

A SECOND THOUGHT.

It is so long since thou wast last to view,
Through the dim shadows valley gone before,
That with grief's woe'st jangle there throes
once more.

The dread that my love heart, however true—
As years take all—may lose thy likeness, too—
The ungraven image it can still adore.

Vain dread! for calming time will but restore
Those visioned love-limned lineaments anew—
As in a lake the mirror—soon may show
Inconstant, dimmed by every blurring breeze,
But pure and rounded when the ripples cease—
In my soul's sleep shall thy reflection grow
From wavering glimpses perfect by degree—
As sorrow's surge subsides to wavy seas, near a
—F. V. in New Orleans Times Democrat.

Trying to Reform the World.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton recently told a story about the way in which she began her work of reforming the world. When she was a girl of 10 or 12, she used to see her father, Judge Cady, administering law from the bench. She noticed that the judge, in laying down the law or giving his decision, always referred to his law books for guidance. She set to work in his library reading these books, and as she thought he could not say anything but what he found there, she carefully tore out and burned those pages that contained principles of decisions of which she disapproved. How could he, while on the bench during a trial, make application of anything not to be seen in the books by which he was guided? She discovered a great deal that was offensive in every law book that she inspected in his library. Out came the pages, which she cast into the fire until the book suited her, and she felt sure that her father would be compelled to confine himself to such law as she left. She kept on at this work for a long while, until she was caught at it, but by that time a great part of Judge Cady's law library had been spoiled in her efforts to reform the world.—New York Sun.

"International Identity Cards."

The police authorities of Vienna for some time past have, on application, issued so-called "international identity cards," consisting of a photograph, on which a brief personal description of the owner is written in three languages (German, French and English), and to which an official certificate and seal is attached in such a way as to prevent the possibility of the exchange of the carte de visite photograph. The card is kept in a small leather cover, can therefore easily be carried, and for purposes of identification is fully as useful and even more convenient to travelers than a passport. This same idea was used in issuing press tickets to our Centennial Exhibition in 1876. Each press ticket bore the photograph of the editor or reporter who presented it, and this precaution prevented "passes" from being transferred.—Home Journal.

A Russian Merchant's Sign.

I passed through one of the principal thoroughfares of St. Petersburg, and observed that the upper fronts of many of the business houses were covered with coffee sacks. Inquiry revealed the fact that beneath those sacks were beautiful signs, and the covering was to protect them from the dust in summer time. I induced a merchant to show me one of these signs—six by eighteen feet, partially mosaic, a portion painted. He was a chemist, and there were pictures of bottles of ointment and perfume, sick people and a doctor to represent medicine; paint brushes and samples of the paint; insects on animals, to represent flea and like powders, and pictures of fancy articles. The sign would be a valuable acquisition to the Corcoran art gallery at Washington, and must have cost several hundred roubles even to the cheap hands of a Russian artist.—Moscow Cor. Cleveland Leader.

Public Towels.

The public towel is also never safe to use, that is, the towel that the public wipes on. It not only removes the moisture that is its purpose to do, but it rubs off scales, pieces of dead skin, lymph from cuts and abrasions, perspiration from the pores, mucus from the nostrils, pus from sores and ulcers and any liquid that is excreted from the surface of the body. These impurities and disease germs are retained in the meshes of the towel and are ready to attach themselves upon subsequent users of the towel. A hundred or more persons use one of the towels in a day, and those who are among the last, especially, run unpleasant chances of catching some ill or other.—Good House-keeping.

Working the Chopper.

"What's the trouble, Jakey?" inquired the proprietor of a Thirteenth avenue restaurant, as he noticed his head waiter hanging around the cash desk.

"De cook wants to know wot we do wid yestiddy's pieces."

"Much?"

"Quite some."

"Wot are they?"

"Dere's half a ham, five cold veal cutlets, some liver, nineteen chicken wings and twelve pieces of mutton."

"You tell de cook, Jakey, to put 'em in and work de chopper, and den put on de blackboard."

"Special Today,
Excelsior Croquettes, two for ten."

—New York Tribune.

The Young Housekeeper's Mathematics.

Young Housekeeper (to butcher)—What is the price of mutton?

Butcher—Fourteen cents, mum.

Young Housekeeper—And lamb?

Butcher—Eighteen cents, mum.

Young Housekeeper (surprised)—Is it possible? Why, a lamb isn't more than half the size of a—er—mutton!—Harper's Bazar.

