UNION, OREGON.

THE BORDERLAND.

Upon the borderland we wait, Ve see bright gleams from Golden Gate Light up the silver shore.

Our ship lies moored upon the sea,
For winds are husbed in sleep.
And night's black robes across the lea

We bide—abide—just till the day Dispels the shades of night, And wakes again the wingless winds To press our sails for flight.

Then wide we spread the white winged sail.

And hasten to be free.

We welcome on the threatening gale. That lashes white the sea

Now high o'er storm cloud and the blast That sweeps the angry sea Our spirit reacheth, clingeth fast, or spirit reacheth, Chicago Herald.

—Chicago Herald.

Pretty Fine Writing.

Up in a book dealer's place in Broadway, not far from Eighth street, curiostty seekers and men who can afford to indulge their love for queer manuscripts can find, perhaps, the strangest bit of writing known. On a piece of parchment like paper, five feet wide and six feet five inches high, are written all the books of the Old Testament, forming the design of a window in King Solomon's temple. No lines are used. Written words form the whole design. The writing is very minute, but legible to the naked eye. Ink of three colors was used, but principally black ink. It is a very intricate piece of work, marvelous in its way, and must have taken considerable time and patience.

The work was executed by one Darid Davidson, apparently in a mood of re-ligious fervor. He was blind of an eye, and his manner of writing was to lie at full length upon the floor, on his stomach, with his eye (he was near sighted) very close to the paper. He died some twenty years ago. Each chapter and verse is numbered. The writing is not running script, but each letter is separate; nor are the letters much, if any, larger than a thirty-second of an inch high.-New York Press.

Blood in the Body.

The amount of blood in the body is one-thirtieth the weight of the body, or five or six quarts, or eleven or twelve pounds. The average man dies when he has lost one-fifth of his blood. The heart with each contraction ejects six ounces of blood from each ventricle, at a pressure in the left ventricle of one-fourth of an atmosphere. The heart sends all the blood around the body of the average man once every thirty seconds, or in about thirty-five contractions of the organ. A deadly poison injected into the veins kills in fifteen seconds on the sverage; injected under the skin in about four minutes. A cubic millimeter of cells to every one white blood cell. The red cells have an average diameter of 1-8,200 of an inch, the white cells of 1-25,000 of an inch. The specific gravity of blood is 1.055. The frequency of the pulse in the new born is 150; in infants 1 year old, 110; at 2 years, 95; from 7 to 14. 85; in adult man, 75; woman, 80. The respirations are one-fourth as rapid as the pulse.—St. Louis Republic.

Ancient Feet.

A noticeable thing about the statues found in our museums of art, supposed to represent the perfect figures of ancient men and women, is the apparently disproportionate size of their feet. We moderns are apt to pronounce them too large, particularly those of the females. It will be found, however, that for symmetrical perfection these feet could not be better. A Greek sculptor would not think of such a thing as putting a nine inch foot on a five and one-half foot woman. Their types for these classical marble figures were taken from the most perfect forms of living persons.-Shoe and Leather Re-

Looking for a Servant 1,215 Years Old. Many queerly written and peculiarly worded advertisements find their way into the hands of the young men who flank the main counter in our business office. The other day a gem was handed in. It was a "want ad.," but the young man who took it did not know whether It was intended for the personal column or the puzzle department. It read like this: "Wanted-A Sweetish girl 1215 years old 2 in famial.". Its only redeeming feature was its brevity, and it was finally placed near the bottom of the column in the waste basket.—Chicago Herald.

"Your Grace."

It is told of the late Duke of Rutland that he one day met the little daughter of one of his gamekeepers. "Well, little one," he asked, "and what do you call yourself?" "For what we are about to receive may the Lord make us truly thankful; amen," was the astonishing reply. The child had simply been following home instructions to the effect that if the duke should ever address her she should be sure to say, "Your grace." -New York Tribune.

A Child's Thought.

