In Autumnal Hours.

Summer has gone, yet splendor hovers still
O'er the wood and dale, each wood and fen;
Morn's purple mist enfolds each distant hill,
While the nightly moonlit shadows flood each glen.

Each autumn flower, while clad in richest hue,
Floats royal pennants on each passing gale;
The cardinal glows in red, gentian in blue,
While gold, from golden-rod, gilds hill and vale.

Rare sunset views enrich the glowing sky,
Amber and opal clouds pile in the west,
While weird-like moonbeams, floating idly by,
Proclaim a twilight filled with royal rest.

All things look rich, from apples red and bright,
To purple grapes that cluster on the vine,
From fields of corn that rustle, crisp and light,
To tuft of thistle, and to cone of pine!

Rich glories find we in autumnal hours—
A sense of fullness and completeness, too—
A chant of praise broods over fruits and flowers,
For beauties added ere they fade from view.
—Ladies' Home Journal.

A PULL FOR LIFE.

It was while we were anchored off the Faroe islands in the ship Warrior, commanded by Capt. Joseph Smith, that this exciting event took place. It was not far from the great whirlpool of Suderoe that the ship's boats of two rival whalers, one Yankee and one English, pursued the same whale. Each had landed a harpoon in the monster's back, and the contest grew exciting for the prize. The boats were being dragged directly for the whirlpool, and our captain at once mounted the ship's cutter and attempted to warn the two crews of their impending danger. In the excitement they paid little attention to his words, and it was only when the crew saw the foam of the whirlpool that a cry of horror burst from every lip. They at once severed the lines that tied them to the leviathan, but it appeared to be too late.

Then the two crews took to their oars, pulling like madmen to save their lives.

Tugging at the oars, with the perspiration streaming down their faces—with their officers hoarsely bawling out to them to pull harder, harder, harder—did they fight against the terrible current of the Suderoe.

In that fierce pull for life they exerted almost superhuman strength; but it seemed as if the roar of the foaming whirlpool grew louder every moment, and whenever they looked toward it it appeared larger and nearer, showing them that they did not gain.

The mates had thought when they cut that by hard pulling they could escape the current; and this they might possibly have done but for the rapid increase in its power caused by a rough wind which had risen, threatening a gale and driving the foaming tide straight before it.

As they still continued their desperate efforts they saw the huge, black form of the whale, with outspread fins, with the two irons sticking in it, and the tangled lines attached flying in bights around it, leap half its length from the whirlpool, in which it was caught, vainly striving to escape.

Its struggles were terrible to witness. Round and round it went, now rolling over and over, now springing upward, swinging its tremendous flukes to right and left with a report like a cannon's, until finally, breaching (leaping) the full length of its enormous body, it came down with a noise that blended like a thunder crash with the roar of the eddying waters in which it now disappeared.

Meanwhile Capt. Smith had resolved to make a daring effort to save the imperiled crews of the two boats.

At his request the end of a whaling-line from one of the boats astern was brought to him, and this he made fast to the after thwart of the launch, directing the whalers to take the other end to the English frigate, which, having tacked for the purpose of standing off on the next stretch, was nearer even than before to the whirlpool, though not enough so to yet be affected by the current. The next tack would carry her far from the perilous locality, but seeing the whaleboat coming she now backed her main-topsail and waited.

Capt. Smith, heading the launch toward the two mates, was soon close enough to throw a rope, which was caught and made fast to each.

"Now, men," he said to his crew, "do your best, for we will have to pull for our lives!"

As there were about thirty strong fellows in the launch their lusty exertions at the oars, assisted as they were by the two whaling crews, were sufficient to hinder the boats for the present from being drawn into the whirlpool.

But it was a hard struggle—a veritable pull for life—and the gasping of the men, with their strained eyeballs and anxious looks, as the boats scarcely seemed to budge, showed that, unless the expected assistance should soon arrive, their doom was inevitable.

At last the face of the captain lighted up.

"It's all right, boys! We are safe!" he cried, pointing to the whaleboat he had sent off to the English war-craft, and which was now met by a cutter from that vessel, with a trailing rope, one end of which was fast to the bow of the huge three-decker. As the crew of the British cutter made their rope fast to that brought by the whaleboat a gun boomed from the English frigate as a signal that all was right, and the tired fellows in the three lately imperiled boats gave a cheer with what voices they had left.

Men aboard the frigate now hauled with a strong, steady pull upon the rope, and thus the three crews finally were drawn out of danger.

Then the English whaler's mate grasped the American captain's hand.

"God bless you, sir," he said. "I was foolishly nettled at your firing your national salute, and wished you away, but I can assure you I shall never feel so again. Had you been away from here my life would have been lost, as well as the lives of the others. I have a wife and children at home, and hereafter the little ones shall have a jubilee every fourth day of July."

