Brew[illegible] laugh. Pleas[illegible] suggest[illegible] on his own land, not forty rods away, a dead man was lying, who had perhaps perished from lack of proper food and care! Then a better sentiment stirred his heart. He was a narrow-souled man, but not hard-hearted.

"Take your lantern and come ahead, Martin; no morgue on my premises, if I can help it."

They stepped out into the chill and darkness, carefully locking the door behind them as a precaution against lawless intruders. As they left behind them the tall lumber-piles with their sweet scent of the woods, and approached the border of Mission Creek, malarial poisons filled the air, and a host of unsavory odors assailed them. Reeking vapors seemed to arise from the putrid heaps and clutch at their throats with phantom fingers. Their feet slipped and sank into the masses of festering decay. It was Brewster's first visit to this choice portion of his recently acquired possessions, and the thought came to his mind that it was a poor stick of a man who would deny a fellow-creature the hospitality of such an accursed spot, on any other grounds than that of its total unfitness for human occupancy. Suddenly Martin brought up with a short step, swinging his lantern around to illuminate the spot for his employer's inspection.

"Here we are, sir."

Brewster leaned forward and descried a low, irregular structure, not four feet above the ground at its highest point. His preconceived notions of the style of building operations pursued in these primitive dwellings were completely overturned. Instead of neat and shining rows of tin cans, rising tier upon tier into a pretentious and fanciful turret, he beheld a rude framework of rough boards, imperfectly covered with rusty strips of tin, an humble defence against wind and weather; the merest apology for a covering. He had time to take but a cursory glance at these details, when a weak voice from within hailed the visitors.

"Who's there?"

Brewster hesitated an instant before replying. He could not announce himself as a friend, for his mission was far from friendly. He resolved to present himself on strictly neutral grounds.

"A friend, landlord."

"I'm sorry not to give you a more fitting welcome, mine host, but as I'm hardly in shape to receive company—if you'll be kind enough to slip your bill under the door—"

Brewster's dignity was offended. It was all very well for him, the man of wealth, property and position, to condescend to address a joke to the vagabond who trespassed on his domain; for the rascal to presume to assume a jocular tone toward him, in turn, was intolerable! He thought of the underwriters and the increased premium, and interrupted the fellow angrily:

"Come now, this won't do! Get out of here, and away with you!"

"Sorry to be unable to comply with your polite request, sir, but I don't think I could walk very far to-night."

"Humbug! I want you to understand that you are on my ground, sir. Every moment you stay endangers my property. Out of this place in two minutes, or I'll have you under arrest!"

Brewster had worked himself into a fine rage, and felt that he was acquitting himself with credit. His self-congratulatory meditations were interrupted by a movement within the tramp's domicile. The highest section of the roof was pushed away by a thin hand, and a tall erect figure rose through the aperture like a jack-in-the-box. Something more than the unexpected nature of the apparition caused Brewster to fall back with a start, as if he had seen a ghost. He was not a fanciful man, but the uncanny locality, the noisome smells, the curling wreaths of vapor, the moon struggling to pierce the thick veil of mist overhead, coupled, perhaps, with the afternoon's reminiscences, carried him back twenty years, and he was in the pens of Andersonville, waking from a troubled sleep to see the thin form of Lenoir stealing to his side at midnight, to thrust into the lad's pocket a crust of bread saved from his own scanty rations. He put the recollection of that wretched experience resolutely from his mind, but it left its impression. Along with visionary plans of riotous feasts and gluttonous indulgence commonly planned by hungry men in such extremities, to be carried out in case of release, he had taken one solemn oath. He had vowed that if ever he escaped from that wretched hole, so long as he lived and had it in his power he would never fail to feed a hungry human being. Through all the fluctuations of his business career and the manifold duties of his busy life he had kept this pledge inviolate, as many a drunken loafer and disreputable bummer in Steuart street could attest. Resolve had grown into a principle of action, and principle into habit. He recalled this custom now.

"Here, sir; this will get you a round meal down yonder," nodding in the direction of the cheap eating-houses in Fourth street, as he extended a quarter he had extracted from his trousers' pocket, carefully weighing it in his hand to make sure that he was in no danger of giving away a gold piece by mistake.

"Do you think that if I wanted charity I would be occupying this palatial mansion and fasting until refuse garbage seems a mess for a King?"

Brewster recalled what Martin had said, and drew back his well-meant offering with a sense of personal injury.