A little Swedish girl, absorbed in gazing at the starry skies, being asked of what she was thinking, said: "I was thinking if the wrong side of heaven is so glorious, what must the right side was that which looked on our world. Surely, she thought, the right side, that ooks toward the throne of God, must be glorious indeed. - Montreal Star.

To keep the bright, green color of summer cabbage and some other vegetables, boil fast in plenty of water in which has been dissolved a piece of washing soda the size of two peas; cover until the water boils and then take off the lid. If the steam is shut in the cabbage will be yellow and unsightly.

A STORY OF TWO SLAVES.

THE "RUNAWAYS" THE BEST MEN UNDER FREE CONDITIONS.

A Southerner Makes Such a Statement Men Who Eluded Their Master for Three Years Are Now Well-to-Do Citizens.

A few days ago a gentleman in Hawkinsville, Ga., said:

"It is a strange fact, yet it is true, that the negroes who were most persistent in their efforts to elude masters whom they 'runaway niggers,' are the very best citizens we now have. I have watched many of them, and it has always turned out that way. Negroes usually did not run away from their masters on account of work, but because of ill treatment or of natural dislike, and when they once took an aversion to their master he might as well make up his mind to sell them to some one whom they liked, or to keep a pack of hounds for the purpose of capturing them every time he gave them a chance to get away.

NOT AFRAID OF THE DOGS. "Do you see that old colored man in that buggy driving around the corner? Well, that is old Dempsey Clarke, and he is today one of the richest negroes in Georgia. He lived for three years in the swamps of Georgia because he hated his master, and suffered untold hardships fighting for existence, yet he never did give himself up until his master, in despair, sold him to a neighbor named Brown, who was good to his slaves. Then Dempsey and his brother came out of the woods and went to work on Mr. Brown's plantation, where they worked until the war was over.

"I remember the day that Dempsey and his brother Bristow were brought into Hawkinsville. There was a big sale that day and several thousand slaves were brought i, by the slave traders. When Dempsey and Bristow were put upon the block, they were bid in by a Mr. Coley, an old planter who was rich in land and slaves. When Mr. Coley bid them in, Dempsey said: 'We don't lack yer, Mr. Coley, an' yer needn't buy us, 'kase we ain't er gwine ter live

"'Oh, well,' Mr. Coley replied, 'Tve got plenty of dogs,' which meant that if they ran away he would capture them with the keen scented hounds kept for that purpose.

"The trade was consummated and Dempsey and Bristow were sent to Mr. Coley's plantation. True to their word, the third day after their arrival at the plantation Dempsey and Bristow took to the woods. They were captured once, but before they were brought back to the plantation they again made their escape, and this time for good, as they swore that they would die before they would ever be taken back to Coley's plantation. SOLD IN THE WOODS.

"I remember on one occasion a party of negro hunters struck the trail of Brisblood contains 5,000,000 blood cells in tow and Dempsey and chased them into the average man, and about 4,500,000 in the cypress jungle, and among the lathe average woman. There are 300 red goons just below Big Creek, near where the creek runs into the Okmulgee. The swamp was almost impenetrable, but the hunters followed their dogs and approached within fifty yards of the 'runaway niggers.'

"When they were cornered the two slaves opened fire upon their pursuers, and as it was getting late in the evening there was nothing left for them to do but to retreat, which they did. After trying to recapture his slaves for three years, Mr. Coley finally gave up in despair and sold them in the woods to a Mr. Brown, of Houston county. Mr. Brown was much liked by his slaves, and as soon as it became generally known that he had bought Dempsey and Bristow the two slaves made their appearance in the village and gave themselves up to Mr. Brown.

"I will never forget how they looked when they came out of that swamp. Their hair and whiskers had not been cut until they fairly met, and it seemed to me that nothing was visible of the face except two black eyes that looked wildly at me. I never saw two men so nearly like wild men in my life, and their clothing served to strengthen the impression made by the first glance at their faces. Mr. Brown gave them clothes and cared for them, and in a short while they were perfectly at home on his plantation, where they remained until after the war.

