BEFORE DAWN.

[Maurice Thompson.] A keen, insistent hint of dawn Fell from the mountain height: A wan, uncertain gleam betrayed The faltering of the night.

25c, Mc, a ghs, Hoga

The emphasis of silence made The fog above the brook Intensely pale; the trees took on A haunted, haggard look.

neh quiet came, expectancy Filled all the earth and sky; time seemed to nause a little space; I heard a dream go by!

MEN AND OTHER ANIMALS. Tastes. Vices and Peculiarities

Which They Have in Common. Cincinnati Enquirer. Men and animals have much that is on between them. In many points

animals exhibit the passions, vices and peculiarities that stamp Obstinate men, those gifted with nality which Sterne says in man styled perseverance, in a mule obcy, are like the Arctic puffin, or and mouse. The former seizes the of abone that is thrust into his and will not loose his hold till n out and killed. The latter ler from mountain to mountain, will turn out for nothing. They es, vet run against trees, stones s and animals, and bite and contend every animal they meet. They rivers, and at last reach the n, plunge in and are drowned.

lous wife resembles a green ma-If its master cares for a dog or nothing can exceed its violence Nor will it be appeased unmaster returns and lavishes all raise upon it. A petulant girl has airs of the jay; a flippant beau mity of the magpie. Selfish men ke the one-horned rhinoceros, inof either gratitude or attachquick-tempered man, forgetand forgiving the next instant, is counterpart in the Cape antefierce when assailed, yet taking ne next minute from the hand truck it. A domestic man is like telope of Scythia, who will not less surrounded by her mate and

ne men are like the great bat of when wounded and unable to the injury, he wreaks vengeance wounded limb. The Japanese, revenge to others, often rip open wn beilies, and many men cut off ses to spite their face. Sneaks ke the Tanoua parrot of Guinea. is going to bite you he exa disposition to caress. Lazy ving on the exertions of others parallel in the laurus Arc-He loves fish, but he rever them. He waits until another as done the work, then scares the and secures the fish he drops. e Greeley and the vegetarians like the slaygush, an animal of stan, which attacks with vigor s, tigers and all the fierce animals, es on roots, herbs and fruit. The tarians attacked every system and v theory.

funny Dog Who Fooled a Doctor and Got Worsted. [Philadelphia News,] other morning as a belated mem-

the Owl club was steering gh the fog which often hangs over of Baltimore at 3 a. m., he d a house in Mission street, where ed a well-known physician. The ule of this residence was open, on its side the dim rays of the o, struggling through the gloom ced by the efforts of the city gas tic tube, underneath which was ER. cription: "Whistle for Dr. Potts. t wishing to be disobliging about all a matter, the owl stumbled up ps, and, steadying himself against wall, blew into the pipe with all the oth of his lungs.

physician, who was awakened by resultant shrill whistle near his arose, and, after wondering at the odor of whisky in the room ed his way to the tube and shouted:

lad to know you're well," was the "but, being a doctor, I s'pose you eep well at cost price, can't you? What do you want?" said the man pills, not earing to joke in the airy ng of his nightshipt. Well," said the party at the other

of the tube, after a few moments' itation. "Oh! by the way, are you g Potts or old Potts?" "I am Dr. Potts; there is no young

Not dead, I hope." There never was any. I have no

Then you are young Potts and old otts too. Dear, dear, how singular."
"What do you want?" snapped the tor, who was beginning to feel as if

legs were a pair of elongated You know old Mrs. Peavine, who s in the next block? Yes. Is she sick? What's wrong

Do you know her nephew, too-Bill Well. we went up to Bridgeport

ooting this morning, and——"
And he had an accident? Hold up 'No, he's all right; but he got sixtyducks-eighteen of 'em mallards. I

ght you might like to hear it." And the joker hung on to the muzzle aughed like a hyena digging up a

came down from the exasper d M. D., "that's a jolly good joke, friend. Won't you take some-

What?" said the surprised humorist,

ng for breath. Why, take something. Take this. And before the disgusted funny man ild withdraw his mouth, a hastily

unded mixture of ink, ipecac and estida squirted from the pipe, and referred to ged him from head to foot, about a parts of it: monopolizing his shirt front and

And while he danced frantically m above sweetly murmur:

iny dog, you. By-by.