"Oh, come now! Be off, like a good fellow, and make no more trouble."

The lumberman was impatient to bring the interview to a close. He still fingered the silver piece with an uneasy sense that it would be bitter in the possession of a vagabond. The man raised his tattered hat, with a mocking bow, and essayed to step over the walls of his abode; but his legs proved too unsteady for the successful accomplishment of his purpose. He stumbled, reeled and sat down on his own roof-top, which rasped and clashed in a dismal chorus.

Brewster knew the meaning of the action. How many times had he seen some poor fellow, reduced to the last limits of inanition, falter and fall by the way on a forced march. His reflections exploded in two words, each possessed of three syllables, and followed by an exclamation point. The first was "starvation;" the second differed only in the first syllable, and represented a very essential article of faith in the orthodox creed. He supplemented the remarks with an imperative order to the watchman, who forthwith seized one of the vagrant's arms. Half leading, half supporting him, ignoring his faint protests, they took him up the path to the office, and placed him on a chair before the fire.

As they progressed on their slimy path, Brewster inconsequently recalled the battle of Shiloh, when Lenoir, badly wounded and thrown from the saddle of a dying horse, had been led to the rear, protesting and fighting every step of the way. As he came into the light of the office windows, he accounted for the sensation by the discovery that the man wore a cheap overcoat of military cloth and cut, of the stamp usually affected by the "hay-bunkers."

They placed him in a chair before the fire and he sat there a mutinous captive, his felt hat with its battered brim drawn down over his eyes and partially shading his face. The first glance at the stranger in the honest light of the office lamp had in a measure reassured Brewster and put to flight his absurd fancies. There was nothing striking or uncommon in the spare figure, or the old face with its lines of care and pain. It was a very ordinary face, an eminently prosaic face, he assured himself; of the same type as ten thousand others in the city, but he could not resist a crazy desire to see the forehead bared, to look at the left temple and—

Bah! Back to those old memories of the war again! So much for the pernicious effect of the afternoon's associations. Well, what was it, after all? Only a young fellow, his blue suit in tatters, crazed with fever, crawling past the dead line, a strong hand stretched out to save him, a dull report, a bullet leaving a bloody track across the temple and along the scalp of the rescuer.

And why had he lost sight of the gallant old soul all these years? Confound it! Lenoir *was* just the one to sneak off from his friends if the world used him ill, to live in a dugout and dine on scraps rather than ask charity. Yes, and to test and flash out with a dauntless spirit in a moment of humiliation and shame that held worse terror to a proud soul than the bravest soldier ever faced on the battle-field. Could poverty, and despair, and ill-health, reduce the high-souled gentleman and soldier to the likeness of that old scarecrow? Brewster stepped impulsively forward, reaching over for a chunk of firewood, awkwardly brushing the stranger's head with his arm and knocking off the slouch hat.

He hesitated just long enough to observe a white track across the temple and through the sparse gray hair, then, with his brain in a whirl, secured the stick of wood, laid it carefully upon the blaze, took out pencil and note-book and scribbled a few lines to his wife. A close carriage, a fire in the best room, a warm dinner; his pencil checked off the items at lightning speed. He called the watchman and dispatched him with the note, meeting the man's wondering look with one of stern decision. As the door closed behind the messenger, and his departing footsteps echoed fainter and fainter in the distance, he turned to find his compulsory guest arisen from his chair and confronting him with a white face.

"The alms-house? I'll die first!"

"*Never while I live, Colonel Lenoir!*"

Having uttered this blunt assurance, Brewster sat staring at his old friend through a mist of tears. The old man answered with a startled look. He drew the slouch hat over his eyes. His chin worked convulsively.

Old and thin and gray, overtaken by reverses, crushed by misfortune, the Colonel was found out.—*San Francisco Ingleside.*

A NOVEL TIMEPIECE.

An Invention That Makes a Watch Wind Itself as the Wearer Walks.

