☞ Any person who takes the paper regularly from the post-office, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the pay.

The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima [illegible]

YOU CAN NOT RUB IT OUT.

In the old Scottish inn we met,
A motley group from every land,
Scholar and artist, peer and priest,
And many a traveler brown and tanned,
All pilgrims waiting for an hour,
Chatting in idle courtesy,
And yet amid the drifting talk
A little message came to me.

It happened thus: A restless boy
Unto the dripping window went,
Whose glass, scarred with a thousand names,
His mind to the same fancy bent.
He sought and found a vacant spot,
And took the diamond from his hand,
But ere a letter had been formed
A voice accustomed to command

Cried: "Philip, stop; before you write,
Consider well what you re about."
"Father, why should I hesitate?"
"Because you can not rub it out."
The words fell on my idle ear,
I said them o er and o er again,
And asked myself: Oh, who would choose
All they have written to remain?

Unto a loving mother oft
We all have sent, without a doubt,
Full many a hard and careless word
That now we never can rub out;
For cruel words cut deeper far
Than diamond on the window-pane,
And oft-recalled in after years
They wound her o er and o er again.

So in our daily work and life
We write and do and say the thing
We never can undo nor stay
With any future sorrowing.
We carve ourselves on beating hearts,
Ah, then, how wise to pause and doubt,
To blend with love and thought our words,
Because we can not rub them out!

—*Harper's Weekly*

THREE TRICKY THIEVES.

How They Managed to Dupe a Confiding Jeweler.

Mr. Glister stood at his own shop door and looked out upon the almost empty Cathedral Close. Things were dull just then in Ravensthorpe, as they always are, except for a few months during which the Bishop is regularly resident at the Abbey Hall, and the two rival local parks contribute to make them brisk, and Mr. Glister seldom had much else to do in the long off-season but pursue such limited observations of the world's life in general as the Close offered him material for.

Glister & Co., goldsmiths and jewelers, had a London house in Bond street. The London manager spoke sometimes to his clients of "our Ravensthorpe branch," which was inaccurate. The London house was only thirty years old, and had been established by the present proprietor (Co. had long since faded out of reality, but the old name of the firm was retained,) who was the third of the dynasty in Ravensthorpe.

He had personally managed the London house, until satisfied of its growing solidity, and had then returned to his native town and established himself and his family in the venerable building of which his business premises occupied the lowest story.

He was one of the fine old race of country tradesmen now fast becoming extinct—proud of his business and of the long and untarnished history of the firm. His manner was marked by a certain stolid, genial politeness to all men, untainted by any effort to ape the grand air of his clients, who respected him as their forefathers had respected his.

He passed nearly all his time in Ravensthorpe, going to London on the occasion of stock taking, and to draw the handsome profits which went to swell his balance at the county bank of which he was a partner.

Mr. Glister was a warm man. He looked it with his clear, rich, rosy complexion, heightened by his crisp iron-gray hair and strips of silvery whisker, his portly waistcoat crossed by the modestly solid watch-chain, and the handsome diamond ring which was his solitary vanity in the article of dress.

"Here he is again," said Mr. Glister.

A portly, elderly gentleman in the dress of a rural dean turned the corner of the Close and came briskly along the pavement. From his countenance beamed forth benevolence and good-will to all men, and from his gleaming shoes and his neatly-stockinged calves to his jolly port-wine face and clerical hat, his whole person seemed one solid smile. As he passed Mr. Glister he gave him a casual glance of such cordiality that the jeweler felt emboldened to salute him with a bow, a courtesy returned by the reverend gentleman by a brisk "Good-morning," and a yet broader smile as he went by.

Fate so ordained it that Mr. Glister, during the next day or two, saw a good deal of the reverend gentleman. That same afternoon the generally peaceful air of the Close was rent by the despairing wails of a very small damsel over the scattered shreds of an earthenware jug, with which she had been intrusted for the conveyance of the family milk. The child stood above the ruins in such despair as only infants of her tender years in dread of an imminent beating can know. The child was pretty, and looked all the prettier in her innocent affliction, and Mr. Glister was a tender-hearted man. Already he had taken a step toward the little one, and his finger and thumb were groping in the pocket of his portly waistcoat for the consolatory shilling which would repair the damage and dry the mourner's tears, when he saw that his intention had been forestalled. The self-same rural dean whom Mr. Glister had that morning saluted was soothing the child's grief with words of cheer and consoling pats on the child's tumbled golden hair through which the little damsel's tearful eyes, already brighter at the sight of the proffered coin the reverend gentleman held out to her, looked up at him with shy gratitude. A pretty picture, thought Mr. Glister, bowing again to the rural dean as their eyes met, whereat the old cleric nodded with a confused and somewhat shame-faced aspect, as though embarrassed that his good deed should have been witnessed.

