, he said that the name I had seen outside was his. After a little chat, during which I told him I was a shoe-maker myself, he consented to relate to me his history. He was born in Avington, Va., on James Monroe's plantation, and lived there until the age of twelve years. Then his master dying, he came into a new owner's hands, Charles Preston, of Buchanan, Va. Mr. Preston, not believing in idleness, put him in a blacksmith shop to learn the trade. But not liking it, he went to his new master and told him he wanted to be a shoe-maker, but Mr. Preston was firm, and said:

"No; you stay at what I put you."

Some little time passed when one afternoon he caught his foot on a nail and tore half the sole off. This again put him to thinking of shoe making, so in his leisure moments he contrived to get an old shoe, cut off the sole, made some pegs and patched up his torn shoe. Succeeding in this beyond his expectations, he determined, on his first opportunity, to make a pair of shoes. So collecting all the old boots he could, he hid them away until he could make the tools to work with, and little by little he selected the material to go ahead with, shaping his own last out of a piece of poplar tree, and the pegs out of dogwood. Then he went to work with a will and made a pair of low shoes, put them on and wore them around among the other slaves, telling them he had made them. Not long after this one of the slaves wanted a new pair of shoes, and on telling the overseer so, the latter said James Logan could make shoes.

Mr. Preston, upon being told this, said:

"Send Logan to me."

When Logan appeared before his master, the latter said:

"Logan, if you can make shoes, go to the village shoe-maker and get whatever you want in tools, leather, etc., and I will give you a shop, and hereafter you are to make all the plantation shoes."

So at last he won his point, and was installed as a shoe-maker, and staid with Master Logan until sold to a new master, Charles T. Beal, who bought the plantation from Mr. Preston. He staid with Mr. Beal until set free, and then came to Philadelphia, where he has been in his little shop on Locust street for the last twenty-two years. He is now eighty-three years of age, and can make as good a shoe as any one at the present time. The wonderful name he bears was taken from his different masters when a slave, a custom among the slaves in those days.—*Boots and Shoes.*

A TRANSPLANTED EYE.

Description of the First Operation of Its Kind Ever Performed in America.

A most delicate and remarkable surgical operation was recently performed in Philadelphia, which consisted of transplanting part of a rabbit's eye into that of a human being. The patient was a girl whose eye was so inflamed as to be almost useless for vision, and the operation was to relieve the obscurity of sight. Without technically describing the operation, it may be simply said to be the engrafting of a piece of the cornea of the eye; and a rabbit's eye was selected because of its similarity to the human eye, and because, being a distinctively herbaceous animal, its blood is less liable to contaminating influence than that of animals who live on animal food wholly or in part. The patient and the rabbit were both placed under the influence of the local anæsthetic, cocaine, and a very delicate instrument, manufactured for the purpose, was used. This was invented by Prof. Gipple, of Glessen, Germany, and, by means of clock-work attachment, not only bores into the cornea of the eye, but also registers the exact depth of the puncture. By this means, a very small portion of the cornea from a point directly in front of the pupil was taken from the rabbit's eye, and a piece corresponding in size and position from the afflicted eye of the human patient, and the piece of rabbit's eye substituted. This is the third operation of its kind, and the first performed in this country; but no doubts of its satisfactory results are entertained by expert ophthalmic surgeons, since the previous operations were successful beyond expectation.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

—A number of society girls in Mobile recently organized themselves into a minstrel troupe, blacked their faces, donned the professional wigs and gave a performance for the benefit of a charitable society.

—A tooth which measured an inch in length, fifteen inches in circumference and weighed ten pounds was taken from the bed of the Withlacoochee river in Citrus County, Fla.

A MIGRATORY WIDOW.

Memories of Married Life Related by a Matrimonially-Inclined Woman.

A weather-beaten woman, of melancholy and discouraged mien, sat in front of a drummer on a railroad train. She was clad in rusty mourning, and her appearance indicated that her loss was recent. When near Chicago she turned to the drummer and said:

"What place we coming to next?"

"Chicago, madam."

"Lemme see; that's in Illinois, ain't it?"

"Yes—certainly."

"I'd ort to know, but I'd forgot I ben in Illinois. I buried my first husband there 'bout twenty years ago."

