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Meets first and third Saturday each month.

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THE VIGIL OF ADAM.

On a peak whose nameless towers Use the plain a hundred miles off For their field of the hours. Where the tallest Himalaya Rises and because so lonely, Whence the eagle swoops in terror, And the stars of God are only: Sixth one of ancient visage, One more strange than ought below him, One who lived so near to God as you; That for no man's sake should know him; Far above the busy world tribes, Miles above the pine trees, bending, Lonely as when God first made him, There he kept watch unending. —Dr. S. Weir Mitchell.

MR. MOUSER'S SAWBUCK.

Mr. Mouser and his merry little wife occupied a charming cottage in the suburbs of a large city in the "Fatherland." His business connections were of such a nature that he was usually at leisure after 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

Mr. Mouser prided himself on being a man of originality and brains. Mr. Mouser also liked a little joke, at other people's expense. It was autumn. Mr. Mouser had just laid in a goodly supply of winter fuel. Wood was chiefly used for this purpose in the land of Mr. Mouser's birth.

Sitting by the window of his cozy living room, enjoying a royal smoke from the long stemmed porcelain pipe, Mr. Mouser watched the wood sawyer plying his trade, moving easy by long habit of handling wood and saw. As Mr. Mouser gazed and pondered an idea crept into his head. It was grasped—as ideas quickly become captive there.

"Lizbeth," said he to his wife, "it is singular I never thought of it before—I generally think of such things—but it strikes me that I could saw that wood myself."

"Gracious! what an idea!" "A bright one, isn't it? A big saving, too! Just see with what ease it is done—the man cuts through the sticks as if he were slicing bread and butter; besides, I require more exercise; my health is not what it has been."

"Why, dear, do you feel ill?" "No, not a man needs to exert himself if he does not wish to run down in muscular power. My habits are too confining; a sense of this fact has been growing on me lately. But I have solved the difficulty while watching that man play on his sawjack."

A merry twinkle of the eyes and a laudable endeavor to maintain a serious expression would have convinced the beholder that Lizbeth also had ideas, but like a properly respectful wife she kept them to herself until called for.

"Do you think, Lizbeth, that a little gentle muscular activity is what I need to stimulate appetite?" "You might paint the house or do some less tiresome work than wood-sawing," replied Mrs. Mouser.

"Oh, you underestimate my capacities, my dear. And sawing wood is not such hard work. Come and see how simply it is done; yet how every muscle is brought into play. I am enchanted with my idea, and shall carry it out. The man can finish this job, but it shall be the last I ever pay for."

Mr. Mouser meant business. He at once ordered the very best kind of a sawjack made. He purchased a splendid saw, with sharp teeth and a light frame, with dabs of yellow and green paint splattered all over his person, until finally the saw frame suited him in its bright yellow coat. The sawjack he painted a lovely light green.

Daily he promenade impatiently around the sheds where the wood was stored, and grumbled because the fuel lasted so unusually long. At intervals he laid another coat of green paint to the highly decorated sawjack ("sawback" it is called sometimes, and bade all his acquaintances and friends come and inspect his patent calisthenic toy, until every one for miles around became familiar with Mr. Mouser's green sawing jack.

At last the longest of days arrived. A big load of fine hickory had been piled up in close proximity to the tools of decimation. Mr. Mouser was all excitement. He passed by his amused wife with important disdain, and scarcely gave himself time to devour his dinner, he was so eager to be at work.

"Nothing more, thanks," he replied, as his wife wished to replenish his cup. Rising, he hastened to handle his pets with an ardor that caused Lizbeth to smile knowingly as she watched him pick out the very smallest and most slender cord sticks.

This was a great mistake on Mr. Mouser's part. He should have tackled the difficult ones first, on the simple but fruitful theory that custom would have sweetened his toil with the balm of greater ease.