... The Editorial Eagle Aloft.

[Dakota Letter in N. Y. Tribune.]-Some of the foreigners have had queer experiences. Not only have they had an opportunity of witnessing a performance at the Livingston (Montana) opera house in the com-pany of cowboys, gamblers and other desperadoes (only to be told by the proprietor before they got well settled in their seats that they had better "git," for there might be "trouble", but they have even seen a live editor, of the true northwestern stamp. The sight of a country newspaper office was something novel to most of them, even to an English newspaper respondent accompanying our party. It was early one Sunday morning that we reached Fargo, where we were to stay until the following day. Few had risen yet, but you may rest assured that every bit of sleep that might have lingered in us fled at the sounds of a brass band which struck up "Hail to the Chief," or some other equally appropriate tune, as the train rolled up to the depot platform. At the same time a number of news-boys, each bearing bundles of The Fargo —, boarded the train and began to distribute the paper right and left.

"A JOLLY PLAWNT."

The English opened their eyes wide as oon as they cast a glance at its first page. had never seen anything They had never seen such a boomed" in a newspaper before. "This is a olly plawnt," declared the younger gentle en, while the old members of the party inlulged at a quiet chuckle.

Why, this is poetry," finally exclaimed 'Cæsar's ghost, so it is," D. chimed in And these are the startling head-lin which caused all the commotion:

THE GATEWAY CITY OF THE BLOOMING EVER GREAT NORTHWEST, WHOSE FIELDS NOW GLISTEN WITH THE RIPENING GRAIN, WELCOMES, WITH RIGHT GOOD WILL, EACH ROYAL GUEST WHO COMES TO-DAY IN UNCLE RUFUS' TRAIN.

THEY COME TO SEE THE HARVEST GATHERED HOME; TO SEE A HUNDRED REAPERS IN $\bf A$ SINGLE FIELD: TO VIEW THE RICHEST LANDS THE REAVENS DOME, AND WATNESS BEAR TO ITS MOST SPLENDID YIELD.

LAST YEAR THE LADIES SANG FOR US THEIR SONGS OF JOY-THIS YEAR FOR THEM THE HARVESTERS WILL SING, WHILE SHINING SKIES ALL DOUBTS AND FEARS DESTROY OF WHAT HOME WILL BRING.

-, ECHOING THE PEOPLE'S VOICE, THOUSAND WELCOMES BIDS TO EACH AND ALL THE FRIENDS OF UNCER RUFUS' CHOICE WHO HONOR FARGO IN THEIR FRIENDLY CALL

A flattering reference to the newspaper mer ir the head-lines (in rhyme, too,) with becoming modesty; but the description paper men, including the English correspond ent, to the establishment of The Fargo—— should not fail to give. Indeed, a paragraph inviting us to call, and pointing out the fact that there were pienty of easy chairs in the office, had appeared on the editorial page in that morning's issue; and therefore, at the earliest opportunity offered we made our way side streets.

A DAKOTA LIBRARY.

We had not long to wait before the editor, publisher and proprietor made his appear ance. A mountain of flesh, weighing in the neighborhood of four hundred pounds, from come and invited us to enter the "sanc-

"This, gentlemen, is my library," the voice dingy apartment where shelves were ranged along the wall and covered with reports public documents which didn't seem to have been used since the town was laid out in lots.
"The finest library in Dakota; this—step this ray, gentlemen-is my sanctum. Pray be

Cigars having been handed around. enversation naturally turned to the paper which had been handed to us. 'Remarkable enterprise that!" one of us ex-

'We couldn't do it better in the east," renarked another.