Next morning saw Mr. Glister again at his post of observation, and at his accustomed hour the old cleric was again descried upon the pavement. The jeweler had already begun to feel a friendly, almost an affectionate interest in the old gentleman, whose appearance was so inviting, whose voice so jovial, whose charity so ready and unassuming. His attention was so completely absorbed by the approach of his new acquaintance that he had no ears for the quickly approaching step of a young man advancing in the contrary direction. The rural dean was just opening his lips to reply to Mr. Glister's morning salute, when the young man paused precisely opposite the jeweler, and extending his hand, hailed the old dignitary as "Uncle." The reverend gentleman turned with a quick start and a stumble, which, but for the young man's restraining hand, would have brought him to the ground.

"You young villain," panted the old man, "you'll never be satisfied until you have been the death of me."

The young fellow expressed affectionate contrition for his abruptness, but his venerable relative was evidently more shaken by his sudden appearance than it seemed likely so robust an old gentleman would have been by so slight an occurrence. He trembled and leaned upon his nephew's arm for support, and was so evidently affected that Mr. Glister begged him to enter and seat himself in the shop until his composure should return. The offer was accepted, and the rural dean was bestowed in a chair. The jeweler made hospitable offers of wine, and of a glass of water, which were refused, the old gentleman tapping himself upon the region of the heart, and shaking his head, to indicate that his malady lay there, and was beyond the power of such medicaments as he proposed. Mr. Glister and his nephew stood above him with respectful concern.

"You should be more careful, Edward, my boy—you should be more careful," he said, presently.

"My dear uncle," said the young man, "I was never more ashamed in my life. But you are better now?"

"Yes," said the old gentleman; "I am better. It is passing. I am extremely obliged to you, sir," he turned to Mr. Glister, "extremely obliged for your prompt kindness."

Mr. Glister begged him not to mention it.

"But I must," said the rural dean. "It was extremely good of you."

Mr. Glister was happy to have been of the slightest service, and deprecated further speech concerning it.

"And what brought you here?" demanded the old gentleman of his nephew, "to frighten your old uncle, who thought you were a hundred miles away, and more?"

"Can't you guess?" asked the young man, with an embarrassed little laugh.

"Ha," said the old gentleman, beamingly. He was quite recovered now, and had got back all his accustomed geniality. "Love's young dream—eh? That's it—eh?"

The good old man so enjoyed his little joke, and so shook and beamed over it that Mr. Glister could not himself refrain from a sympathetic smile. He looked at the young man and felt somehow vaguely disappointed. He was by no means a bad-looking youngster, but he did not look, to the jeweler's eyes, like a nephew worthy of such an uncle. His face had none of the geniality which made the elder's countenance so pleasant to look upon. His eyes were shifty, and young as he was—obviously not more than eight and twenty—there was a hinted prophesy of coming crows' feet at their corners. But he appeared very fond of his uncle and deeply concerned at the results of his thoughtlessness.

"You have not seen Maud yet, I suppose?" asked the rural dean.

"No; I was coming straight from the station to call upon you when I met you."

"And nearly frightened the life out of me," said the old man, rising from the chair. "I was just on my way to see her, and, since we have met, we will thank Mr. Glister for his very kind attentions, and go together." And accordingly, after reiterated thanks of the warmest nature, they left the shop, and went down the street arm-in-arm very lovingly together, leaving Mr. Glister bowing his adieux upon the step.

Any strange face appearing in Ravensthorpe during the dead season is pretty certain of remark, and that same afternoon Mr. Glister, from his usual coign of vantage, noticed a broad-built man in very tight trousers and tall hat, which gave him, to the jeweler's eye, something of a sporting appearance, lounging in an unoccupied fashion on the other side of the narrow street which opened into the Close. He took Mr. Glister's eye at once, so completely unlike was he to the natives about him. He rolled a little in his gait and yawned frequently, and he had a trick of stroking with the tips of his fingers a ragged mark or scar, as of an old wound imperfectly cicatrised, upon his smoothly-shaven cheek. Presently he strolled away out of sight on the other side of the Cathedral, and Mr. Glister forgot him. He remembered after that the stranger's disappearance was almost exactly coincident in time with the entrance into the shop of the young fellow who owned the rural dean for uncle, and had so startled the reverend gentleman that morning.