As the wind and the current kept increasing, the boats, as soon as possible, joined their respective vessels, and the latter were now headed away from the vicinity of Suderoe to escape destruction, which would have resulted to them had they remained there in the violent storm that overtook them two hours later. Meanwhile there was not one of the 500 men aboard our frigate who did not honor and respect Capt. Smith for the daring rescue he had accomplished on the occasion of that terrible pull for life.—*English Magazine.*

Mr. Newriches' Mistake.

[illegible]t is told of an American millionaire [illegible] bought a castle on the Rhine that [illegible]d day his daughter found him w[illegible] his hands at a fire which he had kindled in a suit of plate armor. "O papa, what have you been doing?" she cried. "The feller that patented that stove," replied the lord of the castle, "must have been crazy; but I've made the old thing heat up at last."

The kingdom of Italy has a unique library in the books of travel of its princes, each Italian prince being bound to write a complete account of his foreign travels, even with such minute details as hotel bills.

LIFE ON A WATER FARM.

There Is Profit in Raising Fish and Frogs for Market.

It has not been many years since water farming was added to the possibilities of "agriculture" in Indiana. It began as a diversion. It has become a business. Enough time has now elapsed to demonstrate that water farming may be made practicable and profitable—at least as profitable as some other rural occupation, and more enticing than the ordinary life of an agriculturist. As much money can be made off an acre of water as off an acre of land, including well located fish and frog ponds on the one hand and ordinary farming on the other.

One of the pioneers in water farming in Indiana is Mr. Joseph Manlove, of Milton. Seven years ago he bought a small piece of low land lying between the White Water canal and White Water (river). He determined to flood the low land and to add to his possessions the adjoining high land for park purposes. His place now includes fourteen acres of water and twenty-one of land. His business is largely with the water and only incidentally with the dry land. His first purpose was to establish a carp pond, from which the fish market might be supplied. This was accomplished in two years with comparative ease. Now he has practically an unlimited quantity of this variety of fish. However, the public taste also calls for bass, and Manlove determined to add this variety to his supply. His lake is now stocked with a vast supply of black bass. They have grown finely, and next year bass fishing will be "put on the market." Bass promise so much better than carp that "Farmer" Manlove uses his young carp as food for his bass.

Still another "department" has been added to the "farm" this season—frogs. Four acres of shallow water, well grown in flags, were set apart as a breeding place for frogs. They breed and grow rapidly. Four thousand tadpoles were put in this breeding pen early in the spring. Many of them are now of a marketable size. Next season they will be giants—big, ten-inch long "cultivated" bullfrogs, worth $2.50 and $3 a dozen—not the little marsh frog, but the big fellows with Herr Fischer voices. In catching them for market a light at night is used. They stare at the light, and can be caught and handled with ease in its glare. In catching large quantities of carp the lake is drained off. In winter the marketable fish are kept in small ponds.

It is interesting to observe the water farmer at his work. He can use a horse, but he needs neither plow, planter nor reaper. Suppose he has gone out to feed. He has with him middlings or some other grain. He goes to the breeding pond, sounds a gong or blows a whistle, and thousands of frogs come hopping from their shelter. They eat the food ravenously and become so tame that the farmer handles them as a woman does her pet chickens. The same food is just the thing for young and old carp. "Fish and frogs take to grain and grain products," said Mr. Manlove, "like a boy takes to apple dumpling. Part of the season it is not necessary to feed my stock at all. The water-grass seeds make the finest of food for the fish, and at this time of the year I rarely prepare a fish for the table that I do not find him filled with grass seeds."—*Indianapolis News.*

ANOTHER PEST OF FLEAS.

This Year They Came Over in Rugs from Turkey to Philadelphia.

A house in the neighborhood of Spring Garden and Twentieth streets was opened yesterday for the first time in six weeks, says the Philadelphia *Press*, and was found to be literally filled with fleas, and it is feared that they are the advance guard of the same army of pestiferous little insects that invaded Philadelphia last year, and which many a housewife remembers only too well and painfully.

About two months ago the family occupying the house in question received from Turkey several rolls of rugs and druggets. As the members of the family were expecting to start for Europe in a short time, the rugs were allowed to remain in the hallway without removing the outer packing, and yesterday, when the house was visited by a lady who had been asked to look into it occasionally, it was discovered that the rugs were almost totally destroyed, and that the fleas had spread all over the house and were busily at work on the carpets and the upholstering of the furniture all over the house.

In all the house not a single article of this character was left untouched, and the result was the almost total destruction of hundreds of dollars worth of property. The fleas had had full swing for six weeks at least, and an inspection of the house made it evident that they are very rapid multipliers. Another house in the same neighborhood has been visited by the enemy, but they were met by a fusillade fired from "guns" loaded with Persian powder, and they beat a hasty retreat.