"Yes, and from Illinois I went to Iowa. I buried my second man out in Iowa, and I ain't been there since. That was eighteen years ago. Went down to South Carling from Iowa."

"Oh! did you? I've been there."

"You hev? Ever been to a place called Black Snake Forks? No? Well, Hen Dodson lives there."

"Who was Mr. Dodson?"

"My third man, and a right smart fellow he was. He had a cousin named Hi Dagget. Ever run across Hi?"

"I think not."

"You'd know it if you had. Every body liked Hi. Him and me was married in Georgia, and he is buried nine miles from Athany."

"Oh! indeed? And do you live in Georgia now?"

"Land no! Ain't set foot there for more'n a dozen years. I went from Georgia away up to Minnesota, and I met Tom Hixon up there."

"Tom Hixon?"

"Yes; him and me lived most a year there after we was married; then a blamed old white mule we had kicked Tom so fatally that I buried him one cold day under the snow up near St. Paul and sold off and went out to Kansas, near Atchison, and tuk up a quarter section o' land jinin' a real smart man's, named Dill."

"And you?"

"Yes, I married Dill, and he took chills and fever 'fore three months and left me a widder 'fore the year was out. I tell you I've had mighty bad luck."

"I should think so."

"That's what I have. There was Ben Barber; after me and him was married out in California we got along splendid, and was making money fast, when, all of a sudden, Ben goes head-first down a 900-foot shaft, and, of course, I was a widder 'fore the poor man ever struck bottom."

"Then you left California?"

"Yes; I stayed there eight or nine months, and then Bob he wanted to—"

"Bob who?"

"Oh! Bob White! He was Ben's partner, and he never give me no peace till I married him. He is buried in the Black Hills."

"Great Caesar!" cried the drummer, "do you make a business of going around the country burying husbands?"

The "widder" put her handkerchief to her eyes, and said in keen rebuke:

"That's a purty way to talk to a poor lone widder, that's got her husband's cawpsa in the baggage-car ahead, a-takin' him out to Dakota to lay him aside of his other kin folks. You'd ort to be 'shamed to be so on-feelin'!"—*Judge.*

A WONDERFUL MULE.

Though Made of Brass He Is Supposed to Cure Every Disease.

A friend, recently returned from Pekin, tells us that he saw a method of cure which may be new to some of our readers. In a temple outside one of the city gates is to be found a brass mule of life size supposed to have wonderful healing properties. Patients suffering from every imaginable disease seek this temple to obtain a cure. The method pursued is as follows: Supposing you suffer from sciatia, you go with all speed to this famous temple, and having discovered the particular part of the brass mule corresponding to the painful region of your own body, you first rub the animal a certain number of times, and then with the same hand shampoo your own disabled member, and then—well, then the pain goes. The special feature of this method of cure is its delightful simplicity. Is your tooth aching?—just scrub the mule's teeth and afterward your own, and *voilà!* the cure is complete. Have you an ulcer of the cornea? pass the tips of your fingers to and fro over the particular eyeball of the mule, and then, with well-regulated pressure, rub repeatedly the afflicted eye. But we are forgetting; the mule has unhappily lost his sight during the many years he has been engaged in his benevolent work—the eyeballs, we are told, having been gradually worn away as the result of constant friction, until now you have only the empty orbits to operate upon. Yet don't be distressed, dear reader, the success is guaranteed to be as real as it was formerly. Is the cure always certain? some would-be applicant may inquire. Well, the temple is covered with laudatory tablets in honor of the mule. Isn't this testimony enough? and if you want more the animal is patched in all directions with fresh pieces of brass, put on to cover holes produced by the constant friction of eager patients; and a new perfectly whole mule stands ready at hand, awaiting the day when his old colleague, having fallen to pieces, shall give him an opportunity of likewise benefitting posterity.—*China Medical Missionary Journal.*

—A man in Florida has trained his dogs to fish for him. They go into the water and help pull the net ashore.

CHILD CRIMINALS.

The Most Dangerous Product of a Wrong Educational System.