You are pleased to say so," benignantly icknowledged the mountain. 'Extraordinary poetry-'

THE MOUNTAIN IN LABOR. Thaw! This is nothing with us! Why (a igorous puff at the cigar and bringing his down on the table), during the Chicago onvention and all through that followed Garfield's nomination we kep these poetic head-lines going-and mighty ood poetry it was! Let me read you som Jones! (calling to a hungry looking indi-vidual)—Gentlemen, this is Mr. Jones, my managing editor-Jones, just get me tho

I will not enrich you with the lyrics to which he treated us in the course of the next half hour. In a stentorian voice, and with the finest expression, he rolled these sweet morsels of thought under his tongue, all the time glancing furtive glances upon his audi ence to see what impression he was produc-

THE COLONEL ENTERS. It was a relief to us when the entrance of a

ntleman interrupted the reading. He was introduced to us as "Col. P. D., author of that famous Fourth of July speech, you He nodded assent, but we must have looked guilty, for the colonel at once put his hand

nto one of his capacious side pockets, producing therefrom a bundle of pamphlets which proved to be the famous speech, and hich he proceeded to hand to those present.
"He is the author also of that fine editorial, ntlemen, you admired so much this morn-

The object of these remarks bowed his acknowledgments. It is but just that the referred to should speak for itself. I quote

PASSAGES AT LARGE.

"Let the bands play 'Hail to the Chief. Sound the bugles, strike the drums. Let the ound, sponging himself off with his the timbrei and harp give forth their gladsome adkerchief, and swearing like a pirate notes of welcome. 'Uncle Rufus' has earned ndkerchief, and swearing like a pirate the last act, he could hear a voice of above sweetly murmur:

notes of welcome. 'Uncle Rufus' has earned the gratitude and affection of every true Dakotan. from the golden grain fields of the kotan. kotan, from the golden grain fields of the paradisean Red River valley to the silver ripples of the far Cheyenne, from the wondrous confines of the Yellowstone to the gold-Have some more? No! Well, paradisean Red River valley to the silver od-night. Come again soon, you ripples of the far Chevenne, from the wor

UNCLE RUFUS HATCH

And His Foreign Guests Find a
Dakota Editor at Home.

"A Jolly Plawnt" of Poetry.—The
"Finest Library in Dakota"

ribbed crags of the Black hills and the bull calf pastures of Yankton and Niobrara. He and his august party of home and foreign dignitaries and celebrities, he and his friends are welcome, a thousand times welcome, to Dukota's soil and to her hearts and homes. May their whole trip be filled with pleasure and profit, grand scenery, instruction and fun. May their eyes be far-reaching enough to do away with all need of telescopes and fieldaway with all need of telescopes and field glasses. May every buffalo they kill be bigger than an elephant, and every speckled trout they catch amid the transcendent sublimity of geysers and cataracts vie in magnitude with the whale that swallowed a less profitable prophet than Uncle Rufus. May their days of enjoyment be forty-eight hours long, and fourteen of them to the week, and then the time be twice too short for all the pleasant things that crowd upon them. may they each and all return to their widely scattered homes, in two worlds and a halfore kingdoms and principalities, refreshed, delighted, and convinced forever and a day that primeval paradise has been restored to earth in the peerless land of the Dakotas, the far northwesteru land of meadows and fruit, etc., etc.

GOT AWAY ALIVE.

We beat a hasty retreat when the colonel atimated the desire to read to us the article. "as it should be read, gentlemen," and we were glad enough to reach the cars in safety, for the Englishman showed unmistakable signs of nervous exhaustion. "In fact, I haven't recovered from my astonishment yet," he told me only yesterday. "I say," he added, "don't you think those men were crazy f"

THE BABY DODGE.

What Happened to a Traveler While Playing Peek-a-Boo With a Little Darling.