"I do not know where Bristow is, but I am told that he is in Colorado, where he went after the war, and that he owns large mining interests there. He was a very bright negro, and always would accumulate, even as a slave. Dempsey remained in Houston county after the war and followed farming for a living. He has accumulated a large fortune. which consists principally in lands and live stock. His wife, whom he married as a slave, is still living, and his daughters are off at college. As a faithful slave of the old type, a good citizen and an honest and upright business man, Dempsey has the respect of all who know him."-Atlanta (Ga.) Cor. Globe-Democrat.

A Woman's Tribute.

A woman has a more excellent way of bestowing a favor than a man. One day in 1865 Rosa Bonheur was surprised while working in her studio to receive a visit from the Empress Eugenie, who entered unannounced.

The empress kissed the artist as she rose to receive her royal visitor, and, after a few minutes' conversation, departed as unceremoniously as she had entered.

The woman artist discovered that the woman sovereign had pinned upon her working blouse the cross of the Legion

The emperor, who had hesitated to confer the decoration on the artist because she was a woman, had left the empress regent during his absence from France. One of her first acts was to drive over from Fontainebleau, near the studio, and decorate Rosa Bonheur with her own hand.-Youth's Companion.

We have among us, in the heart of this rich city, in Goldsmith's buildings, hard by the Temple church, the grave of another man of genius-the grave of Oliver Goldsmith. The insignificant monument that covers his remains, and the tenth rate statue, if such it can be and Tells a True Story in Proof-Two called, that adjoins it, are in a state of decay that does the greatest discredit to Goldsmith's fellow countrymen. On the one side of the stone is the inscription: "Here lies Oliver Goldsmith," and on the other, "Born 10 Nov., 1728. Died 4th April, 1774." Many of the letters and figures on the stone are well nigh obliterated, while the inscription underneath hated and who were commonly called the statue it is absolutely impossible to decipher. This is no new tale.

Some of our contemporaries have very properly again and again called the attention of the public to these facts, but still nothing is done. Surely the few pounds necessary to keep his grave in a proper state of repair might well be subscribed. It is now entirely neglected and deserted, save by a few kindly folk who sometimes deck it with flowers. A movement having the object we have indicated and headed, say, by the two great English actors who have given us such delightful renderings of what was perhaps Goldsmith's greatest creation-Dr. Primrose—could not fail to secure the hearty co-operation of all those who have derived pleasure and amusement and instruction from that master of fiction, who was not only one of the greatest novelists of his time, but the purest hearted and most good natured of men. -London Saturday Review.

Hand Spinning and Weaving.

First of all, to answer the question, Does it pay? which is the average Englishmen's first question. I want my project to be, as all honest schemes ought to be, self supporting; so I am glad to be able to reply that it does pay, even in the hard and fast commercial sense. I had been mindful of a maxim of Mr. Howells in one of his books, "Before you learn to do a thing, pray be sure people want it." I find people do want the Langdale linen, for without advertising or publicity I have orders from all parts of England for many hundreds of yards. And it pays, too, in a coin current in another kingdom than this: pays a hundred fold in the glad, uncounted treasure of brightened homes and hearths made happy with sweet and honest labor.

I reap, too, all to myself, a little harvest of pleasant sights and sounds. It gladdens me greatly to pass a cottage door and to hear from within the soft murmur of the wheel. Once too, on a wild November day, I saw a strange, weird vision of the Fates, not Narcissus crowned, but here alive before me as three Westmoreland women. Little did the three spinsters think as they drew and cut the tangled thread from the distaff that they were setting forth in homely fashion under the crags of Loughrigg the tremendous myth of life and death preached centuries ago under the olive groves of Greece,-Albert Fleming in Century.