An unusual number of crimes have recently been committed by persons so young that they may properly be called children, and nearly all of these crimes have been of the most heinous character. A boy of fourteen caused a million-dollar fire. A boy of ten deliberately committed suicide to escape punishment for truancy. A girl of fifteen administered poison to her father, mother, brothers and sisters. A boy of twelve tried to wreck a train. Of course it would be improper to generalize from these and similar cases, and absurd to infer from them the existence of any prevalent tendency, but it is certainly worth while to inquire whether cases of the kind are preventable, or whether they are due to some inborn bias too stubborn to be removed by education. * * *

Take the case of the ten-year-old boy who poisoned himself. Is it probable that a child of that age would commit suicide if he had any ideas about the value and the purpose of life? This poor boy, evidently, did not understand what he was doing, but thought, in a confused way, that he would escape punishment at the hands of his father. It is not credible that the little girl who tried to poison all her family had any clear notion of what she was doing. Possibly she had been scolded for something, and felt angry with all about her, but it is hardly conceivable that she realized the implications of what she did when she put poison in the coffee. * * *

In these days, when so many people think it a proof of advanced views to indulge their children from infancy, and refrain from teaching and disciplining them for fear of injuring their spirit and crushing their independence, children of naturally strong passions are often seriously injured. By acquiring the habit of indulgence their egoism is dangerously developed. By being treated on terms of equality with their parents they lose all reverence and subordination, and it very easily happens in such cases that opportunity or passion will lead them into absolute crime. We know what happens when an attempt is made to treat savages as though they were civilized. They abuse their privileges, behave chivaldishly or lawlessly, and generally come to grief before long. Savages are but larger children, and children smaller savages. They must be taught how to conduct themselves. They do not bring that knowledge into the world with them. It does not belong in the category of innate ideas. An untaught child is capable of doing almost any thing. Such children have been known to mimic a hanging, and actually to kill one of their number in doing it. The imitative faculty is strong in them, and, therefore, they can easily be trained rightly, if there is any one to lead them. When they develop dangerous and evil tendencies, the first question which ought to be asked is: What has their education been? If nobody has taught them to distinguish between right and wrong, to hold guard over their passions, to be unselfish, to be considerate of others, to do as they would be done by, how can society blame them for getting into mischief? In such cases they are clearly irresponsible; but can the same be said of their natural guardians—of those whose duty it is to put and keep them in the right path, yet who have neglected that duty, no matter whether through false philosophy or through indolence and indifference?—*N. Y. Tribune.*

CALCUTTA'S JACKALS.

They Fill a Special Place in the Sanitary Economy of the City of Palaces.

Kind friends had warned us, Mr. Bamford writes in "Turbans and Tails," ere we retired to sleep the first night in Calcutta not to suppose that there was any thing the matter if we should hear the cry of the jackals. But for that warning I do not know what our feelings would have been when, awakened from our sleep by them, we heard a pack pass close to the house. It seemed to us as though the conscience of the whole city had unbared the portals of hell and put a trumpet in the hand of every liberated fiend. I had presumptuously imagined that familiarity with the concerts of London cats would enable me to sleep through the jackals' efforts. But, though the cat has undeniable power, he can never hope to reach the top notes of the jackal. This latter, indeed, lacks the conversational variety of the more domestic animal. He confines himself mainly to one tune, which begins in a semi-apologetic low note, then ascends a little, still with a suspicion of apology and explanation that he did not mean to make quite so much noise but could not help it; and then the flood gates are open, and, seeming to say that he does not care, he yells with ecstatic abandon. Terrible as a "wandering voice" of the night, the jackal appears a poor creature should he be come upon in his own proper person by day. True, his teeth are to be respected, but that is because, like all carrion feeders, his bite is more or less poisonous. He is himself a sneaking coward, useful, however, beyond description. No system of drainage will enable Calcutta to dispense with its natural scavengers, and of these the jackal is among the most efficient. Peering into dark corners, and with a nose keen to scent out what has escaped even the crow's bright eye, little as that seems to mice, he fills a special place in the sanitary economy of the city of palaces.

LIFE IN MANILLA.

How the Day Passes in the Capital of the Philippine Islands.

Probably the most novel feature of the early morning scenes on the streets are the groups, pairs and single natives coming to market with their loads of vegetables, fruits, nuts, herbs, etc. They have no horses or carts, but carry very heavy loads on their shoulders by means of a strip of bamboo, at each end of which, suspended by thin ropes of bamboo fiber, is quite a large basket or woven bamboo tray filled with produce. One of these baskets carried in the arms would be a load for a very strong man, yet one of these Indians, by means of the elastic strip of bamboo, will carry two and trot along at a brisk rate. At each step the bamboosprings up and down, assisting the bearer quite materially by relieving him of half the weight for an instant.