My! how the saw rent and the abbreviated sticks tumbled to the ground! Still Lizbeth, who was peeping with laughter brimming eyes, noticed that at the third cord stick work seemed to slacken just a little, but seven were finished, and Mr. Mouser came in, declaring he felt glorious.

The second day Mr. Mouser remained at table a trifle longer. Four cord sticks in broken lengths licked the dust, however.

Third day—Mr. Mouser took time to glance over The Daily News after dinner. Record: Three cord sticks.

"Lizbeth," said he, "I think I've been cheated in the saw jack. It is not put together as practical a plan as I was led to believe. It wiggles."

Fourth day—Mr. Mouser tumbled over his dinner extensively. He smoked his pipe and read the paper. He glanced over his monthly magazine until dark, and then started up, exclaiming:

"Mercy! how short the days are!" Mrs. Mouser enjoyed the situation intensely, but said never a word.

Fifth day—Mr. Mouser rose with a sense of injustice resting upon him. All day he was haunted by the outrageous fate that made him the owner of a sawing jack.

"My dear, we require more wood than usual today and tomorrow, washing and ironing days, you know," said Mrs. Mouser as soon as he got home.

"I never saw anything like the way you women manage to consume fuel!" Mr. Mouser grabbed his hat and strode angrily toward the woodpile. A few sticks fell before the savage manipulation of the saw, while Mr. Mouser's snarling kept excellent time to the wild motions of the sawyer.

With a crash he sent the saw flying

would never hear the last of it. Oh, if he could only get rid of that sawjack! A long time he pondered. At last a smile of joy illumined his face. That night, after his wife had retired, Mr. Mouser slipped out and carried that hated green object to the front gate. There, in the morning the corpse-delicti would be gone. The highway was full of robbers, who would steal anything and everything.

He would make a big fuss about the loss, but take good care not to buy a second sawjack.

He slept the sleep of the just until about 4 o'clock in the morning. It was still dark, but his anxiety to assure himself of the loss of his trouble caused him to sneak out and reconnoiter. The sawjack was still there. Mr. Mouser whispered not a prayer. "Oh, well, there is time enough still between this hour and daylight for a theft to be committed," he muttered. It was the voice of Mrs. Mouser that awakened him in time for breakfast.

He glanced out of the window the first thing. Oh, how brightly the sun shone, and the sawjack gleamed up at him in all its verdant beauty. No robber hand had carried it away. A fearful sigh escaped the Mouser bosom.

"You must saw some wood for me before you go, dear," said his wife.

"What, more wood?" "Yes, dear; recollect you only saved one stick last evening," rejoined Mrs. Mouser meekly, but a wicked gleam of mischief played about her eyes and mouth.

Mr. Mouser ignored her reply, and hastened to town with his pretty tools with a vigor born of awful fury, but way down in his soul a voice groaned, that sawing jack must go!

Where? whence? how? Mr. Mouser was a man of resources. Twelve o'clock, midnight. A burglarish darkness and silence brooded around as a man stole hence from his couch, and, grabbing his trousers, left a cozy bedroom. A little later the only other active creature about, a feline prima donna, might have witnessed a sorry sight: a solitary man marching forward, clutching in his strong right hand a beautifully painted green sawing jack.

Soon he returned. The sawing jack, where was it? Mr. Mouser rose that morning in a most delightful frame of mind. A burglarish darkness and silence brooded around as a man stole hence from his couch, and, grabbing his trousers, left a cozy bedroom. A little later the only other active creature about, a feline prima donna, might have witnessed a sorry sight: a solitary man marching forward, clutching in his strong right hand a beautifully painted green sawing jack.

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Ice on the Kennebec.

Ice is now quoted at \$3.50 and \$4 a ton, and some parties are claiming offers of even more than this for their stock. There is no great amount of ice changing hands in Gardiner at present, and ice-men are waiting for warm weather, when fancy prices will be in order. The stacked ice is keeping better and much longer than was at first supposed, and that being shipped now is coming out in good shape. Shipping still continues brisk at this port. The Glazier-Morse stack at Moulton's Mill has all been shipped, while 8,000 of the 12,000 tons at the Ridgewood houses in Pittsburg has already been shipped.