Street Cars in the City of Mexico.

for street railway investors, yet in pro- county desert for coyotes. They armed portion to their number and wealth the themselves with rifles, secured a carriage people of the City of Mexico contribute and driver, and started out early in the more, perhaps, to the support of their morning across a cactus covered plain. horse cars than those of any other city. Nobody seems to walk there who can standing pensively a lone coyote. He scrape together enough to ride. Mules are the motive power, and these thin upon his hunger. beasts gallop along at a reckless pace under constant lashing from their driver. There are first, second and third class cars, which vary in price from a real (about 12 cents) down to 2 cents. The first class coaches are about as comfortable as the Broadway cars of New York. The second class cars have small windows near the roof without glass, a bench running lengthwise along either wall, and another without a back down the center. Third class cars carry freight and Indians indiscriminately. One road, which extends far out of the city to the principal cemetery, runs funeral cars draped in mourning, and does a big business in funerals.

As all the lines meet at the principal square of the city, the mourning coaches can be switched off to any part of the town. At the cemetery they are side tracked to await the return of the funeral party.-Street Railway Journal.

A Maori Ess. v on the Ostrich.

The following capy of a composition of a New Zealand boy on the subject of "What Do You Know About an Ostrich?" was received by a lady in this city from a friend in England who takes an active part in missionary work:

"The ostrich is an African animal that lives on sand and generally hunts on horseback. The female makes a nest in the sand, which is simply a deep hole, and then the male lays in it ten or twelve eggs, which he hatches, for making ornaments and for food for his family. These eggs chase their parent all over the desert till he is quite tired, poor fellow!

"The three tail feathers of this ostrich form the motto 'I serve,' and they belong to the Prince of Wales, who is also fond of these tail feathers. This ostrich is often used for drinking cups and other various amusements, but it is chiefly valued for the beautiful feathers, which are found on his legs-and those that grow on the egg shell."-Pittsburg Dis-

Stephenson's Leisure Hours. George Stephenson, the great railway

pioneer, did not know his alphabet until he was 18 years of age; but he no sooner became convinced of the necessity of learning to read in order to get on in the world than he set about it with all the energy he possessed, and went to school (though he made rather a big schoolboy) while he was working twelve hours a day at very laborious work. Beside ing the other elements of education, he mended clocks and shoes for his neighbors in his "leisure hours." George up our minds to do it. - Boston Herald. scaring the Hoosiers.

A GLIMPSE OF CORK.

Seen in a City of Ireland on Sights Bright and Bustling Day.

Cork looked very bright and bustling the day we reached it. We had made some stops here and there on our way, mostly at out of the way, picturesque villages, and so deeply had their quiet impressed us that Cork, with its cars rattling up and down the steep, stony streets, its noisy quay population, and all the hurry of the lower town, had the air of a stirring metropolis. How it would strike us if we had visited it immediately after landing from the Cunarder and with the rush of Chicago and New York still fresh in our recollection I cannot say, but it impressed us when we did see it very favorably. While there were, of course, some evidences of the universal "bad times," there were many signs of undoubted prosperity. Its connection, through Cove or Queenstown, nine miles distant, with America, accounts largely, I think, for the latter. In the streets we noticed many shops devoted exclusively to the sale of American products, meats, fruit, tobacco, agricultural implements, sewing machines, etc. In the very gait of the people we fan-

cied we could see an American freedom and energy. And the contrast of this modern dash and life with the gray reminders-centuries old many of themof bygone times that meet one everywhere is very impressive to the stranger. Exceptionally fascinating was it all to us, seeing it in the lingering pale twilight of the day that had the north in a sky of tenderest blue and the south in its balmy zephyrs. Old and weary as time itself seems Ireland in the rain, but the new morning, the rosy dawn of childhood are no fresher or fairernothing can be fresher or fairer than Ireland when the magic blue of her skies bends above her and the caresses of the south wind play upon her.

Women in very ugly caped cloaks, but comfortably shod and trim of headservants and workingmen's wives-were bringing home basketfuls of marketing from the great "English market," as it is called. Carriages waiting for their occupants were in line outside the dry goods shops and bookstores; men of the coal heaver type were going homeward in groups, smoking and chatting cheerfully among each other; bustling countrywomen with many an excited objurgation dragged their dilatory husbands to the carts outside the public house doors; cabs and outside cars dashed madly along the streets; lights shone in the shop windows and those of the hotels, and a melancholy man near the bridge was playing the air of "Bellewstown Races" in a manner that seemed to have its effect on the feet of all who passed. And that was how "the beautiful city" appeared to us on the occasion of our first visit .- Nora Creena in Chicago Times.