[St. Louis Post-Dispatch.] The very latest style of confidence game is the baby racket, which was played on a Chi cago merchant who came down on the C. & A. to witness the Veiled Prophets and Trades' procession. The trick was played by three young men who boarded the train at Chicago and left it at some point unknown to any of the passengers. The Chicago man had a very fine diamond stud fidorning his shirt front. This was not the last thing the confidence men saw and he was soon "marked." Shortly after the train left Springfield one of the young men walked forward, carrying a laughing baby in his arms. Saluting one of his "pals" the confidence man remarked what a heartless thing it was to abandon such a pretty child. The accomplices stood up and in a few moments the Chicago man was on his feet chucking the infant under the chin and playing peek-a-boo and tootzie-wootzie. The little thing laughed in great glee and the Chicago man played monkey while the temporary nurse held up his charge for the ad-miration of the crowd and incidentally passed his hand under the child's clothes and over to the Chicago man's shirt bosom, which was

soon relieved of its headlight. to get a drink of water and soon returned the child to its mother, from whom the "nice gentleman" had borrowed it to show his wife in the next car. Like all Chicago men, this particular visitor from the city by the lake squealed" and modestly requested that the etective force be laid off for a day to hunt up his diamond. On a description, Tucker and Browning arrested two of the men this morning, but the Chicago man had gone home, and the confidence men had to be released. The baby escaped.

Had an Interest in the Fire-Escape. [Detroit Free Press,]

The other day a prominent citizen of Detroit, who has been greatly interested in the subject of fire-escapes, was inspecting a building on East Woodbridge street which had just been equipped with balconies and lad-ders, and he summed up his opinion with:

"Well, sir, there's no earthly need of an ac-cident here in case of fire. All any employe has to do is to coolly step from a window to one of the balconies and descend in perfect safety.

* 1 o'clock Saturday afternoon this same itizen was in the same building when some rags took fire on the fourth floor, a smudge arose, and an alarm was sounded for the

'Fire! fire!" was echoed through the build-"Fire! fire!" was echoed through the building, and the employes rushed for the stairs one of the crack athletes of the British navy."

brought up at a window. The sash was hung on weights, and yet he pushed, pulled and tugged in vain, and finally lowered the top sh and climbed over. As he descended to the second balcony he left one coat-tail on a ble which landed him on his back, and he was yelling "fire!" when the engines He had to be helped through a window and down stairs, and when a heartless wretch in the crowd asked him how long he had practiced the "escaping" business, he re-

"None o' your business, sir. Driver, take

Too Well Educated. Merchant Traveler.

"Well, Col. B.," said a friend of education in Kentucky to a member of the legislature. I suppose we can have your support this

What fur? 'In our educational interests, of course We are agitating the question, you know, all

over the state. 'Dog on your educational interests I want no more of it in my tea.'

"My dear colonel, you surprise me! What nakes you talk that way? Are you not in

favor of education? No, siree, I hain't." Why not?"

"Well; because I hain't. It makes more ork for me; You see, before I was eddicated all I had to do was to make a crossmark fur my name, but now I've got to wrassel with a pen-pint half an hour, and run my tongue out like a slice of liver, jest because I'm eddicated and kan sign my name. Go and try some of them ignorant n I'm too well eddicated myself to be fooled

The Wisdom of Policy. [Arkansaw Traveler.]

De 'possom was neber thought ter hab ise, but he's mighty smart. cooled many a man in pretendin' like he was dead, while de coon, what all ob de animals call jedge, r'ars aroun' an' neber fails ter git

ANOTHER HERO.

[Arkansaw Traveler.] Old Jim That's him

Standin' down yonder along side the "coon."

Can't see,

Not he,

For his eyes wus burnt out the fust o' last

June.
Didn't go in
'Mong smoke an' din
Ter save a child whar the flames growed

AN ACTOR'S MISTAKE,

How Charlie Thorne and Dr. Joyce Were Thrashed by a Plucky English Officer.

[Boston Letter.]

