

FACTS AND FANCIES.

Helena, Montana, is to have a mining exchange.

Baked apples are finding more favor on fashionable breakfast tables.

Buffalo, with 225,000 people, has 250 patrolmen, and wants 100 more.

Agnes Harn, a colored woman, of Arlington, Ark., is gradually turning white.

Extensive experiments in growing tobacco and rice are to be made in Tulare, Cal., the coming season.

During the past season the height of the Mormon temple of Salt Lake City has been increased by sixteen courses of stone.

The best way to stop breach-of-promise suits is for the girls not to consider themselves engaged until they are married.

A curiosity at Allentown, Pa., is a melon vine growing in a melon. In the heart a seed burst its shell, and a minute vine in full leaf is visible.

A graduate of a theological seminary in New York has been refused a license to preach because he lived too expensively and dressed too fashionably.

The young man who quotes "Love is enough" to his girl never saw dry goods bills her father foots, and is unacquainted with her capacity for beef steak.

It is related of a California legislator that in 1869 he received \$75,000 for his vote, which was needed to pass a measure important to the Central and Union Pacific roads.

Two men and a woman were thrown down the stairs of The Missoula (Montana) Times office the other day. They had called on the editor for satisfaction with a cowhide.

A fashion item startles us with the information that "all the mantles are short except those that are very long." We supposed that all mantles were long except those that are short.

Dio Lewis says that for thirty years he has worn an ordinary silk hat with nearly three hundred holes through the top. He says the ventilation is perfect and his hair is perfect.

The latest innovation in hat lining is a map of the city printed on silk, so that any stranger or gay young fellow may find his way home. It will be necessary, however, to put a compass in the top.

Manitoba is filling up with people. The number of schools there in 1871 was 16, in 1881 it was 128, and in 1884 it reached 359. The school attendance was 816 in 1871, 4,919 in 1881, and 13,641 in 1884.

A mild journalist expresses surprise that no woman has yet appeared as the editor of a successful daily newspaper. It is because her feminine instinct leads her to use the scissors too much.

In Butte county, California, several fields of sugar-cane have been cultivated and are in a flourishing condition. With a favorable season it is believed that the culture of sugar-cane would be very profitable.

"My dear," asked Mrs. Mulletthead, looking down the market report, "what is meant by the expression that 'what is heavy'?" "I can't imagine," he growled ungraciously, "unless it refers to a loaf of your bread."

The Ladies' Monument association of Richmond, Va., have nearly accumulated funds sufficient for a statue and monument for Gen. Lee and have advertised for competitive designs. The monument will cost about \$200,000.

"Have you read the 'Descent of Man'?" asked Clara, looking over the book shelves. "No," said George, a little timidly; "don't care for it; but I'd like to get the assent of woman." It is currently reported that he got it the very next Sunday night.

A darkey in Prince Edward county, Virginia, ascribes Gen. Lee's election to the fact that he carried charms. He says he "seed 'em." When asked what the charms were, he said the left hind foot of a graveyard rabbit, a vial of stump water, and a cocoon bone toothpick.

A "notice" worded as follows is said to appear on the door of a well-known business office: "The hours of attendance in this office are: To canvassers for church subscriptions, 10 to 2; book and insurance agents 2 to 4; commercial travelers, beggars and advertising men all day. We attend to our business at night."

The prohibitionists of Atlanta were victimized in the late election to the extent of \$1,000 or more. They offered to pay the taxes of every negro who would vote for prohibition. On election day two hundred negroes, anti-prohibitionists, disguised with blue ribbons, were marched down, and received tax receipts, but when they came to vote the prohibitionists were mad.

The Western Druggist thinks that to prevent the dispensing of morphine for quinine a strip of steel should be firmly riveted over the month of the vial containing it, the neck being first plugged with a torpedo so arranged as to explode and shatter the steel when the poison is taken in hand. If the clerk survives he will know that the shock meant morphine.

GENTLEMAN.

Shirring like chlorou with their garments torn,

All the comely leaves of their ruddous shores, Crouched in the leached and shudd'ring grass, I find them to-day as I didly pass.

Blue gentians.