At the Great Falls houses over 12,000 tons of the 37,000 stored there have been shipped. The Independent Ice company at Smithtown has shipped 15,000 tons out of the 65,000 tons put up there. The Consumers' company has shipped about 6,000 tons, leaving a balance of 44,000 yet to be shipped. E. D. Haley, at South Gardiner, has shipped some 6,000 tons from his houses to date. The Glasco Ice company, at Randolph, has already loaded about 2,000 tons, and has vessels loading there daily. Haynes & Lawrence have shipped several hundred tons, and the Knickerbocker houses at Chelsea, Randolph and Farmingdale are doing their share of shipping.—Augusta (Me.) Journal.

Locomotive Telephones.

A test was made recently of the electric railway signal of the Universal Electric Railway Signal company, of Richmond, Va. About three miles of the track on the Baltimore and Ohio has been provided with this signal system by way of experiment. The apparatus consists of an electric circuit formed by a single iron rod, which is laid between the tracks, and a wire brush attached to each engine in connection with an electric gong and telephone. Two engines approaching each other on the same track come into circuit at the distance of one mile and a half or more, according to strength of the battery, and at once the telephone bells ring. This is a signal for the trains to stop, and the engineers may talk with each other on the telephone to discover the trouble, whatever it may be. Two trains were sent out on the Baltimore and Ohio with a party, including several gentlemen from Washington and Virginia and correspondents of newspapers in different parts of the country. The tests were made and proved extremely satisfactory. —Washington Star.

A Palm Tree in Blossom.

The latest novelty to be boasted of in Connecticut is a genuine palm tree in blossom, the development occurring in the town of Wethersfield. The tree itself has been owned by Senator Silas W. Robbins, of that place, for twenty-three years, and has been carefully guarded during that period in his conservatory. Not until this season, however, has it put out a bud of any sort. The present development has been observed with great interest, nothing of the kind having been known before in this latitude.

The blossom appears at the top of the tree, resembling an exquisite selection of fern, and is buff in color. There is no fragrance. Under the flower itself is the green fruit in its earliest stages. The utmost care has been bestowed by Senator Robbins on this tropical growth for years, but not until within a few months has he anticipated the possession of a genuine flower from it.—Cor. New York Times.

A Doctor's Bill.

Dr. W. B. Spencer, of San Francisco, has presented a bill of \$3,510 for professional services during the last sickness of William Lockerman, the Fruitvale miser, who died recently leaving an estate valued at \$2,000. He considers his services valued at \$100 a visit. The items of the bill are instructive to those who are contemplating death, leaving a reasonably large estate to cover the physician's bill: Nineteen visits at \$100 per visit, \$1,900; 120 hours' night detention at \$10 each, \$1,200; medicines furnished, \$10; operation Jan. 16, \$200; operation two times a day for five days, at \$20 each, \$200; total, \$3,610; paid on account, \$100. The bill has been cut down by the public administrator to \$1,100, and the doctor's claim will be contested for over that sum.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Brussels Waterloo Monument.

By desire of the Duke of Cambridge and the members of the London committee for the erection of the Waterloo monument at the Cemetery of Evere, near Brussels, it has been definitely arranged that the inscription on the monument shall run as follows: "In memory of the British officers, non-commissioned officers and men who fell during the Waterloo campaign in 1815, and whose remains were transferred to this cemetery in 1880. This monument is erected by her Britannic majesty Queen Victoria, empress of India, and by their countrymen, on a site generously presented by the city of Brussels. Meritum Patria Memor."—Cor. London Times.

A Queer Place for a Nest.

A day or two ago the crew of the excursion steamer Forest Queen discovered a bird's nest on the life preservers which are placed just under the awning deck and in it five eggs. The mother bird sits complacently on the eggs as the boat goes to and from the islands, and is generally accompanied by her mate, who flies off at either end and gets food, quickly returning before the boat leaves.—Portland Argus.