The departure of Dr. Joyce, author of Dedre," "Blanid," and other novels, for Europe, calls up various anecdotes of his jolly days. He is now terribly broken in health, the wreck of what he was, and it is probable that his ruined health is largely due to do mestic troubles. Dr. Joyce had a wide acnestic troubles. Dr. Joyce had a wide ac-quaintance of lively people, and among his numerous friends was the late Charlie Thorne, the actor. When Thorne was in town the two were frequently together, and on one notable occasion they were in the barroom of the Revere house, when the "com mendable spirits of wine did somewhat arouse the nobler emotions and loosen Dr. Joyce was moved to be elotongue." quent upon the wrongs of Ireland, which just then lay heavy upon his soul. Thorne offered fresh sympathy with every glass, and the two soon worked each other into a most hilarious state of virtuous and indignant patriotism. "Why, in this very harbor," eried the doctor at length, "in the harbor of overboard, is an English ship at this minute; and British officers are staying in this very

Thorne opened his mouth to swear it was a burning shame, when with a patness suggestive of old comedy, the door swung open and in walked two strangers. They were in citizen's dress, but it was impossible to mistake their markedly English appearance and mili-tary air. Of one nothing further is recorded than that he was tall and slender; the other was short and rather under-sized, with light, dudish whiskers, single eye-glass screwed under his right eyebrow, tiny cane, and a dandified appearance generally. The pair walked quietly to the bar and gave their order, while the two proclaimers of the "wrongs of old Ireland" glared ferociously at the daring Britishers who presumed to venture into their very presence. The strangers took no notice, and, finding his black glances of no effect, Thorne made a theatrical stride towards the little dandified newcomer. "Drink with me!" he demanded. peculiarly offensive fashion of drunken bully who is determined to pick a "I beg your pardon," the died politely, but with a good deal of the British drawl, "I—aw—am drinking with my friend. Some other—aw—time—should be "When I ask a pleased, 'm-aw-sure," man to drink with me," Thorne blustered tipsily, drawing himself back in a fighting attitude, "damn him, he's got to drink!"

The little Britisher looked at his big op ponent quistly, then quietly struck out straight from the shoulder. The bully's head lurched over into a dish of oysters which graced the bar, and a sudden babble of cries and oaths rent the air. The plucky little officer, without the slightest apparent emotion, turned to drink his ale, when Dr. Joyce, more excited over the wrongs of old Ireland than ever, advanced to the fray, flourishing his thick walking-stick like a shillalah. The Englishman raised his cane like a flash, tapped the burly poet upon the wrist, wrenching the big stick away, and flung it over his shoulder. Crash! It went into the midst of a big mirror. The confusion was by this time indescribable. The barkeeper summoned the proprietor; Thorne struck out again to be a second time tipped into the oysters; Dr. Joyce delivered a number of opinions far more emphatic than po ic; while all the bystanders lent a hand at

increasing the general din. In the midst of all this riot the little dandified Britisher was as calm and unmoved as a clock. When the landlord appeared he said politely, but with perfect nonchalance: "Sorry for the row-broke-aw-mirror-charge it in the bill." He finished his ale, paid his scot, and ignoring the continued bab-ble, the threats of Thorne and Dr. Joyce's protestations as utterly as if they did not ext, he turned upon his heel and walked out with his friend. "Now, who in thunder," peried the landlord as the door swung to be hind the retreating couple, "was fool enough to interfere with him? Do you know who it "No," shouted the crowd, open mouthed, like frightened sheep.

The eminent citizen lost his legs as soon as showed signs of setting back into the oyster-'That little cuss!" ejaculated Thorne, and he lorn condition by her astonished grandchild. he heard the cry—ran twice around the room dish for a third time. Louis James took without seeing the open door, and finally Thorne's place on the stage until his bruises could be hidden with paint, while as for Dr. Joyce he probably relieved his feelings in an entirely new and remarkably spirited lyric upon the wrongs of Ireland.

Capt. Thorne Meets Many Friends.

[New York Sun.1 A Plattsburg, N. Y., man came to town not long ago, took a walk to the Bowery, where ne met bunko men who relieved him of \$80. He went back to Plattsburg and related his xperience. Capt. Thorne, of Plattsburg, eard the story, and, when he brought a boat load of lumber to the city, a few days ago he determined to keep an eye to windward for the land sharks.