The Way to Enjoy Life.

"Never seek for amusement," says Ruskin, "but be always ready to be amused. The best thing has play in it, the slightest word when your hands are busy and your heart is free. But, if you make the aim of your life amusement, the day will come when all the agonies of a pantomime will not bring you an honest laugh."

Matchboys on the Stairways.

Matchboys at the foot of the down town Elevated stairways secure customers by presenting gentlemen carrying half smoked fireless cigars with a lighted match which the wind cannot extinguish. The smoker is accommodated at an opportune time, and the match vendor usually makes a sale.—New York Tribune.

MEN WHO BUY GREEN GOODS.

Agricultural America in the Metropolis. Blowing Out the Gas.

Of the thousands of countrymen who come to New York to buy "green goods," it is thought a very large percentage perish by blowing out the gas in their rooms at the hotels. Some of them, however, are known to survive the gas ordeal and for the instruction of these a few of the Bowery inns, much frequented by this class of custom, display the most unique and absurd signs.

One of the most common mistakes made by the granger giving himself a bath is to forget to turn off the water when the tub is full. A good many floods, disastrous to the property and temper of the host have resulted from this omission, and to prevent it a sign is placed in the bathroom reading: "Please turn the water off when the tub is full, or the bath will run over." In spite of this tribute to the intelligence of agricultural America, printed as it often is in six line pica type, there are a good many bathrooms devastated every year by overflows.

Another common blunder is itself due to a sign reading: "Lock your door on retiring." The antidote to this is another sign to the effect: "But do not hide the key." Countrymen do not understand the art of locking their room doors, but in a city hotel they are so afraid of thieves that they always attempt to do it. Sometimes they are too successful. After locking themselves in they conceal the key so that it cannot possibly be found by the burglars outside. Next morning the granger cannot find it himself, and he is caught in his own trap. Reports have been made of forgotten grangers thus imprisoned remaining in their rooms for days, afraid to move because they thought they were in a bunco house and in danger of their lives if they screamed.

The sign, "The porters will handle guests' baggage," is to quiet the fears of the countryman. As soon as he has registered the polite bell boy seizes his gripsack to convey it to his room. The wary guest thinks he is in the clutches of a highwayman, and sometimes the bell boy does not secure the baggage until he has had a desperate struggle for it. The sign, "No extra charge for the elevator," is to prevent the guests from walking up stairs. A similarity of names makes the famer confuse the elevator with the elevated railway, on which he knows a fare of five cents is exacted. A few people think that the elevator is unsafe anyway, and consequently, when heavenward bound, they use the staircase, though they have confidence enough in the "lift" to come down in it.

A well known sign is this: "Guests can with safety leave their baggage in the rooms, provided they lock the doors." This has a good effect. It is designed to prevent folks from dragging their trunks and portmanteaus down stairs, and piling the articles around them each time they go to take a meal. The indivisibility of a green countryman and his valise is proverbial. It is often a nuisance to the boniface. Some guests of this stripe insist on being present when their rooms are being arranged and their beds made, to prevent the chambermaid from picking and stealing from their effects.—New York Press.

The Burden of Ancestry.

Sometimes I think it would have been better for all hands if we had never had any ancestors nor any precedents prior to the year 1789. Of what consequence were the old Dutch ancestors of New York compared to De Witt Clinton, who laid out the Erie canal and pressed its execution upon a comparatively poor commonwealth? Of what consequence were the so-called Pilgrim Fathers of New York compared to the men who started the Croton aqueduct, without which this island could never have grown to the population it has? How much more we owe to the first founders of our great public cemeteries than to the founders of the little church yards which would otherwise have been, as London, overpacked at the present day, with superabundant dead? Sometimes I think we will owe quite as much to that generation or leader who will wipe the cemeteries out, and turn their monuments and headstones into some useful architecture for the living. To put the old mold of a discharged man under a \$50,000 monument is as near idolatry as the Greeks and Romans ever got, and I have never heard of but two cases where a useful man slipped into a rich man's tomb by way of charity, the first being in the case of Joseph of Arimathea, and the next that of Robert Fulton, who was slid into the Livingston tomb, but he was a connection of that emigrant family.