Children of frost—of winds snow-kissed, Nurtured in travail—in sleet and mist, Budd'ne and blowing in the chilling rain, With little of gladness and much of pain,

Poor gentians!

In pity bind and gather each one, And hold them up to the plying sun, To give them a glimpse of a fairer day, Before they shall droop in their quick way,

Sad gentians.

And I hold them close to my eager face, And the tender lines of their being trace, And I count their goodness to come so late, When no flower is left to be their mate,

Lorn gentians.

Though the year of my life wane drear and cold,

May this kindness be left, its hands to hold, That some flower of love as a tender sign May bloom as a token of summer time,

Sweet gentians.

—S. B. McManus, in The Current.

BOARDING HOUSE ROMANCE.

There were two other ladies at the table with me—a mother and daughter—wealthy people, as I supposed; and the girl was the most exquisitely pretty creature I had ever seen. She was so tall, so slim, so round, with such a fair, frank brow, such shining brown eyes, almost startlingly dark, with her bright hair and fair complexion; such a sweet mouth, such dimples, my heart seemed to go out to her at once.

And she was so charmed with everything, so full of bright chatter.

Her mother was a great contrast; she was a little, plaintive, aggrieved-looking person—one of those people who, I think, take a kind of pleasure in being unhappy.

And there was an odd looking man—a very odd looking man somehow—tall and largely made, with a rugged, fair face, very wide open blue eyes, and a fine head, held very high. Somehow he was not like the usual run of our visitors, and strangest of all, he brought in a dog with him—a handsome pug, if any pug can be called handsome—who preceded his master up the room, his wrinkled nose sniffing the air and his crooked eyes looking in every corner.

I looked at my pretty girl. Her face was all dimpled and flushed.

"The dear old doggie. Do let me hold him for a little while; I am so fond of dogs."

Her mother moved uneasily and protested feebly—

"Alice, dear."

The stranger turned and looked at her.

"Thank you so much," he said. "Do you really like dogs? Most ladies are afraid of Jack."

"Some day, some day, some day, we shall meet," Miss Verinder sang. I remember just how she looked. I could not wonder at the passionate admiration in the young men's eyes. Old woman as I was, I found her a pleasant sight.

"A sweet voice and a sweet face," said some one beside me. It was our neighbor at dinner. He had come roflly across the room, holding his dog's leash. He stood a moment by me, and then he sat down behind the piano, took his dog on his lap, and threw back his great head, listening with avid enjoyment to the music. I thought again what a strange looking man he was. Miss Verinder finished her song and turned round with all the pretty light on her face. He crossed over then and thanked her, while the young man looked rather unappreciatively at him.

"I felt sure you had a singing face," he said. "Are you well off for music here?"

"Not very," she told him, and then she asked if he played.

"Yes," he said; "it is almost the only solace I have." He paused a moment and then went on in such a low, hopeless kind of voice, "I am almost blind."

"Oh! I am sorry."

Poor man! I thought it ought to be a kind of compensation to see the sweet tenderness of the bright young face, to hear the soft pity of her voice. He said something—I did not catch what it was—and then sat down to the piano.

Play! I should think he did play. Never had there been such music brought out of our piano. A great hush fell upon the room. Even those who did not care for music for its own sake were silent from astonishment.

As for Mr. Gorst himself, the music seemed to transform him. He shook back his hair, and his grave plain face brightened up.

"Jack," sitting at his feet kept his eyes steadily fixed upon him, as if he understood it all; and as for Miss Verinder, the pretty color grew brighter in her cheeks, and her eyes shone. She was passionately fond of music.

"Odd man! Don't you think so?" very," whispered Mrs. Colquhoun—the greatest gossip in the house—to me. "Not a gentleman, decidedly; actor, I should think; professional, certainly. Dreadful flirt that girl is, to be sure. Do you admire her? No, surely not."

I held up my hand to silence her. I did not like Mrs. Colquhoun. I knew her mischief-making tongue of

old, and I had caught a flash from Alice Verinder's soft eyes.

Mr. Gorst was going to sing for us. As he played the first bars of The Message, Jack gave a kind of strangled howl.