Hunting a Coyote.

Pullman Superintendent Ellwood, of this city, Superintendent Tom Urquhart, of the Los Angelos division of the Southern Pacific, and Superintendent Beal, of the Atlantic and Pacific, met in Mr. Ur-While the principal cities of this coun- quhart's office at Mojave one day, and agreed to go hunting upon the Kern Very soon through the yuccas, they saw was reflecting upon his sins, perhaps, or

> "Let me shoot! Let me shoot!" said Mr. Beal, excitedly, raising his gun, and Tom Urquhart gracefully yielded to his guest. Mr. Beal shot and missed the covote by at least forty feet. The covote was a sensible animal, for he knew that the closer to the guns he got the safer he was. He did not seek to escape through the yuccas-he started directly for the wagon. Mr. Urquhart is a brave man, but that covote looked hungry, and he turned pale. Though he trembled, yet he leaped into the breach to save his friends. Raising his gun, he took deliberate aim, fired-and struck a vucca one hundred yards to the right of the line of advance. The coyote still came on. It was a thrilling moment. The driver turned his horses and galloped off, the coyote in pursuit. The animal passed under the wagon in a 2:08 gait and disappeared. The railroad men returned to Mojave, and they have not yet ceased to talk about their narrow escape from the ferocious beast. - Los Angeles Tribune.

Just Like Pork.

A friend of mine who used to have a house in Paris under the empire, and was well acquainted with all the artists of imperial France, told me apropos of the picture by Gerome, exhibited in the American galleries, a story that is worth repeating here. Every one who loves art must know the picture (or the engraving from the picture) representing "Moliere Breakfasting with Louis Quatorze." My friend happened to run into Gerome's studio just after the canvas was completed. It was in its frame and on the easel, and Gerome was chuckling in his saturnine way as he entered. 'What do you think?" said the painter, "I have just received the visit of an American richard, who has made me what he considers a great offer for my 'Moliere.' He has offered me a thousand francs a head for it. I have refused, as I would if there had been a flock of courtiers. I cannot fancy selling a picture as one would pork." The picture was sold for 30,000 francs. - Town Topics.

A Big Mistake.

There are a class of ignorant people who imagine a bank is a place where money is thrown about in careless profusion, and that any one inside the railing can help himself, where every one about the place is rich and have their pockets bulging with gold. Every boy thinks that way until he learns otherwise, but you can't make the beggars belearning to read and write and acquir- lieve it. -Bank Teller in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Indiana alone has 375 gas wells, and Stephenson's example shows that a the prediction that a large portion of the great deal may be done if we only make state will ultimately sink many feet is

A WICKED STUDENT'S TRICK.

The Goodly Policemen of Boston Chase Barber's Pole and Its Owners.

Not a great while ago a party of half a dozen Harvard students were in a barber's shop in this city, and after having been beautified and adorned tonsorially, one of the number was struck with an idea. It was communicated to his companions, and without a dissenting voice agreed to. The proposition was nothing less than to purchase the barber's pole, which was done, and a receipt taken. Then the young men sallied forth with their striped and parti-colored acquisition. They had not gone far, however, when

they were overhauled by a policeman. "Hello, there! what are you doing with that pole?" "That's our business."

"Your business, eh? Well, I'll make it mine. Come along with me!" They were marched straight to the nearest station, and stood up in line before the captain.

"What's the trouble, officer?" asked the captain.

"Stealing a barber's pole."

The officer felt quite proud of his capture and related with particularity all the circumstances' of his arrest. The captain looked upon the offenders and was about to order them to be locked up for the night, when one of the students produced a paper and suggested that perhaps the captain might like to look at that. The captain looked at it. Then turning to the policeman he said: "Officer, you may return to your beat." A moment lat-er the students might have been seen filing out of the station with their tonsorial standard held proudly aloft.