If you notice our youngest American states, they get along much smoother than our oldest states. See how Kansas is growing, without any forefathers, and see how South Carolina is groaning under its old planter oligarchy? See how readily Minnesota reaches out her arms to the Sault Ste. Marie, to Duluth, to Manitoba, to Dakota and to everywhere, having, it is said, five railroads to Chicago, whereas the building of the Boston and Albany railroad and the consolidating of the Pennsylvania and New York Central lines were done as if nothing of that kind had ever been done before or could be done again. Why? It is that Boston and New York are connected by a single corporation, when Buffalo and New York are connected by half a dozen corporations! Precedents sit upon the head of the living age. The gravestone is not put upon the dead only, but upon the living.—George Alfred Townsend in Boston Globe.

"Tipping" Evil in London.

In spite of all that has been said about the "tipping" evil in London, I maintain that it is not half the scourge in England that it is on the continent of Europe, and that it is rapidly becoming on the continent of America. Waiters at English hotel tables do not have it in their power to give patrons of the house bad food, because they are not well tipped. When a charge for attendance is made in the bill at hotels or in restaurants, one is quite within one's right to go away from the place without tipping any servant whatsoever. London cabmen never expect, and as far as I know, never get, any tips. Ask a cabman what his fare is, if you do not know yourself, and he will probably not exaggerate his fare beyond a paltry sixpence, and more probably still, he will tell you the exact truth. "Cabbage" is dear when you indulge in a lot of it, of course; still, there are the omnibuses of London, the finest of any metropolis, where the fare is one penny. So you can take your choice between penny and shilling modes of conveyance.—Olive Logan in Kansas City Journal.

North Dakota's Editor-Sens.

No one who knew Hansbrough, when he was in San Francisco twelve years ago ever dreamed he would fetch up in the United States senate. Hansbrough filled the telegraph editor's desk on The Chronicle for many months, and he was a rattling good editor of news, besides being an expert on head writing. At that time the newspapers here got only a light telegraphic service, because the overhead wires were in poor condition and the rates extremely heavy. Probably 5,000 words a night was an average report. Under these conditions it was necessary to add any descriptive matter that would supplement a dispatch, and also to make an attractive lead. Hansbrough was an artist in this kind of work.

Once, when Alexander II made a wholesale sweep of a lot of nihilists, shooting several and exiling the remainder to Siberia, Hansbrough headed the rather lurid report of Russian imperial cruelty as "Czar-Saparilla!" Work at a desk, however, proved too monotonous for Hansbrough, and finally, in 1879, he conceived the idea of taking an ill-lauded Chinese to the east on a lecture trip. Hansbrough hired Hull, the most accomplished newspaper "fakir" on the coast, who made Denis Kearney famous by writing his sand lot speeches, to prepare the lecture, and it was a very entertaining one.

The east didn't bite as Hansbrough expected, and the lecture out it went to pieces somewhere between Chicago and New York. Then Hansbrough went to Iowa and started a paper. When the Dakota boom started he saw his opportunity, and now he is reaping the fruits of it. He may not know much about law or parliamentary procedure as many other senators, but there are few in that body who have more general information than Hansbrough.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Precaution Against Floods.

Floods may be successfully opposed or escaped. Railways and wagon roads may and must be laid on river flood plains, but the embankments and trestles and bridges should be raised not only above the latest freshet mark, but well above the great natural flood mark found in the plain itself, and the reciprocal effects of embankment and other structures on future freshets should be cautiously reckoned. Farms may and ought to be located on fertile bottom lands enriched by annual or decennial overflow; but the farmer should dig deep for his foundations and build his superstructures strong and high.

On every flood plain of eastern America he should provide for the loss of crop and fences once in three, or five, or ten years; and both common humanity and economic policy urge that dumb beasts should be pastured and fed on the uplands, so that the fertile river bottoms may be devoted to their best use—namely, the production of plant crops.

Cities and towns ought not to be built on the flood ridden and miasmatic lowlands; yet they have been in the past and will be in the future, so the townsman, like the farmer, should build high and strong and hold himself ready to remove his dear ones and carry his goods to upper stories. And the flood swept bottom lands of the American rivers afford a business opportunity, curiously neglected in the past, though destined to be successfully grasped at no distant day—namely, insurance against floods.

The great desideratum is general recognition of the facts—which are demonstrated by the observations of thousands and gained by none, though ignored by multitudes—that rivers bear their own flood marks in the alluvial plains by which they are skirted, and that men occupy these plains at their peril.—W. J. McGee in Forum.

A Snake Story from India.