It is apparent that the fleas came from Turkey, as they are of a variety indigenous to the orient, a kind that at times has spread over Europe. A gentleman who is well up in "fleaology," having just returned from Spain, where the little nuisances are a part of everyday life, said last night that Persian powder and carbolic acid are the best agencies to be used both as a preventive and cure; and that gum camphor and tar should also be distributed liberally about the house for some days after the fleas have left.

Their favorite breeding places are in the cracks of the floor, and in every case where they have been found the carpets should be taken up and beaten, and the powder, or other compound used, placed carefully in all the cracks. The carpets should also be sprinkled thoroughly with benzine and hung up in the sun for as long a time as possible, and before being relaid the floors should be well cleaned with hot water and strong soft soap.

Last year the fleas were first discovered in the neighborhood of Girard avenue and Twentieth street, and that section of the city was quickly covered by an army as troublesome as one of the seven plagues of Egypt. The invasion lasted for about a month, and it is possible that there will be a repetition unless efficacious preventive measures are taken at once.

How the Great Republic Impressed Him.

I heard last night a good story of William D. Howells and the early days of his service as United States consul at Venice, says a N. Y. *Star* reporter. Through an unlucky accident he reached that city with a rip in his trousers, and almost his first duty was to visit a tailor and order a suit of clothes. The tailor was obsequiousness itself, and Mr. Howells, then a very young man, was much struck with the distinguished consideration with which his custom was received. On leaving the shop, however, he casually said to the cringing tailor that he was the United States consul, when the man's manner instantly changed, and he promptly said: "In that case, sir, you will kindly pay in advance."

A New York contractor pays that city $60,000 a year for the purpose of picking over the city's refuse, and makes a handsome profit.

De Ash Cake Smack.

W'en de waggin is stalled in de hillside rut,
An' de fiel's kivered wid winter's snows,
W'en de squ'el is crackin' de big, fat nut—
Dat's de time for settin' an' toastin' yo' toes;
But soon ez you hyers de chatterin' crows,
An' de ha'r 'gins ter drap f'um de roan mule's back,
W'en de mornin' glories an dock weeds grow—
Dat's de time for ash cake an' buttermilk smack.

W'en de barker is stripped an' de back logs cut,
An' de icicles hang f'um de tip uv yo' nose,
W'en de gobbler's too cole ter gobble an strut—
Dat's de time fer settin' an' toastin' yo' toes;
But soon ez de win' f'um de souf'wes' blows,
An' de bay filly prances in front uv de rack,
An' yo' hyers dat chune uv de cradles an' hose—
Dat's de time for ash cake an' buttermilk smack.

W'en de corn ain't nuthin' but nubbins an smut,
An' de cows come back kaze de creek's all froze,
W'en de north win' fin's all de cracks in de hut—
Dat's de time for sittin' an' toastin' yo' toes;
But soon ez de rain f'um de May cloud po's'
Ad' you hyer in de low groun' de plow-whip crack,
An' de bullfrogs sing an' de ole folks dose—
Dat's de time for ash cake an' buttermilk smack.

All tings in der season—for winter, I knows,
Dat's de time fer settin' an' toastin' yo' toes:
But long in de dorg days—dis is er fac'—
Dat's de time fer ash cakes an' buttermilk smack.

NEW GUINEA WARRIORS.

A People Who Live in Trees—Interesting Facts About a Singular People.

One of the most noticeable characteristics of the warriors of New Guinea is their treacherous mode of attack. One may enter a village and be welcomed by a crowd of unarmed men who will show every sign of friendship; but once they see their opportunity—once the party is dispersed, arms laid down or some asleep—then in a second the natives are around and rush to the attack.

Extreme vigilance must at all times be observed. Then, again, while marching along the tracks through the bush country, natives will readily mark the approach of the Europeans. They will watch their opportunity again, keep some distance ahead of the advancing troops or move along parallel tracks in the scrub, and make the most of any opportunity of sudden attack, such as during a halt or when the party has become somewhat dispersed.

The general method of attack in most parts of New Guinea seems to be that of charging up toward the enemy, and, when within, say twenty to thirty yards, throwing their long spears. Some of them are wonderfully good shots and can send their spears through a dog running away thirty yards from them. But spears are not the only arms.

"Ah! but you will some day be a great man, and have many wives!"