While the boat was being unloaded at Mott Haven the captain went down to Washington market to order supplies. On Greenwich street a man shook him by the hand, called him Mr. Lowe, and expressed pleasure at see-

I ain't Mr. Lowe," said the captain; "I'm Mr. Thorne, of Plattsburg." Soon afterward another man approached the captain and called him by name. They

shook hands. 'How are the folks?" said the new-comer 'Pretty good," replied the captain.

"Having pleasant times in town?" contin ned the stranger.

"I'm meeting lots of friends," said the cap 'Who are they?' the man asked. "Well," said the captain, "there's you and another bunko man, and——"

The stranger did not wait.

Wretchedness in Central Park.

[New York Graphic.] There is a good deal of wretche iness drifting about Central park. It eddies into nooks and corners and by-places. only place in New York where wretchednes can find a place to sit down. So long as it keeps itself upright and doesn't fall asleep so it may remain undisturbed by the park rdians. Here are often seen women, guardians. ung and middle-aged, of hopelessly melar oly aspect, sitting by themselves. From their shoes to their faded bonnet strings they

Wanted to Return His License,

[Rockingham Rocket.]
Our register of deeds received the following postal card a few days since:

Mr. REGISTER. - DEAR SIR: I write to fin out if there is any way to get money back as I will have to Return These License as the girl has went back on me and is Run away Let me know soon. Respectfully,

Remember aye the ocean-deeps are mute; Worth is the ocean; fame is but the bruit Along the shore.

-[Schiller.

THE LAND OF TONOUIN.

A Perfect System of Water Carriage Beautiful Landscapes, Strikingly Like Egypt.

[Cor. London Standard,] There is probably no other country in the world that possesses so perfect a system of water carriage as Tonquin. The Red river, some fifty miles about Hanoi, branches out into about twenty different streams, and thenceforward to the sea these are connected and sub-connected by a network of subsidiary channels. But, although styled only channels in comparison with the main branches they are really navigable rivers, as broad, most of them, as is the Thames at Richmond. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that a vessel might make her way by compass from one part of Tonquin to another. Steering her course, she would find canals and chan nels always available, and leading in the

Up one of these streams the Rurimaru

steamed in the early morning. She had on board stores for the army at the front, and we carried a couple of hundred infanterie de marine. Fine young men they were, and well behaved, but not set up in discipline and soldier-like appearance, according at least to English ideas. The tide was at its lowest ebb, and our steamer found that there was barely enough water in the smaller channel which she first essayed. So we went about, and, descending to the sea, a half-dozen miles away, entered one of the other mouths of the Songkoi, whence issued a stream full half a mile in width. As the sun rose high in the heavens, and as the country became visible, the striking resemblance which Tonquin bears to Egypt at once became apparent. There are the same extensive alluvial flats. intersected everywhere with similar irriga-tion canals. The soil, like that of Egypt, is formed of deposits from the river which, like the Nile, yearly overflows its banks, and is kept within bounds only by an extensive series of earthworks. Then the water, as in Egypt, is deep red in color, and possesses the property, like that of the Nile, of refertiliz-

ing an exhaasted soil. The landscapes of the two countries are also strikingly similar. As far as the eye can reach are clumps of palms and villages in-numerable, standing out like islands in a sea of green. The fields for miles are under rice. and there is no more beautiful tint in nature than the brilliant verdure of the humble paddy. The district through which we paddled seemed to swarm with inhabitants. Everywhere hundreds, them, were to be seen busily at work in the fields; and along the banks of our canal they stood in an endless line-men, women and children—as they gaped at the passing steamer. The water, the mud, and the naked men that wailowed in the latter, were all of the same reddish-yellow tinge. They possessed, each of these, a strictly agricultural aspect, to which the rich crops beyond formed a fitting background.

A Tale of the Summer Time.