There is a belief current in all parts of India that a certain variety of snake called Shesh Nag, when it attains the age of 1,000 years, has a precious jewel formed in its head. The jewel, it is affirmed, possesses the quality of sucking up the poison of the deadest snake if applied to the wounded part. Strangely enough a Paris gentleman is reputed to possess this invaluable jewel according to a correspondent of a Gujarati weekly, published at Wadhwan, in Gujarat. The correspondent says that when the present owner—who, by the way, is now sixty-three—was twenty-three years old he lighted upon a snake of the above mentioned variety which he killed. Then he found the jewel in his head. It has already saved several lives.

When Mr. Vidal, the collector of the district, was there it was shown to him too. The jewel is said to contain a thin, crescent like fiber, which incessantly oscillates in the center. The galkwar of Baroda, the maharajah of Colhaur, and several of her native princes are said to have offered several hundred thousand rupees for this unique jewel. The name of the owner is Mr. Pranjai Dadabhai Govekar, Tarspur, Bombay presidency.

A Platinum Saw.

It has been noticed that platinum, when placed in an electrical current, is heated to a dull redness. This fact is the basis of the invention of an electrical saw which will cut quickly and neatly the hardest wood.

The device is made of steel wire, upon which is deposited metallic platinum. By connecting this modified wire with the terminals of four Bunsen batteries the platinum is heated to a bright redness, and the saw is ready for business.

THAT ALTERED THE CASE.

The Exceeding Difference Between Two-Edged and Two-Faced.

"Say, do you see that girl?"
"Why, yes; she's a beauty, too."

"Well, you can just bet she is. I was engaged to her once."

Then there was a silence for the space of two minutes, as the two men drew near and passed the pretty young woman. Then the young man in the last coat remarked:
"You didn't speak to each other. How is that?"

"Well, you see," explained the gentleman with the black mustache and gray hair, "it's a very peculiar story. Sounds like a romance, but it's true, every word of it. I met her two years ago down at Long Branch. She was the daughter of an old Russian count, who was reputed to be worth at least half a million. I fell dead in love with her, and she seemed to be very much attached to me. Well, you know Thompson? I invited him down to stay with me for a week or two. He came, of course. Never knew Thompson to refuse an invitation. He met the count's daughter. They fell in love with each other at first sight. He proposed after he'd known her three days, and she accepted him."

"Well, it made me mad. I knew the fellow only wanted the girl's money, so I put up a job on him. I told him that the count had failed, and that he wasn't worth a copper. As I expected, the blackguard went back to New York that night, and next day he wrote the girl a letter saying that he had been mistaken and asked to be released. The girl was indignant and sent him flying, and then I went to work and proposed myself. She accepted me. Well, all went on smoothly for a week, when—"

"What happened then? Did you marry the girl?" asked the box coated gentleman.

"No. You see at the end of the week the old count died, and when his accounts were looked up it was discovered that instead of having a half million to his credit he was in debt to the tune of \$200,000. Of course, you see, after that I couldn't marry the girl very well, you know. Much as I can do to support myself."—New York Sun.

Taboo on Medical Science.

Toistid does not believe in science, and he thinks, in particular, that medical science is progressing in an entirely wrong direction.

"Medical science," he says, "is entirely arranged for the wealthy classes and it has adopted for its task the healing of the people who can obtain everything for themselves, and it attempts to heal those who possess no superfluity by the same means. The physician has studied with celebrities in the capitals, who only retain patients who can be cured in the hospital, and who, in the course of their cure, can purchase the appliances requisite for healing and even go to one from the north to the south to some baths or other. Science is of such a nature that every rural physician laments because there are no means of curing workmen, because he is so poor that he has not the means to place the sick man in the proper hygienic conditions; and at the same time this physician complains that there are no hospitals and that he cannot get through with his work, that he needs assistants, more doctors and practitioners."—New York Medical Record.

Statistics Concerning Tobacco.

It is not without reason that it has been said that you can prove anything by statistics. Under Louis XVI, for instance, the tobacco tax only produced 600,000 francs, because the consumption was small. At that time the average duration of life was twenty-seven years. Now the tobacco tax produces 300,000,000 francs, and the average duration of life is forty-three years. Redskins, who suffer neither from diabetes nor from pituita, have always tobacco between their lips. The Persians the type of Caucasian purity, say that "all joys come to the heart through tobacco." Where do you find such handsome old patricians as among the Turks? Yet in their country the pipe is kept alight as religious as Vesta's fire in ancient Rome. In those times the strongest mark of emotion that one can give is to take one's pipe out of one's mouth.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Patent and Patent Lawyers.