The first capture made in this pit was also regarded as a very singular matter. The pit was at an elbow in the path. About ten feet to the north began an outcropping of rock, with a ledge rising up five or six feet high. The path was used by all kinds of game, and we felt sure of getting something the first night. Next morning a surprise was in store for us. There was a zebra and a young lion in the pit, the zebra on top, and both were dead. The fall had broken the lion's right foreshoulder, but his death had resulted from dozens of sharp cuts inflicted by the hoofs of the zebra. He, in turn, had torn the latter almost to pieces, and the pit was soaking with their blood. After looking around a little we figured it out. The lion, who was just learning to kill his own game, had been perched on the ledge. As the zebra came along he sprang, but overshot the mark and went into the pit, where he was followed by his frightened victim.

In the west of British New Guinea bows and arrows are much used, and are, of course, far more formidable than the spears, as their range is much greater and the aim much more accurate; the natives practice by shooting at the nuts in the trees. It is probable that neither spears nor arrows are ever poisoned in New Guinea.

Another primitive weapon of offense which is sometimes used, especially at the East End, is the sling. A few stones are carried, often nearly as big as one's fist, and these are hurled with a twist of the arm very similar to the action of ordinary throwing (without twirling the sling round over the head as is done elsewhere). The natives seem to vary a great deal in their ability to sling stones, some being marvellously good, both in accuracy of aim and in great distance, perhaps 200 to 300 yards; while on the other hand, many others are very feeble in their efforts.

The natives of certain districts possess a most curious instrument, used more for the capture and slaughter of an already vanquished foe than for actual attack. It consists of a stick, three feet long, and on the end of which is a piece of cane, bent round like the iron of a landing net, and of such a size as to easily slip over a man's head. On the end of the stick is fixed a sharp stake, the point of which comes nearly to the center of the cane ring. In chasing a fleeing enemy the warrior holds out his "mancatcher" and puts the cane ring over the unfortunate fugitive's head, when a sudden pull back causes the latter to stop short and fall backward upon the sharp stake, which runs into his neck just at the base of the skull, and he is instantly killed.

One of the many curiosities to be met with in New Guinea are the tree houses. They are used as lookout towers, and also for defense. Many villages have a house built in one of the biggest trees in the village, connected by a ladder with the ground.

On the approch of an enemy the inhabitants retire to this refuge, and are then not only out of harm's way—being above the range of a spear—but also spears and stones, of which a store is kept, can be hurled down upon their enemies from above. These tree houses are used around the palisades as galleries to protect them.

The natives, as a rule, are wonderfully quick at distributing news. There are many means of signaling and making known various facts. The tomtom is a favorite instrument, as in all uncivilized places. Generally it is played when the men are assembling for a warlike purpose, but not always. It is occasionally used on other occasions. Trumpeting on large shells has a more significant meaning.

On the approach of danger the weird sounds of these horns can be heard for miles around, as they are taken up from village to village. Another elaborate system of signaling is by watch-fires. Sometimes these are lighted in rows of two or three, and many of the hills have their beacons alight at night. Even the smoke in daytime is said to convey its meaning to those on the lookout.—*Toledo Blade.*

Steamboat Made by a Negro.

On St. Paul's river, in Liberia, there is a home-made steamboat. It was constructed by a negro named Irons, who was once a slave in South Carolina. He built his steamboat in this way: He remodeled a canoe fifty feet long, put in the engine of a sugar-cane mill, rigged up paddle wheels, and put in some bits of iron shafting. The steamer is not a beauty, but it carries freight and passengers and does good work.

It is expected that 120,000,000 lobsters will be hatched in Newfoundland this season.

THE BEAVER.

Some of the Strange Things Said of the Cunning Animal.

An old hunter writing to the Chicago *Times* on the habits of the beaver, says:

"There is no doubt of the sagacity and intelligence of the beaver, and the attempt of the writer of the article to catch the beaver by setting a trap in the dam after cutting it away will amuse every old trapper that reads it. The beaver will invariably use the trap to repair his broken dam, and will very seldom be caught in that way. Many trappers have also had the experience of having their traps filled with mud and sticks when they have attempted to trap him on a log by removing the pile of mud placed there before and setting a trap in its place. The beaver is too sharp for that, but is easily caught when the trapper has learned how.

It is an impression with many that the beaver uses his broad, flat tail as a trowel and to carry mud, etc., to build their dams, but such is not the case. They use their short fore legs and paws to carry up mud and grass from the bottom of the lakes they inhabit, and make piles of mud and grass, such as settles to the bottom on the logs that lay out from the shores. The writer was never able to learn the object of this, but presumes they found some article of food in it.

Their food consists, mostly, of the bark of the willow and cottonwood, which they cut down and cut into sticks about four feet long, and, by some process known only to the beaver himself, they will sink to the bottom of the lake or bayou, and there they remain until needed for use. They also will cut down the white ash. The writer of this measured a white ash that was nearly cut down that measured twenty inches in diameter.