A watch that winds itself by the motion of the wearer is the latest wonder of Europe. The moneyed tourists abroad will probably come home in the fall provided with them to astonish their stay-at-home friends. The following explanation of the new toy will, however, take off the edge of this triumph with the readers of the *Star:*

The new automatic timepiece is called in Switzerland, where it was invented, the "Marche-Marche." The watch is a stem-setter, and in but one particular differs from the ordinary watch as to exterior appearance. Its "works" are protected by a square case instead of a round one, for a reason that will appear after the other features of the watch have been described in detail. The prime feature of the watch is the automatic self-winding mechanism, which attains the object in view to perfection. On the side of the watch that the arbor of the winding barrel is exposed, an arm, secured at the end and with a hammer-like attachment at the other, moves downward whenever disturbed from a position of absolute rest. The force of a spring adjusted under the arm furnishes the reaction, and the oscillation is repeated with every step taken by the wearer. This is transmitted to the lock of the mainspring barrel by the wheel, the circumference of which is adapted to the clutch of a dog that "holds fast all it gets," and the most ordinary walking exercise upon the part of the wearer serves to wind it up full. The watch when used for the first time is wound with a key, but never after is a key required if the watch is worn regularly by any one of the most moderate habits of peregrination. The square case is essential to the successful action of the self-winding apparatus, for the reason that it must stand horizontally, and this can only be when the watch has an upright position in the pocket.

Upon the face of the watch is the small dial of manometer, which constantly indicates the tension to which the spring is wound, and by a glance the wearer of the watch may tell for how many hours the watch is wound. The running capacity of the "Marche-Marche," when fully wound, is sixty hours, as is indicated by the manometer when its hand points to the number at the top of the dial. The amount of exercise required to wind it full is represented by six miles' walking. The advantage urged in the automatic winding mechanism is the absence of the hazard in missing trains and sowing seeds of dissension in the family by late arrival at dinner because of forgetfulness or negligence in the matter of winding the watch. The absence of necessity for any contact of human hands with the interior of the watch is urged as an additional argument for durability, and its shape, which at first seems odd, is better adapted to rich and artistic decoration. The "Marche-Marche" is entirely a hand-made watch, and is consequently a model of perfection in the chronometric art, the expense of which is the chief barrier to its speedy introduction to general use.—*N. Y. Sunday Star.*

—General Robert Toombs, who is now totally blind, is living at his home in Washington County, Ga., from whence he is fond of sending out to his friends occasional religious tracts which happen to suit his fancy.

THUNDER-STORMS.

Something About Their Actions as Learned from Balloon Investigations.

The form of the cloud-mass as we see it from the ground is not well shown; but as described by Wise, the aeronaut, from his balloon voyage made thirty or forty years ago, it has somewhat the shape of a great hour glass, the dark-shadowed clouds entering it as they form at the base, and presumably rising through the central construction to supply the white, sun-lit mass that is rolling out at the top with the appearance of a vast sea of snow, boiling and upheaving from internal convulsion. Zigzags of lightning dart from one cloud-mass to another, or blaze out in the gloom between the clouds and earth, or even flash from the clouds into the open, empty sky; but the origin of these violent electrical manifestations is almost as much a mystery as ever it was. The conditions under which electric sparks, large or small, are discharged is fairly well determined, but the ultimate origin of atmospheric electricity is a question on which physicians are not yet agreed. When a lightning-flash is viewed at night through a narrow radial slit in a rapidly-revolving disk it is found to consist of several discharges separated by intervals too short to be noticed by the unaided eye, but discoverable in this experiment by the fact that the slit is commonly seen in several different attitudes when illuminated by an apparently single, instantaneous flash. The apparatus may be easily constructed and used by any high school boy or girl, and the fact that it discovers is a remarkable one in the physics of thunder-storms that needs more explanation than it has yet received. Photographing lightning-flashes at night is another interesting experiment that may be tried to advantage in these modern days of amateur photography and instantaneous plates. Some very successful views have been taken, showing a composite flash to consist of several separate lines of light, every one very irregular, but all closely parallel to one another; fine, thread like branches are given off at different points and disappear as they divide into fainter and fainter fibers in the dark sky. Returning to the high cloud mass, if any venturesome balloonist ever ascends through the raging vortex to its massive summit he would have opportunity to prove or disprove the suppositions that have been made as to the mechanism of the storm. Supposing him bold enough to begin his ascent under the center of the storm, it is probable that he would rise slowly at first, for it is thought that the falling raindrops cause a downward current of air here which would retard his upward flight; this current, chilled by the rain, is most likely the origin of the cool gust of wind that precedes and accompanies this heavy rainfall at the storm center. Mounting well into the clouds, further ascent would there be aided by the upward current, to which the formation of the cloud and storm is thought to be due. Only the larger drops of rain can fall through such an ascending current, the finer water particles may be carried higher until they are frozen into minute hailstones, most of which melt before reaching the ground as they fall to one side of the updraft; but if it happens that they grow to a considerable size by accretion they may fall fast enough to reach us unmelted. Going higher still, the vapor that is condensed at these greater latitudes, where the temperature even in midsummer is below freezing, forms snow-flakes, and of these the boiling summit masses of the storm are supposed to consist. The height to which these superb clouds ascend is not well determined, but it is very probably over five miles, and may be over ten; a little observation will settle the matter, for to take a practical case, if a thunder-storm passes centrally over Arlington, Medford and Malden, as would be known by the drenching rain recorded by observers there, the angular altitude of its white cloud-tops could be estimated by observers in other towns to the north and south at certain hours as is provided for in the plan proposed by the Meteorological Society and then it would be easy enough to calculate the height. But it must be borne in mind that the explanation of the storm's action here given might not be generally accepted, and it is with the object of learning more precisely what the facts of the case are that the observations above referred to are to be undertaken. The essential points of the method at first are the selection of a number of simple phenomena, such as the time when the rain begins, the direction of the wind and so on, which can be observed by any intelligent person, even without meteorological instruments; the undertaking is thus brought within the reach of that large class of our busy population who are interested and willing enough to give some assistance in such work, provided it does not require much time and needs no special technical instructions or outfit. Scholars in our high schools are abundantly prepared to do effective work in such a school as this. Second, when a thunder-storm appears in sight or bursting it is important to know the conditions of wind, rain, etc., and the same moment in a number of different places; and to gain this knowledge observations are to be made at certain even hours while the storm lasts. Of course observations at other times and in greater detail than here mentioned will be of value, but these simple ones are the most essential. To accomplish the desired result volunteer observers are to be appointed in the New England towns, the earlier, well-recommended applicants being given the preference when a number apply from one place.—*Boston Journal.*