"He is wonderfully fond of singing," his master explained with pride.

Clearly I thought he was a thorough old bachelor, and his dog was wife and child to him.

Well, I have heard many fine voices, but never one, I think, like Mr. Gorst's. As the passionate, beautiful words of "The Message" rang out, I felt my very heart stirred within me.

A great hush fell upon the room as he finished. One could well believe such a voice would "pass through the golden gate." I saw a strange moved expression on Mr. Hardyng's face, the quiet old bachelor I have mentioned before; and as for Miss Verinder, I did not like to look at her; I knew that there were tears in her bright young eyes.

And after "The Message" he gave us "For Ever and For Ever," and "The Distant Shore." He would have sung all night, I think, if the loud clang of the tea bell had not sounded out, bringing us all back to the world around us.

He dropped his hands from the keys quite startled.

"Oh! it's only the tea bell. Are we expected to eat again? But I have inflicted myself upon you."

"I could listen forever," said the girl, with that soft lovely light still on her face.

I am a foolish old woman, I know; but I caught myself hoping he was not too blind to see it.

"Miss Verinder, will you not let me get you some tea?" broke in the Cambridge man, Mr. Hoare, as I found out his name was. He had been watching the changes in the girl's face all through the singing.

Well, he was old enough to be her father, and he was almost blind, and was grave and odd-looking besides, while she was the sweetest, freshest bit of womanhood. Young even for her twenty years. And yet somehow those two, Mr. Gorst and Alice Verinder, were drawn to each other from that very first night, I think. Perhaps it was Jack, perhaps it was the music, or that child's sweet womanly heart was moved to pity the lonely afflicted man. She was so watchful of him at meal times, would try in her pretty way to interest him, to drive the shadows from his face; would pay him such sweet deference. He was always quiet, always silent and reserved. It did not seem to me that he took much notice of what would have raised a young man to the seventh heaven of happiness. I came on them one morning out among the flowers—he walking up and down slowly and carefully, as an almost blind man does, she springing out in her joyous way, gown all ruffled with embroidery, a wide hat shading her sweet face, the sunlight on the mass of crisp hair beneath. They said "Good morning" to each other, and then she spoke to the dog.

Between her two admirers Miss Verinder ought to have acquired much useful information during that sweet summer holiday. Young Hoare took possession of her at once. I heard her blithe laugh as she answered some remark of his. They made a handsome couple, I thought; she so fair and slim, he so tall and dark and broad shouldered, and both with that wonderful light of youth on their faces.

"He is a handsome fellow," Mr. Gorst said; and I knew he had divined my thoughts. He was wonderfully sharp for all his blindness.

I scarcely knew how long I had been writing. It was a letter to a dear old friend of mine, and I had for a little while forgotten my surroundings, when Mrs. Colquhoun's wearisome voice forced itself on my attention.

She had exhausted her newspaper, and Mrs. Verinder having just come in, she had a thrilling piece of gossip to unfold to her.

"Quite shocking, Mrs. Verinder! I was so frightened I could not sleep again. Mr. Gorst, you know, he came down the corridor last night perfectly drunk, stumbling over everything. He tried to burst into my room, but fortunately I always keep the door locked; and he felt about the room and talked to himself half the night. Quite shocking, is it not? These professional sort of people are always unsteady, and being blind seem to make it so much worse. Really, Mrs. Verinder, don't you think we ladies ought to take some steps to show what we think of such conduct?"

Mrs. Verinder made some feeble sound of horror. I was too petrified to say anything.

If it was a story, it was rather a worse one than usual; if it was true—

But what was this indignant young figure that started up from my side?

"It is not true, mother—I am sure it is not true. Oh, it is a shame to tell such stories of anyone! Mr. Gorst is a gentleman; he would scorn to do such things. Oh, it is cruel! People ought to spare him, at least!"

The child looked transformed, her cheeks blazing, her brown eyes sparkling.

"Alice, Alice!" said her mother.

"It is the injustice of it, mother—that is what I mind."

Mrs. Colquhoun was straightening her spectacles and looking up at the indignant girl with a malicious smile.