The young man's business was soon explained. He wished to see some articles of jewelry suitable for presentation to a young lady. Nothing too extravagant; the simpler the better; but good. Mr. Glister understood perfectly, and produced from his window a case of ornaments, which the young gentleman examined, choosing therefrom a collar and pendant, a bracelet and some rings. He seemed to have admirable taste, and his ideas of simplicity in matters of jewelry seemed to Mr. Glister to be of a most aristocratic elasticity.

He was hesitating between the different attractions of a diamond and sapphire ring to complete his purchase when the door opened and his uncle entered.

"Ah," he said, cheerily, "you here—eh? And on the very same errand as myself, I see. Very pretty! ve—ry pretty!" he remarked, examining his nephew's purchases. "Have you all you want? Then, if Mr. Glister will be so good, I should like to see what he can do for me."

"Now, my dear uncle," said the young man, imploringly, "be moderate. Really, Maud will be quite content with these!"

"Tut, tut!" said the old man. "Are you the only person in the world who can make a present to a young lady? I claim my privilege, sir. We old people have privileges, though you selfish young fellows dispute them, and one of them is to show homage to beauty."

Mr. Glister produced a second case, and the old gentleman, genially poohpoohing his nephew's affectionate remonstrances, choose various articles of a rich and expensive description. He went ahead so fast, adding article after article to his selection, that the young man gave up his objections in a kind of half comical, wholly affectionate despair.

"You never will be happy until you have ruined yourself," he said at last.

"And if I do," said the old gentleman, "I know somebody who will find me a corner to end my days in."

The young man silently pressed his uncle's hand. The good old man blew a sonorous blast upon his nose, and inquiring of Mr. Glister the sum for which he stood indebted to him, produced a plethoric pocket-book and handed over the amount in notes, an example which his nephew followed.

They were just in the act of bestowing their purchases in their pockets when the door opened for the second time, and there stood the broad-built man whom Mr. Glister had noticed that afternoon, with the tall white hat, the tight trousers and the scar upon his cheek.

To Mr. Glister's utter amazement the benevolent ecclesiastic dropped limp and gasping into a chair.

The young man made a rush for the door, but the new-comer was too quick for him. There was a struggle, a tumble, a sharp metallic "click," and behold the prospective bridegroom and nephew of a rural dean bearing and cursing on the floor with a pair of handcuffs on his wrists.

"Take it easy, sir," said the white-hatted one, "it's all right."

Mr. Glister was all abroad; and amazed and wonder-stricken.

The new comer was as calm as man could be.

"Get up," he said to his manacled captive.

The young man obeyed, and sitting in a chair at the counter, glared at his captor.

"I'm Inspector Roberts, Scotland Yard," he continued to Mr. Glister.

The rural dean groaned.

"You know me, don't you?" said Mr. Roberts, smiling on him in recognition of his identity. "Came down here for a breath of country air. Walking about saw those chaps, first one, then the other, then both together. Saw 'em come in here. Had dealings before with 'em and know their playful little ways, and so I thought I'd watch Hand 'em out, your reverence." The rural dean groaned anew, and deposited his little parcel on the counter. "Now, you——," to the younger man. "Oh, I forgot, you can't; you've got 'em on. Begging your pardon." He inserted his hand into the bridegroom's pocket and withdrew the packet of jewelry. "Notes or checks, sir?" he demanded of Mr. Glister.

"Notes," said that excellent gentleman. His amazement had lasted only a minute or so, and he had been hurriedly examining them during the Inspector's latter proceedings, "and all sham."

"Quite so;" he said it languidly, but with a shade of amusement in his voice. "I'll trouble you for 'em, sir. They'll be wanted at the trial. So will they," he added, pointing to the little parcels. "If you'll just make a note of all there is there, I'll take 'em and give you a receipt."

Mr. Glister, much shaken by the events of the last few minutes, set himself to this task. Inspector Roberts produced a toothpick, and continued his conversation with his captives with the calm playfulness which distinguished him.

"Didn't expect to see me, Jemmy—eh?" he demanded of the stricken cleric. "Bit of a shock, ain't it? Never mind, old man; you'll get over it in time, in the quiet and retired retreat which awaits your declining days. You can't gramble, you've had a tidy long run, you know. Why its seven years since I see you last on business—seven years! Lord, how time flies! And Joe, too," he went on, beaming mildly on the bridegroom. "I've often thought about Joe, lately. Let's see, is he your son, or your nephew, or your young brother this time? In the church, too! That's a rise for you, Jemmy. Why you was only a stockbroker when I saw you last. Old lady in Maida Vale, you know. Place. You remember, of course. Very neat it was done, too. You was always a good workman. I'll say that for you. That the memorandum, sir? Sure you've got everything down? There you are." He signed, and handing back the paper methodically stowed away the little packets in an inner pocket. "Ready?" he demanded, of his prisoners. "Off we go, then. You'll hear from the authorities in a day or two, sir—probably to-morrow—when you'll be wanted," he said to Mr. Glister. "We'll spare you all the trouble we can. Now march."