All Right, Thank You.

A girl about fourteen years of age was passing through the Central Market the other day when one of the stand-keepers called to her and added:

"Come up here, poor thing, while I console you a bit. So your mother is married again?"

"Yes m.

"Went and married a man, I suppose?"

"Yes'm."

"Ah—um! And it's a step-father you have, eh? Dear, dear, but new I pity you!"

"What for, ma'am?"

"For the way you'll be treated, dear child."

"I guess not—not this eve! The first thing I did with him was to get up a row and break one of his fingers with a club. Ma'am set in agin me and I burned up the deeds to the farm and let forty hogs into the 'tater-field."

"Do tell! And you don't have to put up with any abuse?"

"Not a whit, ma'am. I'm all right, thank you. It's the step-father you want to weep over as soon as he can limp to town."—*Detroit Free Press.*

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—But few farmers have gardens. They buy their vegetables from the cities—or do without them.—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

—A South Carolina farmer feeds his hogs with boiled sturgeon when they are attacked by cholera, and in a few days they become sleek and fat.

—In the cultivation of vegetable gardens by the average farmer it will be found valuable to vary the usual annual application of farm-yard manure with one of some phosphatic fertilizer.—*Boston Budget.*

—Some poultry raisers occasionally attempt to economize by purchasing damaged grain for their fowls. Such a course is about as profitable as feeding a new milch cow to a diet of poor straw.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—The roots of plants will go down very deep in search of food. If they go deep the area of soil from which to produce food is increased, and the best method for securing this result is to drain the land thoroughly and pulverize the soil well.—*Exchange.*

Baked Apples: Core and pare sour apples. Put them in a shallow earthen dish, fill the cavities with sugar mixed with grated lemon rind; add water to cover the bottom of the dish. Bake in a very quick oven till soft, basting often with the syrup.—*Boston Globe.*

—It used to be thought that only sand was suitable for garden purposes. For very early forcing some mixture of sand is advantageous. But heavy soils, even clay, are good when well drained, and by some practical gardeners are preferred for the bulk of their later plantings.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—The best way to kill Canada thistles is to smother them. That is not to allow them to grow. Plow them up early in the spring and repeat the plowing as fast as they show themselves above ground, not allowing a single shoot to appear. As they can not breathe without leaves they will soon disappear.