What their object was in this is indefinite, as it was not near any dam and could not be used for any purpose except for food. The beaver makes an interesting pet. They are easily tamed, are entirely harmless, and have a very decided propensity to build dams. If they can get the material they will dam at the least provocation, or rather opportunity. There is no danger of their being worried by dogs, as one old beaver, however peaceable, would make a bulldog pale with envy at the way he can use those cutting teeth when the occasion requires.

The writer expects to pass the winter in a beaver country and try to bring home a few young beaver in the spring.

In localities where they are not hunted or trapped there would be no trouble to get a litter of young ones, but such localities are rather scarce at present unless one goes well up toward the Blackfoot reservation, and there are few hunters that care about enduring the hardships of a winter in that locality."

OBEDIENCE TO THE DEATH.

A Delectable Anecdote of Napoleon, the Czar, and the Prussian King.

The editor of *Gil Blas*, in his last issue, vouches for the truth of this story: Napoleon I. was entertaining the Czar Alexander and the Prussian King at breakfast in Tilsit, when the conversation turned on loyalty.

"My soldiers obey me blindly," said the Czar.

"And mine are anxious to die for me," added Napoleon.

At the suggestion of the Prussian King a test of devotion was agreed upon. The royal party were breakfasting in the fifth story of a building that faced a paved street. Each member was to call in one of his soldiers and command him to jump from the window. Napoleon made the first test.

"Call the Gardiste Marcau," he commanded, and Marcau appeared.

"Will you obey any order I give you?" asked Napoleon.

"Yes, sire."

"Blindly, whatever it is?"

"Blindly, sire."

"Then jump out of that window."

"But I have a wife and two children, sire."

"I will care for them. Forward!" And the Gardiste Marcau, with a military salute, walked to the window and leaped out.

"Call a private of the body guard," ordered the Czar, whose turn came next. The soldier came.

"What's your name?"

"Ivan Ivanovitch?."

"Well, Ivan, just throw yourself out of that window."

"Yes, father," answered the guardsman, and he did it.

Command the bravest of my soldiers to come here," said the Prussian king to his servant. A six-foot uhlan, with a row of orders across his breast and a scar on his forehead, entered.

"My friend," explained the King, "to show their loyalty a French and a Russian guardsman have jumped at command from that window. Have you the pluck to do the same?"

"Is it for the Fatherland?"

"No."

"Then I refuse to do it."

Gil Blas thinks this anecdote contains a fine lesson for German army officers of the present.

Growth of the Finger Nails.

Ordinarily the nails will grow about three times their length in a year, and to preserve their symmetry they should be trimmed at least twice a week. There is no better way to do this than with a pair of sharp scissors, and the cutting will be easiest and best done if following a bathing of the hands in warm water, which will have softened the tissue. The nail should be cut with such a curve that it will protect the entire end of the finger alike; it should not be so close as to look clumped, nor should it be so long as to invite breakage. It is to be feared that many an anxious mother cuts her children's nails "so short that the dirt cannot get under them, and does not think that in her laudable desire for neatness she is beginning at the wrong end of reform and really sowing the seeds of untidiness. Dirt should never be allowed to accumulate under the nails, no matter what their length; so that the pertinent lesson should first be to keep the nails entirely clean, and then to keep them of the right length for comeliness and perfection. — *Good Housekeeping.*

It Rained Stones.

Mr. C. C. Cunningham has in his possession a round pebble which was taken out of a hailstone at Portage, Wis., just after the great hail-storm had passed over that place. A friend of Mr. Cunningham, who resides in the city and is engaged in the drug business there, in a letter to that gentleman, states that during the storm about five bushels of hailstones lodged in his show windows, and fully four-fifths of them contained these little pebbles. The one in the possession of Mr. Cunningham weighs one-half ounce, is almost round, and has the appearance of being at one time washed by the waves of the lakes or some river, and it is supposed that it was picked up by the tornado and carried to a very high altitude, where the ice formed around it in the manner in which it descended.—*Milton Eagle.*

Somebody who has been looking up the matter says that there are now only five states in the union in which a schoolmaster can legally flog a pupil.

MORE THAN HE WANTED.

How a Man Came to Be Chief Surgeon Physician and Nurse.

"We had a case of small-pox in our lower camp once," said the Colonel, "which gave us a good deal of trouble. You see, there were only six of us, and we did not want to lose any more men than possible. We determined to send the case to the upper camp, five miles away, but the problem which worried us most was who should go along as nurse.

"'Bob,' the cook, was a hard drinker, and as soon as he heard of the case he proceeded to drown his cares in whisky. He was terribly frightened at first, but the more he drank the more resigned he became to circumstances.

"When Bob was drinking he could beat any man in Colorado boasting, and before long he began to declare that small-pox had no terrors for him. In fact, he had nursed nineteen patients at one time when every one else had deserted them. He had brought them safely through, too. In the end he gravely asserted that he couldn't catch the small-pox anyway, for he had already had it.