Made Tracks.

A gentleman of an inquisitive turn of mind noticed hundreds of tiny tracks in the dust across Somerset avenue, and, following them up, discovered that they were made by an army of caterpillars, who were emigrating.—Tantion Gazette.

A Well Known Hotel Clerk Avers that for nearly thirty years every third un-

EXPECTED TO KNOW THEM ALL.

How Some Travelers Try to Bluff Conductors Into Giving Free Rides. "No one knows except the conductor, the way attended by some people to deadhead their free ride on a train," said a ticket puncher, as he handed back the reporter the remainder of a pass.

The reporter asked what made the conductor drop such an insinuation just then. "Oh, some people are clever and will do their best free ride on a conductor. A conductor is expected to have about twice as many eyes and ears as ordinary people. He is expected to know personally, or in an indirect way, every deadhead between New York city and the Golden Gate. If a particular friend of the superintendent, general passenger agent, any director, or even down to the local train dispatcher, comes along, the conductor is asked to pass Mr. So-and-so on account of another Mr. So-and-so."

"This deadhead business becomes a well worn chestnut in the course of time. One-half of these unknown, but all important, would be free riders, if they had any pass. They will come in, and, with as much assurance as check will warrant, ask to be passed. Then again, there are others who are intimately acquainted with the conductor, and of course ask to be deadheaded. We never do this kind of business," said the ticket puncher, "it is a veritable nuisance which ought to be abolished. Why, you would be astonished at the methods resorted to by some fellows who are professional 'deadheads.'"

"I remember not long ago striking a cheeky look agent. He boarded the train, and was dressed in the height of style, silk hat and all. It was a dark, rainy night, and the mud was fearful. When I came to Mr. Book Agent he went into his spacious pocketbook—his ticket seemed to have slipped out. He fumbled through a lot of well worn papers, blank receipts, but no ticket could be found.

"Finally, in search of something, he said 'I want a moment; I have placed it in my valise.' Slowly he opened the big valise filled with circulars, dirty linen and the other necessary outfit of a book vendor. I went through the train and came back to the bewildered agent, who was still overhauling some back number rain coats. He said, 'I am sorry, but I don't have it.' 'Ticket, please,' I said. 'I have lost it,' said he, 'and cannot find it.' 'Pay your fare then,' said I.

"The truth was he was 'busted' and hadn't a cent. His station was several miles ahead of us, and as there was no regular stopping place between where he got on and where he was going, he was obliged to get out. He had a ticket racket work like a charm. The conductor, he thought, would not stop the train to put a 'gentleman' off in the rain and mud. He was fooled.

"Pretty soon we came to a water station out in a big field where the mud was shop to deep. It was raining, and the unfortunate passenger had no umbrella. When the train came to a standstill I requested him to move out. A scene followed, and trouble was threatened. It was a disgrace, he thought, to put a gentleman off in the rain. But he went out into the dark, and his clothes must have been ruined. He found shelter."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

England's Bright Journalist.

Mr. Lang writes leaders for The Daily News; yet he goes and comes as he pleases, and his duties as a journalist are not suffered to interfere with his other literary work, his lectures, etc. A share of his time is spent in Edinburgh. It is said that when he reports at the News office he asks if any particular topic requires treatment at his hands; he is so thoroughly informed and so facile that, assigned a theme for editorial treatment, he will sit down in all the noise and confusion of the editorial room and reel off a delightful essay, full of wit, of allusion and of quotation; this, too, without referring to any book from which it may be desirable to take extracts, or to which it may be desirable to refer. In fact, Lang is looked upon by his journalistic associates as a cyclopedia of learning, a fountain of wit and a master of all that is charming in style.—Eugene Field's Letter to Chicago News.

Weak Hearts Worse Than Weak Heads.