I knew what a story she would make of this, and though I could not but admire Alice's generous championship, I felt sorry she could have drawn this woman's unscrupulous tongue upon her.

She was still standing there with her frail young figure drawn up, and her scornful face, and Mrs. Colquhoun had just opened her lips for a crushing retort, when behold standing amongst us Mr. Gorst himself, perfectly calm and unmoved to all outward appearance.

Had a thunderbolt fallen amongst us we could not have looked more astonished. Mrs. Colquhoun's face flushed crimson, as well it might. Poor, pretty Alice grew snow white, and all the fire went out of her eyes.

"I can not thank you sufficiently, Miss Verinder," he said, "for taking the trouble to defend me. Pray let me apologize," he went on then to Mrs. Colquhoun, "for having unintentionally heard so much about myself. I was writing letters in the other bay, and had no intention of listening when my own name caught my ear. It is a fulfillment of the old proverb; but I have no doubt you will be greatly pleased to hear you have made a most unfortunate mistake. My room was changed last night; the gas was not lit; my luggage was all about in the middle of the floor. In my half or three-quarters blind condition, I certainly did stumble a good deal about, and had to speak a good deal to my dog through the night; he is always restless in strange quarters. As for being drunk, I have been a water drinker all my life. I must express my regret for having so disturbed your rest, but I am sure your distress of mind last night must be more than compensated this morning by your relief at finding out I am not such a depraved character as you had feared."

It was a very narrow path, just room for two people to walk very close together, consequently, I suppose, it was called the "Lover's Walk." There were seats at intervals, and it had many unexpected turns and twists, as it wound round the hill.

Coming suddenly round one of these sharp corners, what or rather, who did I see just in front of me only a few yards away! Alice Verinder and Mr. Gorst, and he was holding both her hands in his, and bending over her the inevitable "Jack" sitting beside them, his foolish tongue hanging out, his leash lying unregarded on the damp ground, an expression on his face as if he would say, "this is a nice piece of business." Well, I take great credit to myself, I neither started nor screamed; luckily neither of them had seen me, and I turned swiftly round the way I had come, hurried round the corner, almost ran the whole way home, never stopping for breath until I found myself safe in my own room, where I sat down to think over what I had seen.

It was an hour or two later, and I was still sitting in my room, but ready dressed for dinner, waiting for the bell to ring, when there was a little tap at my door and Alice entered radiant, blushing, happy. I remember just how she looked, in a pretty dress of some shining green stuff, she always dressed so prettily, with a square cut bodice and elbow sleeves showing her fair, round arms, a bunch of white roses in the lace of her bosom. She stood looking at me for a moment, and then she closed the door and crossed the room swiftly, and came and knelt beside me.

"I saw you to-day," she said softly, "and you turned back because you saw us."

How can I describe the sweet radiant light in her face? I bent down and kissed her.

"My dear," I said to her, "are you sure of yourself? Do you really love him?" But there was no need of an answer, I could read it in her eyes.

"Oh! Miss Brown, I am so happy, so happy. Do you think," she said then with a little wistful trouble in her sweet face, "that I will be able to make him happy, that I can help to make up to him for all his troubles?"

"My dear," I told her, stroking her bright hair, and feeling tears not far from my foolish old eyes, "you will make him the happiest man in England."

"And only think he was going away, and would never, never have told me, if it was not for to-day, and that horrid woman. Oh! Miss Brown, I am a happy, happy girl."—Home Chimes.

Message to Heaven.

A three-year-old "pet of the house" some months ago lost his baby brother, and has missed him very much ever since; he was told when the child died it had gone to heaven. Recently, when death was again hovering over the same household, the following conversation took place: Child—Grandma, you're going to heaven soon, ain't you? Grandma—Yes, dear, I hope soon. Child—Well, then, grandma, when you get there you'll send home Georgie, won't you?—Montreal Gazette.

Lead mines in England are ceasing to pay

PORPOISE FISHING.

How the "Pulling Pigs of the Sea" are Successfully Captured.

The only firm engaged in porpoise hunting as a business in the known world is the firm of Cooke & Sparks, of Cape May and Philadelphia, by whom the skin of the big fish are tanned into leather in this city.