"Five of the boys looked at me significantly, and I nodded my head. We bundled the sick man up carefully and put him in a wagon. Two hours later we had established a hospital at the upper camp, with the cook as chief surgeon, physician and nurse. The cook, by the way, was sleeping as peacefully as a child when we left the hospital.

"The next morning we heard wild shouts and saw Bob tearing for the lower camp, half-dressed. We immediately established a shot-gun quarantine.

"'Hold up, Bob,' one of the boys shouted, 'this camp is quarantined. You can't come past this whistling post.'

"But, say," pleaded the frightened cook, 'that man has the small-pox.'

"'Well, you volunteered to nurse him."

"'I?' he screamed, incredulously.

"'Remember those nineteen patients you nursed.'

"'What nineteen patients?"

"'And then, you know, you had it yourself."

"'I never saw a case before,' he howled.

"'Can't help it. You've started on it now and must keep it up.'

"We chased him back from the post and left some whisky and provisions for him on the ground. We told him to come down every evening at sundown for a new supply, and we never let him come near the camp.

"'He used regularly to come down and beg to be allowed to come into camp, but the shotgun policy was strictly maintained. Then he would take up his whisky and provisions and shout out to us that he would have every one of us hanged for deliberate murder.

"Did he catch the small-pox? No nor did that experience cure him of lying and bragging. He afterward boasted to people that he had nursed us all, only he swelled our number to nine, for five weeks without closing his eyes; that he rode thirty miles twice a week for medicine, and looked after all the cattle beside."

Fast Work In Making Matches.

The operation of making matches from a pine log may be divided into four heads—namely:

Preparing the splints, dipping the matches, box making and filling. When the timber is brought into the cutting-room of the factory it is seized upon by a gang of men, who place it before a circular saw, where it is cut into blocks fifteen inches long, which is the length of seven matches. It is then freed of its bark and taken to the turning lathe, where, by means of a special form of fixed cutting band running its entire length, a continuous tool, the thickness of the match is cut off.

As the block revolves and decreases in diameter the knife advances and a band of veneer of uniform thickness is obtained. As the veneer rolls off the knife it is met by eight small knives, which cut it into seven separate bands, each the size of a match. By this one operation seven long ribbons of wood, each the length and thickness of a match, are obtained. These are then broken into pieces six feet long, the knotty parts removed, and they are then fed into a machine which looks and acts like a straw chopper, which cuts them into single matches. The machine eats 150 bands at the same time, and a mechanical device pushes them forward the thickness of a match at each stroke of the cutter. This little machine with its one sharp knife can cut over 10,000,000 matches a day.

From the cutting room the splints are taken to the dry room where they are placed in revolving drums, which absorb all the moisture the splints may contain. They are then prepared for dipping process, which is a very important operation, as each splint must have sufficient space to be fully coated, and yet not placed so close to others as to cause the mixture to clot the heads of the other splints. To do this they are placed under an ingeniously constructed machine which seems, to work with almost human intelligence, and are caught up and placed closely, but at regular intervals, in a dipping frame. These frames contain forty-four movable laths, and between each lath the machine places, with clockwork regularity, fifty splints, making over 2,000 splints in each frame.

The heads of the splints are all on the same level, and a single attendant at each machine can place over one million of splints in the frame per day. The dipping vat is a stove of masonry, which contains three square pans. The first pan is for heating the splints so they will absorb the mixture, the second contains molton paraffine in which the points are dipped, and in the third they are coated with igniting composition. Over eight million matches can be dipped by a skillful workman in one day. After the dipping process the matches are dried while still in the frames, and are then taken to the packing-room, where they are put into boxes by hand.—*Woodworker.*

Gen. Lee's Daughter.

A trait that would have distinguished Miss Mary Lee, the youngest daughter of Gen. R. E. Lee, among politicians, is her wonderful memory for faces and names. Even a casual acquaintance met year before is not forgotten, and, meeting him several years afterward, she at once speaks his name and recalls all the details of their former meeting. Miss Lee came from Egypt to witness the unveiling of the statue of her father. She has spent the last five years in Portugal, France, Russia, and the island of Madeira. Miss Lee arrived in New York entirely unannounced to her many friends here, who would have gone in troops to the dock to meet her, instead of allowing her to stand alone for two hours in a cold, drizzling rain. She had expected to find it hot in New York, and packed away all her wraps before landing, thereby contracting a severe cold. She is a tall woman of distinquished presence, and possesses that vivacious charm of manner and brilliancy of conversation which are nature's best gifts to her sex. Miss Lee will remain in America, visiting friends in the south, until next spring, when she will sail for Europe.—*Richmond Dispatch's N. Y. Letter.*

THE VANDERBILT CHILDREN.