They had not gone far, however, before they were again brought to a halt by another officer, who, like his predecessor, wanted to know where they were going with that pole. He was informed that that was their business, and he in turn assured them that he would make it his business, which he did by escorting them to the self same station they had just quitted. "What's the trouble, officer?"

"These fellows have stole a barber's pole, and"

'Very well; you may return to your beat. The captain smiled as he dismissed the students. Hardly had he resumed

his wonted gravity of aspect before the door opened and again entered a policeman, six young men and a barber's pole.

And so it went on. Six several times were the students and their barberous property brought by as many different policemen into that station. and had not an officer been specially sent out to warn all patrolmen under no circumstances to interfere with six young men and a barber's pole, it is more than likely that that pole and its bearers would have been brought into that station as many times that night as there were patrolmen in the dis-

People who wondered what was the cause of the hilarious laughter which proceeded from the usually grave and quiet station, on the night in question, are now fully informed of the same. -Boston Transcript.

Queer Torch Bearers.

In some parts of northern Africa, says Mr. C. F. Holder, it was the custom years ago to employ large baboons to hold torches at balls and other entertainments given at night. On one occasion the owner of half a dozen of these curious creatures gave a ball, and had the entire force seated upon a bench, each holding a torch or flam beau. Everything proceeded smoothly, until finally one of the baboons probably dropped asleep, and allowed its torch to strike its neighbor. In stantly there arose a dreadful shriek, and a horrible odor of burnt hair.

The victim, intent upon retaliation. struck the sleeper violently with its torch, thus burning another, and soon all the torch bearers were engaged in a sanguinary encounter. The howls of rage and agony completely drowned the music and broke up the entertainment. - Philadelphia Times.

The British Empire.

The queen of Great Britain is now sovereign over a continent, 100 penin sulas, 500 promonitories, 1,000 lakes. 2,000 rivers and 10,000 islands. She waves her hand and 900,000 warriors march to battle to conquer or die. She bends her head and at the signal 1,000 ships of war and 100,000 sailors perform her bidding on the ocean. She walks upon the earth and 30,000,000 human beings feel the least pressure of her foot. The Assyrian empire was not so populous. The Persian empire was not so powerful. The Carthaginian empire was not so much dreaded. The Spanish empire was not so widely diffused. The Roman power was weak in comparison, and Greece was as a small village. -Detroit Free Press.

Modjeska and Martinot.

Beyond being fond of outdoor life on her ranch in California, Modjeska has no well defined tastes for anything in particular. She loves to ride a horse or to drive a team over the country roads round about her. She is fond of fishing, shooting, and in fact everything that appertains to the glorious life of a ranch owner.

There is nothing Sadie Martinot loves so well as a pair of spirited horses and an open victoria in the park. On a fine afternoon it is there she may always be seen, and usually in the company of her manager, Mr. Amberg, who recently presented her with a handsome team. - New York Journal.

Not Entirely a Slave to the Habit. Visitor (philanthropically inclined) -Auntie, don't you think you would enjoy better health and live longer if

you could quit smoking! Auntie (aged 98)-I don't smoke all the time, mum. Sometimes I go half a day 'thout touchin' my pipe. Been doin' that away, off an' on, fur about -(to a great-great-grandson) you. George Wash'nton! give the lady a cheer ur I'll thess jerk the top o' yer head off n ye!-fur about seventy-five year, mum. Land sakes, I ain't no slave to the habit.—Chicago Tribune.

Woman and Her Latch Key.

If you have never had the pleasure of watching a woman open her front door by means of a latch key it is worth dawdling away the fifteen minutes she requires for the operation to be amused at the thorough femininity of her actions. The other evening, shortly before dusk, a bright faced, quick stepping girl, buttoned up in an English walking jacket, swinging a long handled parasol and carrying half a dozen small parcels, passed briskly by, on Camp street, to run up a flight of stone steps and open siege on the front entrance with the skeleton instrument concealed somewhere about her person. First she shifted the responsibility of purse, packages, umbrella and handkerchief on one hand, while she used the other to feel in both coat pockets for the key. They failed to produce it, and by that time one bundle and the tiresome parasol lay half way down the stoop. With slightly flushed cheeks the girl picked up the awkward parachute, leaned it up in one corner, took a firmer hold on the slippery parcels and examined the palms of her snugly fitting gloves.