"I say, take these things off," said the younger prisoner, extending his manacled hands. "I'll come quiet."

"'Fraid I can't oblige you," said the inspector. "I ain't much afraid of his reverence. He's getting a bit too heavy even for a welter weight, but you're another pair o' shoes." He paused and meditatively scratched his head for a moment, and then turned again to Mr. Glister. "Could you oblige me with the loan of an overcoat to put over his hands and hide the cuffs? It's just as well to keep the yokels o.f. I'll leave it at the station for you."

Mr. Glister went in search of the desired garment, and the Inspector having arranged it in a natural fashion over the young man's hands, civilly bade him "Good-day," and departed with his prisoners.

Mr. Glister waited a day—two days—and no summons to appear against the criminals reached him from any quarter. Rather mystified by this, he went to the local superintendent and asked for counsel. The superintendent looked grave, but simply promised to make inquiries and communicate their result. The next day a man walked into the shop and inquired for Mr. Glister. That gentleman, confessing his identity, the stranger gave his name as Green, of Scotland Yard. To him Mr. Glister recounted the nefarious deeds of the rural dean and his nephew, and the acts of Inspector Roberts.

"There is no such name at Scotland Yard, sir. It's pretty plain. He was one of the gang—a confederate!"

Mr. Glister staggered as if Green had shot him.

"But why?" he asked, "why was he wanted? They had the goods, and were going away with them, when he entered."

"Ye—es," said Green thoughtfully. "You didn't happen to leave 'em all together in the shop, did you?"

Mr. Glister confessed that he had done so, and gave his reason.

"Have you missed anything—anything more, I mean, than the man Roberts took away with him?"

"Yes; six rings and a brooch. I couldn't think what could have become of them. I'm sure they were not among the purchases. Here is the note. But I see it all now."

"Well, Mr. Glister, of course the Yard will do all that's possible. I know the man with the scar on his cheek, and I dare say some of our men may know the other two. We'll do all we can—you may depend on that; but I'm afraid you'll never see your jewels again."

And, indeed, he never did!—*Household Words.*

—Potato Pudding—Sweet Pudding: To one pound of mashed potatoes add one-quarter pound of fresh butter, stirred in while hot, one-quarter pound of sugar, the rind of half a large, or one small lemon, or some lemon flavoring, a little finely-minced candied peel, two teacups of milk and four well-beaten eggs; butter a tin, which should have been closely lined with bread crumbs, or, if you prefer them, with finely-chopped almonds and candied peel, and bake for half an hour. This quantity makes a large pudding, sufficient for six or eight.—*Philadelphia Call.*

FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

MY JOLLY PONY.

Did you ever see in your life such a fine
Old fellow as this jolly pony of mine?
Get up, Master Neddy, hoi! hoo!
Now see how he dances and prances away
As hard as he can. I'll I'm ready to say
"Whoa, whoa, Master Neddy. Whoa! Whoa!"

He! I trot or he'll canter, or gallop or pace,
I'll walk if I tell him, or dash in a race
And beat every thing on the way.
And then he will stand, if I want him to wait,
Without being tied, at the door or the gate,
As quiet, the whole of the day.

He never gives trouble, nor wants any care,
No one ever feeds him nor curries his hair
Or makes him a bed when 'tis night
He never is skittish, nor balky—nor kicks,
Nor has a bad temper, nor any sly tricks,
But acts as a gentleman might.

There's only one thing I can tell you beside,
He's never a pony except when I ride;
But stands, till I want him again
Without ever moving, all day on the floor
Right there in the corner behind the hall door
And then he is Grandpa's cane.

—*Sydney Dayre, in N. Y. Independent.*

THE FIRE-ALARM.

How the Kitchen-Clock Happened to Get Cleaned.

Up in grandma's attic, one bright, sunny day, Lulu and Hetty were playing with their dolls.

It was such a charming place to play, with no end of old spinning-wheels, that the girls called their harps, and a big loom that they called their pipe-organ, and chests full of funny old dresses, that grandma allowed them to dress up in to their hearts' content and bandboxes with the queerest old bonnets.