A group of this sort is quite picturesque, the gayly-colored dresses of the women, their black, glossy hair streaming down their backs and being tossed upon the fragrant and cool early morning breeze; the colored shirts of the men, thrown open in front, showing their mahogany colored breasts almost to the waist, the rhythmical motion of their forms blending with the rich beauty of the tropical landscape outside the city.

When the sun is up there comes forth on the streets a myriad of peddlers of all sorts, from the Chinaman with a whole dry goods store dangling at either end of a bamboo pole to the scantily-dressed native woman with a broad bamboo tray on her head filled with "gobs" of rice paste, cocoanut and sugar, which she sells for "dos cuatros," or one copper per "gob."

Then there are women with huge trays of luscious mangoes, the most delicious fruit in the world, and found in perfection only in the Philippines; women and boys with great baskets of boiled and roasted green corn, who sell four ears for a copper; women with cocoanut shells filled with rare guava jelly, selling four full shells for twenty cents; peddlers of all sorts of sweets in which rice is one of the chief component parts; peddlers of every conceivable thing used in housekeeping, and more beggars than you can count. Even the sun begins to near the meridian, and the roar and bustle of traffic dies away, and by noon the streets are almost deserted, the heat driving almost every one under cover. A Sabbath day quiet reigns until about four o'clock, when the vehicles begin to roll again, the peddlers awaken from their midday siestas, and the beggars uncover their deformities and emerge into the open streets to frighten timid women and children and plead piteously with the pedestrians, who usually give them a copper or two to induce them to get out of sight. The beggars are a choice lot, and present some of the most sickening malformations that you can imagine.

By six o'clock the streets are filled with carriages of all sorts, the horses racing along at full speed, and as they are largely occupied by ladies dressed in bright colors and with nothing on their heads but a bit of ribbon or lace, the scene is quite attractive. Every body's objective point at this hour of the day is La Luneta, a large, well-kept plaza, on the shore of the bay, where a military band of sixty or seventy-five pieces discourse music that would not be discredit to Gilmore. Here many of the visitors leave their carriages and promenade up and down the smoothly graveled space about the music stand, but the majority remain seated and drive around the vast driveway with the immense cavalcade. Here all the fashion, youth and beauty of the city assemble almost nightly, inhale the bracing sea breeze and chat with their friends. At eight o'clock the music ceases and the hundreds of carriages whirl their occupants over the smooth roads to dinner. Everybody dines at eight o'clock, and from nine o'clock to twelve o'clock make or receive calls. At midnight the city is as quiet as a graveyard.—*Cor. St. Louis Republican.*

WHITE SUMMER GOWNS.

Dresses That Are Lovelier Than Regal Velvet or Stately Brocade.

The linen laces remain popular for trimming underwear because of their durability and genuine quality. Fine Hamburgs on India lawn and French mainsook may be bought in patterns which match in various widths, and are exceedingly convenient for trimming muslin gowns for commencement days or for summer afternoon wear. A dress of sheer white muslin has been too often extolled by poets and novelists to receive new praises. It still remains the loveliest dress of a lovely woman, far more beautiful than regal velvet or stately brocade. It is a mistake for our girls ever to adopt white silk surah or sheer white woolsens in place of the old-time muslin. The plain, Directoire styles, full, plain skirts, slightly draped at the back or left to hang in full, plain breadths and short, round waists, shirred full in front, with a tendency to full sleeves, are the features of the white afternoon gowns this season. Girdles or ribbon coming from the under arm seams of the waist in cream white, pale blue, primrose yellow or some flower-like tint of color, are frequently a feature of these gowns. A great many dresses have been made up this season with pyramids of pleating in front, panels of embroidery at the sides and full, straight breadths at the back, thus excluding all drapery. Ribbons of grosgrain in No. 12 and No. 16 width, with a plain, satin edge, are preferred for garniture to white dresses over any ribbon with feather edge or a ribbon of moire, except in the narrow widths in which moire is used. Satin ribbons are used for this purpose.—*Good Housekeeping.*

CONCERNING HEADACHE.