—Stewed Lamb: Take the neck or breast, cut into small pieces, and put in a stewpan with some thinly sliced salt pork and enough water to cover it; cover closely and stew until tender; skim off all the scum, and add a quart of green peas, adding more water if necessary; when the peas are tender, season with pepper and butter rolled with flour.—*Hartford Courant.*

—There are two important advantages which farmers have in market gardening. They have cheaper land, which they can manure in large part from their own stables and yards. The second is that if near enough to cities or village they can sell directly to consumers and thus get better prices than can the commercial gardener, who is obliged largely to sell his produce to middlemen at a very small margin of profit.—*Rural New Yorker.*

—Farmers' Fruit Cake: Soak three cups of dried apples overnight in warm water; chop slightly in the morning, and then simmer two hours, or more, in two cups of molasses until the apples resemble citron. Make a cake of two eggs, one cup sugar, one cup sweet milk, three-fourths cup butter, one and one-half teaspoons soda, flour to make a rather thick batter, spice in plenty, put in the apples and bake in a quick oven. This is very nice.—*The Household.*

THINNING OUT FRUIT.

A Process That Must Be Resorted to if the Product Be Satisfactory.

This operation is of equal importance with pruning or attention to the soil, yet how few are aware of it, and fewer still disposed to practice it! It is a pity to them to see the fruit cut down, and the task seems out of proportion to the profit to be derived from it, if indeed there is any profit; which is very much doubted. So the trees are allowed to overbear, and the fruit to remain small and of inferior quality, the unrelieved strain tending to and establishing biennial fruiting.

Now, as such fruit is of reduced value, and almost worthless as a market fruit, why not experiment a little, if only with a single tree, or even but a part of the tree, which is certainly no difficult task, taking but a few minutes of time? But let the test be carried far enough to get the full benefit, which requires the removal of from two-thirds to three-fourths of the fruit if the tree is a prolific bearer. The difficulty usually is in not removing enough. When closely set, let not less than three-fourths be removed, leaving the remaining fruit equally distributed through the tree. The result will be about the same amount of fruit as if left unthinned, and so improved as to seem another sort in flavor and quality, as well as in size, which will be three or four times as large as if left unthinned, corresponding to the proportion removed. It will also be found that the work is not near so arduous as was supposed. Use a convenient ladder, and thin out by hand, removing the interior specimens. The proper time to do this is when the fruit has attained about the size of a cherry among quite small growing sorts; otherwise a little larger. Even when thinning is neglected till the fruit is half grown, it will be labor well spent to thin out; but for a fair test it should be done early.

As is well known, there is a great difference in the bearing quality of trees; and we find this feature—that the shy bearers have usually large fruit, and the prolific small. It is impossible for the latter to grow their numerous specimens as large as the fruit of the former. But if thinned out so as to equal the other in distribution, there will be much less difference in the size of the fruit.

If to thinning is added free pruning of the branches and attention to the soil, improvement may be carried to the extent of materially changing the character of the fruit, making of a poor variety a comparatively good one, not only with young trees, which seem more susceptible of change in this respect, but old neglected ones, which it is not generally difficult to rejuvenate, and give a new lease of life, with the fruit improved far beyond what the former usually had treatment afforded.

No highly prolific tree has sufficient vigor to grow the fruit large; the demand is simply too great, and the strain is hurtful to the tree, consisting mainly of the tree's effort to grow and mature its seed. This it will do or fail. And this concentration upon the seed is at the expense of the remainder of the fruit, affecting its size and quality. The core will remain much the same. If the demand here is lessened, which it will be by the reduction of the number of cores or specimens of fruit, the liberated force of the tree will be employed, among other things, in growing the flesh and improving the flavor and quality of the fruit, leaving the tree at the same time in a healthy condition.—*F. G., in Country Gentleman.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Louisa M. Alcott's works have reached the sale of over 500,000 copies.

—Blanche K. Bruce, ex-Register of the Treasury, intends to reside in future at his old home in Mississippi.

—Teresina Tua, the violinist, is only eighteen years old, and is under a two-years' concert engagement at $6,000 a year.

—The annual circulation of periodicals published in London is 1,017,000,000 copies; in Paris 1,100,000,000 copies; in New York and Brooklyn 380,000,000. But New York and Brooklyn, it must be remembered, do not, relatively, embrace so much of America as London does of England or Paris of France.—*Chicago Current.*

—"Auld Robin Gray" was written by Lady Anne Lindsay, daughter of the fifth Earl of Balcarres. She was born on November 28, 1750, and at the early age of twenty-one produced the ballad which Sir Walter Scott says "is worth all the dialogues Corydon and Phyllis have had together from the days of Theocritus downward."—*Chicago Journal.*