A weak heart seems to be decidedly more practically inconvenient than a weak head. If a man or a woman be a little feeble about the region of the brain, it is generally of little moment. Some post or other will be provided if the conductor is respectable, and lack of brains is too common to excite any particular attention in the person concerned or in those about him. But a weak heart insists upon putting itself in evidence in all sorts of convenient and inconvenient times. If its possessor finds himself rather late for his morning train and makes a "spurt" to recover lost time, the exertion is usually followed by such a "bad quarter of an hour" that he realizes in a future rather to lose a dozen trains than to risk temporary suffocation or permanent syncope again.—American Analyst.

Labor of Authors.

William Dean Howells, indisputably a man of genius, confesses without a blush that he is unable to write but some three hours in the course of a day. He says that he labors laboriously over his manuscript as if it were a piece of actual drudgery. Bret Harte, whose creations read as if they had come from his brain without flaw or hindrance, showing brilliancy of thought with the grace of the artist, is yet another writer who passes days and weeks at a time in the pen before he is ready to deliver it into the hands of the printer, which speaks volumes of praise for the author of the most strikingly original productions in prose and verse which have ever come before the reading public.—Exchange.

There Are No Equinoctial Storms.

Weather Prophet Geo. Greeley observes: "The equinoxes are imaginary points at the intersection of the circle described by the earth about the sun with the plane of the earth's equator; extended till it strikes the imaginary dome of the sky, and they are nothing more than this. Hence it is very evident," he says, "that they can have absolutely no influence on storms. It might be thought that somehow the lengthening of the day at the spring equinox might affect the weather, but, as this lengthening amounts to only two and one-half minutes daily, and is a continuous action, lasting for weeks before and after the equinox, the effect is absolutely nothing."—Chicago Times.

The Color of Flamingos.

The color of flame depends partly on the temperature, but primarily on the nature of the substances undergoing combustion or incandescence. The flame of an ordinary fire is yellow, because the heat is not sufficient to render the carbon a white heat. The flame will burn much brighter when air is supplied to it freely, as by raising out the chimneys at the bottom, or grate or blowing the fire with a bellows, because with every fresh rush of air there is a new supply of oxygen.

A Variety of Bonnets at Small Cost.

A clever girl has hit upon a novel way of varying her hats and bonnets during the summer at very little expense. She is a born milliner, and always trims, and sometimes makes, her own headgear, and is fond of having a quantity of pretty hats and bonnets. Having found by experience that expensive flowers fade just about as soon as cheap ones, she has decided to buy the latter this season in-

WOMAN'S WORLD.

A MAN WHO KEPT HOUSE WHILE HIS WIFE WORKED OUT.

The English Drawing Room Costume. Bonnets at Small Cost—Poorly Cared for China—Portraits of the Queen for China—Portraits of the Queen. Dressing in a Sleeping Car.

The household of William Hergenroether, a German optician, living at 96 Attorney street, has long been an unhappy one. William has a young and comely wife, who is as thrifty as her husband is lacking in industry. For two years she has supported herself, her 6-year-old daughter and her husband and taken care of things at home. Mrs. Hergenroether declares that the sole contribution of William toward the maintenance of the family during this time amounted to \$2. He simply would not work.

One day Mrs. Hergenroether proposed that both she and her husband go out to find work. If she was successful in her search William should become house keeper, while she would provide for the family. If, on the contrary, William found a job first he should accept it and work, while his wife cared for the house. In keeping with other men, William fancied housework very easy indeed, and supposed he could dispatch the duties of housekeeping in half the time his wife took. Seeing a life of ease before him he readily agreed to the proposition. He called it a snap.

Mrs. Hergenroether is a tailor, and in a few hours she returned with the news that she had secured steady employment. William was home. Of course he had been unable to find a job, so he took charge of the kitchen. The novelty had a surprising effect on the man. He became wonderfully industrious. His cooking was really excellent after a few days of practice. Steak was never more nicely fried. Better coffee Mrs. Hergenroether never tasted. As for the pancakes they were always browned precisely right. William displayed great cleanliness in his housekeeping. His little girl was always tidy, the window panes shone like some of William's pebble glasses in the bygone days when he worked at his trade as optical goods maker, and Mrs. Hergenroether always found a good meal awaiting her on her return from work.