Until within a few years it was asserted that the porpoise could never be captured. It is an amphibious animal and belongs to the mammals, sucking its young like the cow. Porpoise hunting was begun at Cape May two years ago, but the company failed having lost two steamers in consequence of the strength of the tides there, old wrecks lying around, and other causes. After that the present company was started, and its operations are confined to the Southern seaboard.

"We only fish in the winter time," said Mr. George L. Sparks, one of the firm to a News gatherer yesterday: "Porpoises are warm blooded. They come north in the summer and stay south in the winter. Our fishery is off Cape Hatteras, situated between the shoals and the inlet. We have an immense seine, or net, which we had patented. It is one mile and a half long and twenty-four feet deep. It is made of 42-thread cotton-tarred marine. We employ eighty men. The seine is pulled in by hand. I have seen 250 porpoises in the net at one time, but when it was brought ashore only twenty-five fish were secured. They often plunge clean through the seine. They weigh from 400 to 1,200 pounds, and to see a school of them in the net plunging, snorting and making a peculiar whistling noise is a grand sight. Porpoise die either by drowning or for the want of their native element within two hours after we land them. We generally harpoon them with a long steel prong, on the end of a pole, which the "tarheels" call a "killer."

The porpoises are then skinned very deftly, in pretty much the same way as a hog is dressed. In fact their nature is about the same as swine; the sailors calling them "pulling pigs."

Last year we attempted and succeeded in curing and smoking the meat just the same as dried beef, and sold 25,000 pounds of it. The meat is considered a delicacy in Europe, "fit for the royal table." It resembles venison in taste, and in texture is fine, tender and not thready. We remove all the fat and bone before curing it. The fat or blubber which is attached to the skin is rendered into oil. This is called body oil and is used as a lubricator in tanning and for machinery. There is a valuable oil distilled from the marrow of the jaw bone called "porpoise jaw oil," which is used for fine watches and the most delicate kind of machinery. About four ounces of this oil are found in the average porpoise. It is very expensive, and worth about \$60 a gallon.

The skins of the porpoise, the average length of which are ten feet, are dry salted, packed and brought to this city, where they undergo the tanning process, which requires about seven months before being fit for the market. We spoiled hundreds of skins before we succeeded in tanning them properly. There was, in fact, but one man in this country who knew the secret. He wanted \$10,000 for it, which we would not pay, and by a series of experiments we have succeeded in producing a splendid waterproof, fine grained leather, far better, finer and more durable than French calfskin. Here's a pair of shoes I have worn for a year," said Mr. Sparks, and there's not a break in them. The ordinary calfskin can be tanned by some processes in four weeks. The bone of the porpoise is used as a fertilizer, and the fins are boiled up into glue stock.

"The porpoise, it must be remembered, is one of the most voracious destroyers of food fishes that swims in the sea. A good, healthy porpoise, with an unimpaired appetite, will eat 100 mackerel a day. It thus reduces the supply of that fish for our markets, and, of course, enhances the price.

"The big trap seine to catch the porpoises was invented by John A. Cooke, one of the firm. It has a great opening in the center leading into a big trap. The highest number ever caught at one haul was 120. We have captured thus far 2,108, and expect to go at it again on the 1st of the coming month. The men who handle the great seine are a hardy race of North Carolinians, inhabiting the sandy stretch on Cape Hatteras. The seine is put into the ocean from the beach just as soon as a school of fish is sighted. It is laid right across their track. In a little while the animals are in the meshes and beating against the wall of the knotted twine. The fishermen then plunge in the sea up to their necks, and amid the furious and powerful lashing of the waters the porpoises are hauled in and safely landed on the beach.

Many escape before the shore end of the net can be got in shoal water, but none of them leap over the top, as was supposed they would do. The people we employ are water-locked, isolated from civilization, hardy and brave and of tender natures. They are extremely hospitable, but their ways and customs are of a hundred years ago. They dress in primitive

and picturesque garb, are apparently happy and care nothing for comforts and luxuries.