—That special qualities are essential to the success of magazines is shown by the fact that the number of able men who failed to meet these requirements includes Charles F. Hoffman, N. P. Willis, Park Benjamin, William E. Burton, Washington Irving, the Duyckinks, Thomas Dunn English, James R. Gilmore and George R. Graham.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Mrs. Loper, aged ninety-seven years, is still living at Elmira, N. Y. When she first settled in that vicinity the county contained only six families, and animals indigenous to that part of the United States were found there in countless numbers. Mrs. Loper is a remarkable woman for her age, being free from bodily ailment and retaining her senses to a wonderful degree.—*Buffalo Express.*

—American magazines pay four scales of prices for short stories. The first is $10 or $15 for a complete story, paid by the smaller magazines; the second is $10 a thousand words by the popular monthly publications, the third is $10 a thousand words to writers who have acquired some degree of reputation. The fourth varies with the fame of the author. Howells, or "Mark Twain," will produce no story or article of any kind for less than $500 or $1,000.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Mark Pattison, the distinguished Oxford professor and literary man, lately deceased, gave this account of his meeting an American young lady at a foreign table d'hote. "She was only nineteen, but she knew everything. She told me the exact amount of affection which the Princess C— has for her future husband, and she gave me a full account of the divorce laws in all the States of America. She appealed to me sometimes, of course I agreed. At last she asked whether I did not think she could write a book, and I told her she was the most ignorant girl I ever met! But I took care to say so in such a way that she couldn't mind it."

HUMOROUS.

—"Is marriage declining?" asks an exchange. No; it is generally accepting.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—A bright story in grammar is told of a little school girl. "Quarrel," she parsed, "is plural." "Why?" "Because it takes two make one."—*N. Y. Independent.*

—"Ma," said little Tommy, "do the Injuns own the railroads?" "No, my son." "Well, they've got somethin' to do with them, cos pa says he bought his ticket of a scalper."—*N. Y. Herald.*

—A wild Texas steer crushed a New York man against a stone wall the other day. The man said between gasps that he never understood the working of a Bullock press before.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—Husband (coldly)—"Oh, I'm the mainstay of the family." Wife—"Yes, and the pickaroon, and the—and the—" Small boy (from experience)—"And the spanker, too, mamma."—*Boston Courier.*

—Money no object. Nervous guest (to landlord of a summer resort hotel) What are your precautions against fire? Landlord—Insurance. It costs big money to insure a property like this for twice what it is worth, but our policy is to spare no expense.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—Miss Bodd—"Do you think Miss Rosebud pretty, Mr. Holworthy?" Holworthy (striving to say something complimentary)—"Well, she has a very intellectual face." Miss Bodd—"Oh, fie, Mr. Holworthy! what a compliment to pay a young lady!" Holworthy—"Oh, I wouldn't say it of you, you know."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

—Grandma—"Clara, do you think your mother would approve of your sitting up so late?" Clara—"Why, grandma, it was only half-past ten when Frank left last evening." Grandma—"Clara, your grandma happened to be awake just as Frank was leaving, and didn't she hear him say 'Now, Clara, just one,' and didn't the clock strike immediately?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

—"You say your husband has a good memory, do you, Mrs. Crimsonbeak?" "Oh, excellent," responded the lady addressed. "And how do you know it is so very good?" "Well, I asked him to bring me home a mackerel a week ago, and he brought it home to-day. Now a man must have a pretty good memory to remember a little thing like that for a whole week."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

—A scientific writer says that to discover how an insect breathes, "take, say, a wasp or a hornet." He may mean well, but we shall not take either a wasp or a hornet. The person who takes either a wasp or hornet to discover how an insect breathes is pretty apt to do some very rapid and vigorous breathing himself before he proceeds far with the investigation. Better take an insect that doesn't violate the law against carrying concealed weapons.—*Norristown Herald.*

Two Hats for a Cent.

Two of the largest stores in New York have been having an expensive fight on the subject of cheap hats. The price steadily diminished until one of the houses was selling hats at a cent a piece, while the other had reduced theirs to two for a cent. They had cost the firm four dollars a dozen. It was a rule that no single customer could purchase more than a single cent's worth of hats, but some sharp shop-girls got onto the racket and sent their sisters, cousins and aunts in to buy while the market was down. As a result they laid in quite a stock, which they are now selling to other girls at a handsome profit to themselves.

Of course the two for a cent hats broke up the competition in short order, and that alluring price did not remain long in vogue.—*N. Y. Herald.*