How They are Educated and Trained.

Although all the members of the Vanderbilt family entertain on a magnificent scale, says a writer in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, they never permit their children to remain up late at night, are extremely careful in their education, and, in a word, are fitting them for life as well as any mother or father could do. It is one of the rules in all the houses of the Vanderbilts that the children shall go to bed early and rise early. The little boys and girls are up before seven o'clock in the morning. Their nurses immediately take charge of them, see that they are properly bathed and dressed, and then they go down to breakfast, which is served at half-past seven o'clock. It is an unpretentious meal, with plenty of fresh milk, eggs, oatmeal, and a bit of steak or a chop that will add strength to their physique and color to their cheeks. After breakfast there is an hour of study.

There is something for these little ones to do at all times during the day. They go through their studies systematically, and then, about half-past nine, are taken out for a walk. They are allowed to romp in the streets and in the parks to their hearts' content. At eleven o'clock they are brought home, and a light luncheon of milk and bread is served, after which there are more studies—either French, German or drawing—and then another breathing spell—it may be horseback riding or a drive out through the park and along the country roads. Back they all come about four o'clock, and there is another hour of study, and then they are through for the day. They are allowed to do just as they please until tea time, when, after their meal, they spend a pleasant hour or so with their fathers and mothers and others who may drop in to call. Promptly at eight o'clock they are all in bed to sleep soundly, and get up the next morning and go through the same programme.

So it is not strange that all the children of the Vanderbilt family are further in advance of their little friends in the matter of education. For they study, study, study all the time. They are all fond of music and most of them can play on the piano. The girls are learning to play on the harp, and the boys are famous among their friends as violinists and banjo players. If you were to see these children on the street you would not for a moment suspect that they were other than children of parents in ordinary circumstances. They make no display at elaborate dress. The eldest of Cornelius Vanderbilt's daughters is dressed plainly in little, pretty, cheap dresses without any braid or ornamentation. She wears snug-fitting cloth jackets, and the little cap that sits gracefully on her head could be duplicated for a couple of dollars.

"My Lords And Ladies."

It is a very curious fact that, with all our boasted "free and equal" superiority over the communities of the Old World, our people have the most enormous appetites for Old World titles of distinction. Sir Michael and Sir Hans belong to one of the most extended of the aristocratic orders. But we have also "Knights and Ladies of Honor," and, what is still grander, "Royal Conclave of Knights and Ladies," "Royal Arcanum," and "Royal Society of Good Fellows," "Supreme Council," "Imperial Court," "Grand Protector," and "Grand Dictator," and so on. Nothing less than "Grand" and "Supreme" is good enough for the dignitaries of our associations of citizens.

Where does all this ambition for names without realities come from? Because a Knight of the Garter wears a golden star, why does the worthy cordwainer who mends the shoes of his fellow-citizens want to wear a tin star and take a name that had a meaning as used by the representatives of ancient families, or the men who had made themselves illustrious by their achievements?

It appears to be a peculiarly American weakness. The French republicans of the earlier period thought the term "citizen" was good enough for anybody. At a later period "le Roi Citoyen" — the citizen King—was a common title given to Louis Philippe. But nothing is too grand for the American, in the way of titles. The proudest of them all signify absolutely nothing. They do not stand for ability, for public service, for social importance, for large possessions; but, on the contrary, are oftenest found in connection with personalities to which they are supremely inapplicable.

We can hardly afford to quarrel with a National habit which, if lightly handled, may involve us in serious domestic difficulties. The "Right Worshipful" functionary whose equipage stops at my back gate, and whose services are indispensable to the health and comfort of my household, is a dignitary whom I must not offend. I must speak with proper deference to the lady who is scrubbing my floors, when I remember that her husband, who saws my wood, carries a string of high-sounding titles which would satisfy a Spanish nobleman. — *Oliver Wendell Holmes in the Atlantic Monthly.*

The Use of Water and Salt.

Salt is an absolute essential to the diet of man. It promotes health in various ways. Many of the functions of the body go on better under its influence, and without it the blood becomes improverished. While a complete deprivation of salt would produce disastrous results, an excessive use of it would scarcely be less harmful. In large doses it acts as an emetic; in quantities beyond the requirements of health it irritates the stomach and intestines and sometimes purges. Those who use salt unusually freely almost always suffer more or less from constipation.

To drink large quantities of water daily should be the rule with those who suffer from constipation. Each day the system needs at least two quarts of water, as about that quantity is used up or thrown out of it every twenty-four hours. Fruits and vegetable foods contain much water, and in tea, coffee, soups, etc., considerable is taken habitually. In all ways, as stated, about two quarts of water should enter the stomach daily. It is a good plan to drink one or two glasses of water from half an hour to an hour before eating breakfast. And it may be either hot or cold as preferred. Whichever is used, the water should be slowly sipped. To deluge the stomach with cold water would be to invite dyspeptic troubles.—*Boston Herald.*

The Kind Editor.