All this was too good to last. It continued two or three weeks, at the expiration of which William showed signs of fatigue. The quality of his cooking fell off; the coffee was cold and bad, and sometimes there was no supper on the table when the wife came home.

Mrs. Hergenroether got mad. She had performed her part of the contract faithfully and did not mean to submit to any imposition, and she soon had William in the hands of the law. When arraigned at Essex market on a charge of non-support she said he would resume his labors at home if the court would release him. As he could not furnish bail to pay his wife \$1 a week he was locked up. His wife left him to his own reflections and a prison cell for several days. William did not relish confinement, and bestirred himself to effect his release. Through a friend he secured a job in an optician's establishment. Justice Taintor approved of this move and released him so that he might go to work. William's brother, an Attorney street barber, says that this is the first time that William has been able to find work.—New York Press.

Poorly Cared for China.

I wonder if this country has any idea where its china is kept. There isn't a gentleman's house in the land that has not better accommodations. There it is, all the elegant ware which former mistresses of the White House gathered with so much pride and in the face of so many growls from the congressional appropriation committees, crammed and jammed into an unfinished closet which would hardly kennel two mastiffs. No wonder that so much of it is broken and nicked that each succeeding mistress of the White House almost sheds tears over the ruin of the thing most dear to a woman's heart—rare china.

Until President Arthur's day there was not even this closet, all the valuable china being stored in the basement; but he had this closet cut from the little hallway by the elevator. There are two rows of shelves about three feet deep, and there the three sets which belong to the service are kept, one-third of them being on the floor. Mrs. Harrison says that of the 1,000 pieces, made at so great an expense in the Hayes administration, there are not more than 400 left.—Cor. New York World.

An Unpatented Refrigerator.

Light houses, seeping apartments are not usually provided with refrigerators, but you may make one for twenty cents. Buy two tin pans of the cheapest quality, as you will want to throw them away when you leave. Choose one slightly smaller than the other, so that its rim and ears shall just rest on the rim of the larger one. Punch the bottom of the smaller one full of holes or get a tin mallet to do it for you. Keep the ice wrapped in quantities of old newspapers and afterward in old flannel. Five cents worth of ice kept in the coolest and darkest corner of your apartments will furnish ice water and keep the milk and butter cool for twenty-four hours. The former in its glass bottle and the latter in a large jelly bag with a screw top can be placed in the ice, and will be kept cool by the slow dripping of the ice water upon them.—New York Herald.

Mary Anderson's Successor.

Already a successor has been chosen for Miss Mary Anderson, who, as the world has been given to understand, will end her professional life with her marriage. The lady is Miss Julia Nelson.

and a maximum of good looks and breeding that captivated society and earned criticism.

From her very first appearance the auspices of and in the company the very actress whose place she had filled, there were abundant of a passionate heart and good judgment as well as a fair face, a rich voice and noble presence. She was a woman as a queen. She made her own success as Clarice in Gilbert's "Our Nieces at Tragedy." Miss Nelson is early twenties, has a good social and financial backing, is an indefatigable student and is today within measure of being a fine actress change.

Mme. Carnot's Diplomacy.

If Mme. Carnot is certainly not from France it is certainly not from Italy. The trouble to win public favor is the ex-Emperess Eugenie's thousand little ingenious devices for securing popularity visits hospitals, assists at bazaars, taints all classes and showers down acts of kindness upon all whom she meets. Above all, she never an opportunity of appearing in resplendent in lace, velvet and for all of which have been purchased with foreigners. She sends dignitaries for her laces, to Lyons, Normandy for her silks, and whenever she visits a town noted for lace makes large purchases.—Modern Society.

Summer Sashes.