Twenty years ago there were on the yearly average some 20,000 patents applied for. Two-thirds were usually granted, and the others either refused or abandoned. Then the patent lawyer was only just becoming established as a practitioner in the distinct field of patents. Now there are about 35,000 applications each year. About 20,000 are granted. Many of the devices for which letters are issued are trivial or chimerical or so useless that nothing ever comes of them. Patents are issued now on each of several parts of one machine, where formerly one general patent covered the whole thing. This is in part attributed to the influence of lawyers. Many of the letters now given are for improvements instead of original devices.—New York Sun.

Size of Boston Common.

As is well known to Bostonians through the medium of New York papers, the dwellers in this city are morbidly sensitive to any disparaging reflections on the size or beauty of the common. As this sensitiveness is shared by old and young, the feelings of a young lady who took her little country cousin, aged six, to see the common must have been hurt by the calmly critical way in which he looked it over.

"This is Boston common, Willie," she said; "what do you think of it?"

"It's a pretty yard!" responded the youthful visitor. "A big yard, but it ain't as big as our front yard down home."

A Case Quickly Disposed Of.

St. Peter (to applicant)—You say you were an editorial writer on a New York newspaper?

Applicant—Yes, sir.

St. Peter—Step into the elevator, please.

Applicant (stepping into the elevator)—How soon does it go up?

St. Peter—It doesn't go up, it goes down.—The Epoch.

There is more genius in application than in anything else.

BANK ROBBERS ABROAD.

How They Went Through the Bank at Kinsman, Ohio.

Kinsman, a small town fifteen miles north of Youngstown, Ohio, was visited by bank robbers a week ago Sunday. The local bank was entered, the vaults opened and about \$10,000 in silver and valuables taken. The robbers effected an entrance by prying open a window and knocking off the outer door of the vault, but failed to open the inside door. In the outside vault were sixty private deposit boxes and a trunk filled with family silver belonging to Col. Yeomans, valued at \$5,000, which the burglars carried off, with 3,000 pennies and several hundred dollars of the bank's currency. The robbers were far in the lead if the sheriff when the robbery was discovered.

A Mad Dog's Work.

At St. Mary's, Ohio, the other day a small dog belonging to M. M. Cole bit his little 8-year-old daughter in a finger of the right hand, making a scratch near the nail that was scarcely noticeable. Nothing was thought of it by the parents until the child complained of feeling unwell, and it was thought it had fever. The little sufferer lay in spasms all night and raved until it was necessary to tie it in bed. It snarls, snaps and jumps at those around it, and attacked a neighbor lady who called at the house. When not in spasms the child seems to be in fear that somebody will attack it, and piteously begs its mother to protect it. The doctors agree that it was the most pitiful case they have encountered. They could be of no assistance and the victim died in terrible agony.

Hug Pickers of Paris.

The uses made of the refuse of Paris streets are numerous. Little wisps of women's hair are carefully unraveled, and do duty for false hair by and by. Men's hair collected outside the barbers' serves for filters through which sirups are strained; bits of sponge are cut up and used for spirit lamps; bits of bread if dirty, are toasted and grated and sold to the restaurants for spreading on hams or cutlets; sometimes they are carbonized and made into tooth powder. Sardine boxes are cut up into tin solder or into sockets for candlesticks. A silk hat has a whole chapter of adventures in store for it. All this work employs a regiment of ragpickers, numbering close on to 20,000, and each earning from 20 pence to half a crown a day.

Mlle. Mercedes' Tragic Death.

The news comes from France of the suicide there of Mlle. Mercedes, for years the most venturesome bare-back dirt rider in the Circus Renze, Berlin. It is the end of a life fraught with adventure and romance. The ring never saw a woman more beautiful. She charmed men of high rank, Kings and Princes worshipped at her shrine,

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Contract Marriage at Fresno.

A contract marriage took place at Fresno, Cal., recently, the bride being under age and unable to obtain the consent of her parents. John Hoffman, the man, is twenty-six years of age, and Florence Rice, the girl, fifteen and one-half years. They agreed to take each other as man and wife, entering upon that relation at once. If she so desires, the woman's contract may be voided when she attains majority.



MILLE MERCEDES.