This process gave her handkerchief to the breeze, and mistaking the trifle for a miniature sail, the zephyr playfully eaught it up and helped it flutter a dozen paces down the street. By this time a tense expression had grown about the young lady's lips; she paid no heed to the results of an evening's industrious shopping now lying scattered at her feet, but plunged boldly into the intricacies of her smooth draperies and instituted instant search for secret pocket. With nervous fingers she pulled at one fold after another, until finally a section gave way, and with a lurch oer hand disappeared in the depths of some hidden recess. The triumphant expression beginning to dawn over the girl's features gave way first to one of dismay, and then growing mortification as memory seemed to point to the exact spot on her dressing table from which she had not taken her key that afternoon. Indignant and disgusted, this independent young woman gave a vicious tug to the bell, bowed humbly as a sympathetic man gathered up and restored her disordered belongings, and with meek head passed out of sight through the door held open by the smiling waid.—New Orleans Pica-

Children Bought and Sold.

Poor girls are of no account in China and infanticide is still common. You can buy a girl baby for from one cent up to a dollar, and at the Jesuit children's asylum, near Shanghai, one of the sisters told me that they bought hundreds of girls every year for less

than a dollar apiece.
At Foo Chow, Mr. Wingate, our consul, told me of a poor woman who strangled her own baby girl in order that she might adopt the baby of a neighbor to raise as a wife for her little son, and a missionary there told me of a man who went around peddling children. There is a foundling asylum here which, upon the payment of 25 cents by the mother, will take a girl baby to raise, but these girls are sold as soon as they grow much past the weaning age, and they are bought in large numbers by the brothel keepers. The selling of girls for wives and concubines is common and full grown maidens bring from \$25 upward. -Frank G. Carpenter.

Neptune's Satellites.

M. Tisserand has presented a report to the Paris Academy of Sciences concerning some remarkable observations of the satellites of the planet Neptune, which was discovered in 1847. The angle which the plane of the orbit of this satellite made at that date with the ecliptic was about 30 degs., but this angle has now increased by at least 6 degs. The satellite moves around its principal in an opposite direction to that usually followed by other satellites, so that a question might be raised whether in the course of time this variation in the inclination of the plane of its orbit might not end in its movement around its principal becoming normal. M. Tisserand showed that this variation of inclination was due to the oblate or flattened condition of Neptune at its poles, and that it will complete its limit within a period of 500 years, at the end of which time it will then be as it was in 1847. -New York Telegram.

Fortunes in Real Estate.

Many men of very moderate means, some with no capital save a fair salary, have founded fortunes on real estate speculations by beginning in a small way. There are always opportunities for the investment of a few hundred dollars where the returnsbring a modest profit, with little if any danger of loss, and it is by watching for these opportunities to invest that the wide awake poor man makes a start as a real estate speculator. Agents often reap the benefit of such deals, but as a rule they look first at the commissions and are keen to sell and resell and let the purchaser reap what profit he can. I have known agents to sell property where a profit was almost a certainty and advance the purchase money to their customer to consummate the deal.-St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

It is a pity that some people are not so quick with their hands as they are with their tongues. A farmer once had a very lazy helper. One day he returned from market and found his man sound asleep under a tree. "What!" exclaimed the farmer.

"asleep when you should be at work? You are an idle wretch, and not worthy that the sun should shine upon you! "I know it; I know it," said the

man, sitting up and yawning, "and that's the reason I lay down here in the shade!" - Youth's Companion. The recipe for making the original

eau de cologne was discovered 200 years ago, and since that time it has been intrusted to only ten persons. The written copy of the recipe is kept in a crystal goblet, under triple locks, in a room in which the essential oils are mixed