During the past summer, a handsome young man and a mischievous young lady were among the guests at the White Moun-The young man was teased by his friends on account of his habit of lunch ing just before going to bed. One evening he found a large paper-bag of crackers on his table. Rashly jumping to the conclusien that the mischievous young lady had made him the gift, he went on tiptoe to the door of her room and tossed a cracker through the open transom. The room was dark, but the cracker's fall was followed by a slight scuffling. He paused a moment and then threw a second and a third. Each time a rustling was heard, but no one spoke. Having tossed the entire contents of the bag into the room the young man stole away, and as he left the corridor met the young lady coming to her room. Troubled in his mind, he made inquiries the next morning as to the effect of his bombardment, and learned to his horror that the first cracker thrown had landed on the head of the young lady's grandmother, an infirm old lady of nearly 80, who was at the moment kneeding by her bedside engaged in her devotions. Much alarmed, she had risen to her feet, only to receive a second shot. had then retreated to a corner, but being further assailed and not being able to form any idea of the nature and origin of the mys-terious missiles, she had finally crept under the bed, where she was discovered in

The great American liars from Erie, Pa., and Texas have evidently formed a partner ship and established branch offices in all the chief towns and cities. They are turning out copy fast. We have only time to note the story of a sparrow which catches six ducks every day, taking hold of them with its bill, shaking them as a dog does a rat, and then throwing them over its head; of a man in Alabama, everal years teing destitute of beard had hard knot in his neck cut nd found a beard all rolled and nicely packed away in this wen; of vented a brass belt with a nipple from which he noiselessly projects a pellet, and which, in the presence of a witness, killed a dog in fifteen minutes without the animal's knowing it was hit, and finally of a St. Louis man, who, by means of two plates of glass one-thirty-sixth of an inch apart and filled in with glycerine, has made a telescope with is able to see a carmine sea, strange bat-like birds, and insect men with rudimer tary arms and wings, or antennæ, who were fishing in the sea.

Testing Brakemen's Tongues

On the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad one of the tests exacted from candidates for passenger train brakemen is the ability to make a distinct announpassengers of the names of the several stations, On most of the railways it seems in for the average brakeman to speak plainly. Any sort of jabber that happens to come into his mouth be considers to be just as good as the mention of the real name of the sta

The Worship of Statistics.

This is a calculating age. Counting is its favorite occupation. It worships figures. Nothing is considered valuable unless it can It worships be counted. Quantity is the test of excelle and vast numbers command the highest reverence. The popular mind has become inviews of life, all our verdicts of succ failure, all our estimates of worth, are based on columns of figures.

"Obey" Dropping Out.

No gentleman who wishes to be thought in good form will use the word "obey" in the marriage ceremony. The Boston ministers nearly all of them "cheese" it, and that one ht to settle it for the outside barbarians of the

Mrs. Miller, the mother of Jonquin, has been married at Portland, Oregon, to a young man named Allison, who was formerly m laborer. The bride is 60, while he is but 21.

THE QUAKER POET.

His Early Work and Poor Pay ... His No-Method Way of Turning Out Work.

[New York Tribune Interview.]
"I was unlike any of the rest, I think, for
I never had any methods. When I felt like it I wrote, and I neither had the health nor the patience to work over it afterward. It usually went as it was originally completed. Emerson wrote with great care, and would not only revise his manuscript carefully, but I have often heard him say that he would frequently rewrite the article upon the proof-sheets. Longfellow, too, was a very careful writer. He wrote and rewrote, and would lay his work by and then revise it. He often would consult with his friends about his productions before they were given to the world. He therefore sent his work out as perfect as great care and a brilliant intellect could make it. I was not so fortunate. I have lived mostly a secluded life with little patience to draw upon, and only a few friends for associates. What writing I have friends for associates. What writing I have done has been for the love of it. I have ever been timid of what I have penned. It is really a marvel to me that I have gathered any literary reputation from my produc

"Much that I have written I wish was as deep in the Red sea as Pharao." chariot wheels. Much of the bread cast on the waters I wish had never been returned. It is not fair to revive writings composed in the shadow of conditions that make even a ceptable work impossible. In my early life I was not favored with good opportunities. Limited chances of education and a lack of books always stood in my way. When I be gan to write I had seen nothing and virtually knew nothing of the world. Of course, things written then could not have been worth much.