Five Suggestions of Interest to Those Afflicted With the Ailment.

A teacher in Tennessee, who has long suffered from headache, and has tried physicians and remedies with only temporary relief, asks our advice—as to diet and manner of living. He has a good appetite and is otherwise apparently well.

We may promise that a headache may be due to one of many causes, or to several causes acting together. A remedy suited to one case may be harmful in another. Nor can any case be cured without the removal of the cause. Without some knowledge of the habits, the temperament, the physical tendencies and the general surroundings of a sufferer, it is impossible to mark out any scheme of diet adapted to a particular case. But any one who is an intelligent observer of himself, and is possessed of a strong will, can, probably, treat himself as successfully as any ordinary physician can treat him. We will address our correspondent directly, but the advice, with the necessary modifications, will do for others:

1. You are aware that vigorous outdoor exercise is essential to sound health in all persons, and especially so in the case of a brain-worker, under the peculiar strain of a school-room. You need at the minimum, two hours a day of such exercise. Perhaps with your Southern habits and conveniences, horse-back riding might profitably interchange with rapid, cheery walking.

2. You are equally aware that at least eight hours of solid sleep are still more essential—sleep in a well-ventilated, sun-disinfected room.

3. You may not be aware, but it is true, that "biliousness" and indigestion are generally due far more to over-eating or under-eating than to the kinds of food eaten. See if you can trace a connection between the quality of your food and your distressing symptoms. Lessen it below the average of the past, and note whether the tendency to headache lessens with it. If it does, you are on the right track. If not, try the effect of more frequent and abundant meals.

4. Constipation fills the blood with poisons that affect the brain. Let this be remedied, if possible, by your food. Abjure white bread, and use bread made from "entire wheat flour," or mush from oat-meal or "wheat germ-meal," with a free addition of fruit.

5. Notice whether any particular article of food positively disagrees with you—in itself, in the mode of cooking it, or in the quantity eaten—and govern yourself accordingly.

Make trial of these suggestions for three months and note the result.—*Youth's Companion.*

COARSE POTTERY.

How Crocks, Jugs and Similar Articles Are Made.

The base of materials for all kinds of pottery is clay, and the quality of the product depends mainly on the kind of clay used and the ingredients with which it is mixed. Bricks are made of common blue, brown or red clay, mixed with varying proportions of sand. Drain tile is made of common plastic clay, the pipes being molded by pressing the material between a solid cylindrical cone, and a hollow external cylinder. In making earthen crocks or jars the clay is first moistened into a plastic mass which can be molded by the hand, and then is worked up in what is called a pug mill. A vertical shaft armed with knives placed with the planes of their blades in a spiral direction, is made to revolve within a slant cylinder having a funnel shaped top. There are knives also on the outside of the cylinder, and by the action of both sets the moistened clay is worked into a smooth mass, and pushed down to the bottom, and through a rectangular orifice on the side of the cylinder. It is then cut into slices, the workmen removing as he does so all stones and other solid substances. It is then ready for the lathe or "potter's wheel." This is one of the most ancient machines known, having been used in Egypt probably six thousand years ago. It is simply a lathe turned by the motion of a wheel. The clay is placed on the lathe and its rapid revolving movement aids the worker in shaping it to its right form. Thus, the workman throws a small quantity of plastic clay with a smart blow upon the head of the lathe, and then with his hands which he keeps moist by dipping them into a bowl of water conveniently near, he presses the mass into a conical shape. Then flattening the top, he gradually works his hand into the inside of the mass, and meanwhile keeping his other hand on the outside, he works it into the form of a jar or crock, and by means of some simple tools of wood or leather, the shape is rendered perfect. It is then ready to be fired, then glazed, then fired again.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—Some wags were walking around an agricultural implement store, and they chanced to see in the rear a dressed hog hanging by a hook in the wall. "What sort of an agricultural implement do you call that?" they asked. "That is a patent combined root-grubber, corn-sheller, apple grinder, gate-lifter, double action, back-spring sod-plow; but I guess you won't want one, for it takes a mighty smart man to manage it."—*Vox Populi.*

—Wheat bran, being light, apparently has but little value, yet a ton of it contains forty-seven pounds of nitrogen, and over sixty pounds of phosphoric acid, with a large proportion of potash.

DRIVING THE COWS.