In addition to the new industry of catching the porpoise, tanning his hide and selling his oil, the firm has started a shoe manufactory in Philadelphia, where the hides of the "pigs of the sea" are turned into wearing apparel for the feet. "Porpoise leather shoes," said Mr. Sparks, "bid fair to take the place of French calfskin shoes. Years ago, in England, when an occasional porpoise skin would find its way into the tan yard and thence into the shoemaker's shop, a pair of shoes therefrom was looked upon as a curiosity and generally sold for a big sum of money. Now they bring about the same price as a fine French calfskin shoe."—Philadelphia Times.

An Athlete's Diet.

I eat, and always have eaten since I was a boy, a plenty of nourishing, generous food, and I am very wide in my choice, eating as a rule any good food that tempts my appetite, and that is hearty enough to be easily tempted. For myself I am not especially fond of what you call made dishes, but prefer food in its plainer forms. For meats, I eat chiefly mutton and beef, and I use a good deal of bread, of course being as careful as I can to get the best. My own idea is that so long as you have sound, sweet food, it doesn't make much difference what kind it is or how much you eat of it. I am very particular to eat slowly. I eat three times a day. Breakfast is a light or hearty meal, according to how I feel about it at the same time. Lunch in the middle of the day is always light, and dinner at 6:30 or 7 is the principal meal of the day. I always take an hour for that. If I haven't an hour to spare at dinner-time I put off dinner till I have the time. I find, though, that aside from meat and bread I must have plenty of vegetables. No man can make any kind of an athlete without eating plenty of vegetables. I take all kinds, and pretty much of all fruit, too. Fruits are good. A man can't stay without that kind of food. He has no endurance. Yes, I'm Scotch, and I believe in oatmeal, but I don't think you ought to eat too much of it. I have it at breakfast about three times a week. I am fond of milk, too, and am especially careful to drink it slowly. It's excellent food, but it's very bad to drink it fast. And it isn't good to take too much liquid at any time, especially at meals. I have a habit of always drinking a glass of water when I first get up—spring water, if I can get it. I don't exactly know why I do it. I don't know that it is very good for me. I guess it is because I like it. There's no accounting for taste, you know. Tea is my greatest stimulant. I don't drink much coffee—if I do take considerable tea—black tea—always; I never use green—and I take it with sugar and milk, and never take iticed. I don't mean when I say it is my greatest stimulant that I never take anything stronger. I very seldom do, but sometimes, just before a race, for instance, if I need it, I take some brandy; no malt liquor. That's bad, especially lager. Lager is very bad. In training? Well, I make no difference in my diet in training. I only try to keep more regular hours, especially in sleeping. And I take no physic. Physic is bad always. In training it's fatal.—Wallace Ross in the Cook.

He Knew.

"Look here, young man," said the leader of the choir to one of its members, "do you think that young woman's hand is a lemon?"

"No, sir," replied the blushing youth.

"Well, I should judge so, by the way you are squeezing it."

"Oh, that's a chestnut, and a mouldy one, too," replied the young man, who had recovered his equilibrium.

"I consider such an act indecorous," said the leader.

"Of course, it is in-de-corous, and nowhere else," replied the youth. "I know where I am."—National Weekly.

Most Sentimental But True.

"Is it right to tell lies?" asked a Sunday-school teacher who had a class of small boys.

"No, sir," responded everyone.

"Why isn't it right to tell lies?"

"Coz you git licked for a-doin' it," came from a little fellow with a sore back near the foot of the class.—Pittsburgh Leader.

A Michigan Milk Punch.

"Yaw," said the passenger from Michigan, as he straightened up and jammed the cork in and wiped his lips, "yer right, stranger that's purty quick likker. It sarches out the right spot ternal quick. It's right smart lively likker, that is, but it can't hold a candle to some milk punch I've had on my farm out to the oak clearings near Jonesville."

"I thought milk punch was a mild drink?"

"Mebbe 'tis the way city folks makes it; mebbe 'tis. But 'tain't with us; no, siree. I wish it was. The last time I milked that old black and white cow of mine she up with her off leg and gave the pail an' me a milk punch that knocked both of us inter the middle of next week."—Chicago Herald.