"In my father's house there was not a lozen books, and they were of a severe type. The only one that approached poetry was a rhymed history of King David, written by a contemporary of George Fox, the Quaker. There was one poor novel in the family. It belonged to an aunt. This I secured one day, but when I had read it half through I was discovered, and it was taken away from

The poet laughed quite heartily as he recalled those early days, and his first attempt to read something that was more suited to his youthful mind than the bible or the his-

tory of King David. "My first glimpse of poetry was when my old schoolmaster brought a copy of Burns' poems and read from it at our house. My first real work was done when George D. Prentice was editing The Hartford Review, although I had written considerably before. I wrote and sent him a few things and he enuraged me. When he recommended me to take his place, the publishers wrote me and I went down. I had then seen practically nothing of the world, and for two years I remained with The Review my greatest effort was to keep people from knowing how little I really knew. It was a providential opening, however, for it gave me a start.

"I wrote continually, but there was no market for the work. My anti-slavery convictions made my name valueless to any of the magazines; but, strange as it may appear, The Democratic Review was always anxious for my writings.

"Was there no market at all? No price set upon your work!" "None. I just wrote for any paper that would publish my matter, and if Longfellow, Emerson, Hawthorne or myself had been forced to rely upon the products of our pens for our living, we would have wanted bread in those days when most of our best work To me this is a queer phase of literary life, to find that the greatest geniuses that America has ever given to literature should have toiled without recompense, and been forced to wait until they were old before reaping the fruits of their labor. Truly, it is

hard work for a writer to get a foothold, but when he does it is a strong one. Some Englishmen Abroad.

[Edmund Yates in London World.] To English gentlemen resident in America othing is more galling than the misconduct of too many of the "swell" English visitors. A very prominent member of the committee of the New York Union club complained to me bitterly of the behavior of some of the ung Englishmen admitted there. n the world do you let them in?" I asked.
'Well," he said, "—'s name came up yesterday for an extension of his honorary bership, and I moved its rejection. Lord T. went in a morning coat to a din-ner party in New York, but his host equal to the occasion. "Ah," he "I see you don't know our ways. I will wait with pleasure until you have changed your dress." Lord W. did the same thing at a very smart party at Newport. Lord M. gave a check for a considerable sum, which was returned dishonored. This year matters em worse than ever. went west as guests in the party of Mr. Hatch seem to have outraged all decency; and very severe reflections are made, especially on two young descendants of our eminent law-lords, which they should surely, for their own credit. refute if they can.

Comment is made, too, of the preposterous airs which some English and Irishmea give themselves on the Atlantic steamers. Lord H. (the identical Irish peer who was thrown in a state of irrepressible indignation when, by an accident, his wife was sent down after me lady of lower rank at a Brighton dinner party, and exclaimed excitedly, to the conternation of the company: "Lady H. must have her rights!" assumed on the Adriatic airs such as all the queen's sons put together never gave themselves in their lives. "I want a bath by 8," his lordship said, imperiously, to the barber. "You can't have it, sir; it is engaged." "But I must have it," sir, it is engaged. "But I must have it," said this magnifice of the peerage of Ireland. "Do you know who I am?" "No, sir." "I am Lord H." "Ah, indeed," pleasantly rejoined the barber; "glad to make your acquaintance, I am sure," and in a trice the parber gripped the lordly paw and vigorously shook the same, to the ecstasy of the bystanders and the ineffable disgust of the shaken. It is really a blessing when such en as the dukes of Buckingham and Suther land, Lord Dunraven and Elphinstone, and men of that stamp visit the United States as peerage and sprigs of nobility who bring discredit on their order there.

Got to Do Something.

[R. J. Burdette.] "Yes," the tall, thin passenger admitted, 'a crying baby is indeed a sore trial. then you must remember that the baby can not swear, and when a human being is being dandled up and down on the loose end of a two-inch safety-pin, it's got to do somethin and if it can't swear it must holler." the jury was only out about two minutes, and then came in with a verdict for the defendant.

The British army is in high glee, the war department having abolished the order sub-jecting the soldiers to regular shaving, and whiskers are strouting all along the lin