Advantages Derivable from Training Heifers to Drive Like Oxen.

It frequently occurs that cows have to be driven twice daily between stables and distant pastures, passing through villages or at least past ornamental grounds, where shrubs and flowers in beds and borders are more or less exposed. All through the season, and especially when the animals are first turned out in the spring, there is constant delay and annoyance by animals lingering along the road side, insisting upon occupying the sidewalk and turning into private grounds, through open gates, to tempting pieces of lawn.

It is much better for milk cows to move quietly and steadily along from stable to pasture, and vice versa, than to go by "fits and starts," halting to graze and then hurrying or hurrying to overtake their mates, or straying so as to necessitate driving back to the right route.

In a hill town in Western Massachusetts I knew an instance in which all this trouble was obviated by training heifers and cows to drive like oxen. The farmer in question lived near one end of a farm village street and had to take his cows to pasture beyond the other end of the village. So he began to train his animals while young, handling calves and yearling heifers as he would young steers. Getting calves accustomed to handling and quiet leading by halter or neck strap is a good plan in all and will repay the little time necessary if the training is begun early enough. In this instance heifers were soon taught to walk in pairs side by side with a light stick or switch simply laid across behind their horns or attached by a small cord. Likewise pairs were trained to follow one another as if all yoked and fastened to a long chain. And they were taught not to depeal upon a special mate, but to take any place assigned them in the procession. Thus trained at a comparatively slight expenditure of time, the cows of this owner, by the time they were two or three years old, were as well drilled and manageable as a thoroughly broken steers handled without a yoke. The cows of this farmer, six, eight and sometimes ten in number, could be seen daily during pasturing season moving sedately through the village, two and two, pair after pair, like a "string" of oxen or a "town team" on its way to cattle show." They turned neither to the right nor left, but kept straight along the road, without a break from start to finish, and the owner declared that the time and trouble he saved in every season more than repaid all the effort necessary to train his animals to this exemplary conduct.—*Major Alvord, in American Cultivator.*

IDEAL LIVING ROOM.

One That Breathes Welcome and Bids Visitors "Be at Home."

It is a real one, too, and so replete with cheerful brightness that its very atmosphere breathes welcome and bids all those who enter "Be at home." It is not easy to analyze this look of ineffable peace and homeliness, but all notice it. The room is large and high and light. One end, that to the south, is rounded, forming a homelike room for plants. A bed of deep earth borders this conservatory and in it flourish ivies and blooming vines and geraniums and the prolific heliotrope, with a hardness which only such a permanent abiding place could give. Deep red curtains, well drawn back only partially divide this generous bay window from the main room, which, while adorned with pictures and vases and other bits of prettiness has no ornament comparing to the freshness of growing plants and the fragrance of their blossoms.

The floor of polished oak is covered with a Brussels mat of chaste and quiet pattern. A leather covered table, strewn with magazines and papers stands under the chandelier and is surrounded by half a dozen rocking chairs and two or three with arms. Uncomfortable seats are banished to a parlor for which the members of this family have no use.

A lounge, furnished with pillow and soft afghan tempts the lazy and sleepy to its corner. The writing desk occupies another; and the largest wall space is utilized for an open case where books of reference and other books in constant use are placed; underneath are two rows of drawers and a cupboard with closed doors, the top of which forms a convenient space for atlas, globe and dictionary. Directly opposite, a fire place and oak mantel complete the cheerful picture, and in cold weather add to the warmth and brightness. An air of perfect cleanliness impresses the casual visitor and is accounted for by those who know that twice a week, on Wednesday and on Saturday, the furniture is taken out and cleaned, the ornaments removed and dusted, the carpet swept, the floor wiped with damp cloths and every part of the large room made free of dust. Every day, there are the marks of dirty boots and sticky fingers to remove, blocks and dolls to put away, papers to fold and chairs to replace; for children and grandchildren call this "Home" and come to its mistress for advice, for comfort and for happy intercourse.—*Glen Burton, in Good Housekeeping.*

—A Western lightning rod agent recently put all rivals to shame by the following clincher on the merits of his goods: "You see, sir, our rods are twisted from end to end. Well, the lightning makes a dive for the top and goes whirling around down the rod, and before it gets to the bottom it's so dizzy it couldn't hurt a fly."