In Paris a young poet approached the table of a very much occupied editor, and said: "I beg your pardon, Monsieur, but here are a few verses which I——" "Very good, please to place them in the waste basket yourself. I am so busy!" replied the editor, without casting a glance at the poet.

Good Old Shingles.

A house in Georgetown, D. C., has just been shingled for the first time since 1803, and the carpenter says he has found sawed shingles that had been laid within ten years in much worse condition than the shaved pine shingles which had been in wear eighty-seven years.

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HE WON THE BET.

A Sharp Young Man's Method of Street Car Riding.

"I have not failed to ride down-town on a North-side grip-car free of charge for a week," said a smooth-faced, dapper young man to his companions as he stood on the corner of Clark and Center streets waiting for a chance to get aboard a car.

"That so? Tell us how you do it, and we will work the snap, too," said his companions in the same breath.

"Well, it's this way: There are always a lot of people on the corner waiting for a car, and while the conductor is helping the women on I jump aboard in front and take seat inside. Then I pull out a paper and become intent on the news. The gripman, nine times out of ten, is busy fixing his tension-screw, or watching the track ahead, and pays no attention to me. When the conductor comes through the car for his fares I never look up, and he has doubts about me, but usually after a hard stare at me his memory gives out and pases on."

"Don't believe it works more'n one time in a hundred," said one of the listeners.

"Bet you a V I do it on the ride downtown," promptly responded the smooth-faced individual.

"It's a go," said his companion.

The money was put up in the hands of the other member of the party, and the trio prepared to board a car. But for some reason the first limits car that came along did not appear to suit the free-ride man, and there being little room in it he had an excuse to wait for the next one. This was a Lincoln avenue and he directed his friends to get aboard on the rear platform while he gained entrance in front as he had explained. Sitting down about the center of the car he pulled a paper from his pocket and began reading with great intentness. His friends secured seats near him and watched the proceedings. The conductor went through to the fro and collected a fare, then on to the t friends, got his nickels, gave an olc 'y change for a quarter in pennies, t l to accept a Canadian dime from a ashionably dressed young woman, and passed out without so much as a glance in the direction of our reading friend. Just as he was opposite him, however, the diligent reader rustled his paper vigorously, quite like a man whose sole thought was to find the editorial column or the funny paragraphs.

When the three arrived at Washington street they alighted and sought the seclusion of a saloon to pay the stakes.

"Pretty good scheme; I'll work it myself," said the one who had lost his V.

"Yes, it's easy when you know how," replied the winner as he pocketed his $10. Then he left, and in another minute was at the tunnel entrance, where he caught the same car that he had come down on. "I had great luck that time, Jimmie!" said he, as he handed the conductor $2.50.—*Chicago Times.*

In a Japanese Mint.

There are about three hundred hands employed at the mint of Yeddo, Japan. When the men enter in the morning they are made to divest themselves of their own clothes and put on others belonging to the mint. At the end of a day's work a gong sounds, when the somehat curious spectacle is presented of 300 men springing from the ground on which they have been seated, throwing off their clothes, and rushing, a naked throng, to one end of the yard. Here they pass through the following ordeal in order to prove that they have no silver on them: Their back hair is pulled down and examined, they wash their hands and hold them up to view, they drink water, and then hallo, and lastly they run to the other end of the yard, clearing two or three hurdles on their way, after which performance they are allowed to go to their lodgings.

Compliment to His Dog.

A very delicate compliment was lately bestowed by a dog-lover upon the intelligence of his Skye terrier. The owner of the dog was sitting in his office, apparently alone, when an acquaintance entered. "Glad to find you alone," said the visitor, "because I have a confidential communication to make to you, which no one else must hear." Hold on a minute," said the other, checking him; and then he called out: "Here, Spot!" A small terrier crawled out from under the table, wagging his tail. "Go out, Spot," said his master. The dog went out. "Now, then," said the owner, "you may go on with your confidential communication We are alone."

Philadelphia Real Estate.

The hei of the late John W. Forney have beer offered $300,000 for the ground and ilding on Chestnut street, Philadelphi upied by the *Press.* This is at th of $6200 per front foot, and is the highest price ever offered for property on that street. Heretofore $5000 a foot has been considered a big price.

The greatest drawback to the growing of cotton in California has been the trouble of securing sufficient cheap laborers during the picking season. A mechanical contrivance has now been invented which is said to pick cotton as well and much more rapidly than it is done with the fingers. If this machine proves practical there is no reason why cotton should not be one of the most profitable of our California farm products.—California Fruit Grower.

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