Each kept house in one end of the attic, and then visited each other back and forth, and they always felt sure that before tea-time Mittie, grandma's help, would come toiling up the steep stairs with a tray full of goodies for a tea-party.

Lulu was sitting in an old, old rocking-chair, singing to sleep her youngest doll, Bonnibel, for Bonnibel had scarlet fever, with a touch of whooping cough, and was very "worrisome."

As Lulu rocked far back in the old chair, softly singing "Daisy Dale," she chanced to glance up among the brown rafters, and her eye caught sight of a thin place in a shingle, where the sun shone through, making a spot as red as blood.

"Hetty Warren," she said slowly and with emphasis, "this house is a-fire!"

"Where? where?" cried Hetty, rushing along from her end of the attic, leaving a trail of doll's dresses and clothing generally in her wake.

"Up there!" gasped Lulu, pointing with one trembling finger at the red spot.

Hetty looked up and saw; then turning, she fled down stairs as swift as a bird, while Lulu came, panting and breathless, after her.

Into the sitting-room burst Hetty, surprising grandma, as she sat there sewing with the little girls' two mothers, by the startling announcement: "The house is afire! the house is afire!"

"Where? Where is it?" they all cried at once, jumping up.

"Up in the roof!" said Hetty, and Lulu, panting in just then, added her testimony: "The house is all aire up in roof; all red coals!" and Mittie came rushing in from the kitchen to hear what the tumult was about.

"Run out into the street and holler 'Fire!' Mittie," said grandma.

"Tell somebody to ring the fire-bell, Hetty," said her mother, seizing a pail of water and hurrying upstairs.

Lulu's mother was one of the kind who faint easily, so she dropped into a chair and groaned, and fanned herself with a newspaper, looking all the while as white as a ghost, and Lulu clung tight to her apron.

Grandma took a China cup down off the [illegible], and, rushing out into the back [illegible] it down under a big apple-tree. [illegible] hurrying in, went to taking down the kitchen clock.

Mittie ran into the middle of the street and stood there trying to scream "Fire!" but though she opened her mouth wide, the "Fire!" only came in a loud, hoarse whisper.

Hetty went tearing along the sidewalk, looking for some one to ring the fire-bell. The first man she met was old Judge Brown.

"O Mr. Brown!" gasped Hetty, "won't you go and ring the fire-bell?"

"What's a-fire?" asked the Judge.

"Grandma's house is a-fire, and grandma's away, and I don't know what we shall do!"

Judge Brown stared hard at the house with no traces of smoke about it, and looked puzzled.

"Where is it a-fire?"

"Up in the roof—it's all live coals—red as blood."

"I'll run along where I can see the other side of the roof," said Judge Brown, and along he ran as fast as his age and flesh would allow, with Hetty still ahead. He ran clear around the house, watching the roof, but no sign or smell of fire could be discovered.

"Must be inside," he said and went in at the front door, and there was Hetty's mother coming down-stairs laughing, with the pail of water in her hand. She explained to the Judge how the little girls at play in the attic had seen a red spot in the roof, and thought it was fire.

"Come in, Mittie!" she called to the girl, who was now leaning against the fence, all in a tremble. "There's no fire, after all."

"Well," said grandma, when they brought the good news into the kitchen. "I've got this clock about taken down, so I'll finish the job, and send it off to be cleaned. It hasn't run for a year."

And that was how the kitchen-clock happened to get cleaned.—*Youth's Companion.*

A PLEASANT WALK.

Miss Sophia and Little Letty's Adventure in the Fields.

"Where are you going, Miss Sophia?" asked Letty, leaning over the gate.

"I am going to walk," answered Miss Sophia. "Would you like to come with me, Letty?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Letty. "I should like to go very much, indeed! Only wait, please, while I get my bonnet!" And Letty danced into the house and danced out again with her brown poke bonnet over her sunny hair. "Here I am, Miss Sophia!" she cried. "Now, where shall we go?"

"Down the lane," said Miss Sophia, "and through the orchard into the fields. Perhaps we may find some wild strawberries!"

So away they went, the young lady walking demurely along, while the little girl frolicked and skipped about, now in front, now behind. It was pretty in the green lane; the ferns were so soft and plumy, and the moss so firm and springy under their feet. The trees bent down and talked to the ferns, and told them stories about the birds that were building in their branches; and the ferns had stories, too, about the black velvet mole who lived under their roots, and who had a star on the end of his nose.

But Letty and Miss Sophia did not hear all this; they only heard a soft whispering, and never thought what it meant.

Presently they came out of the lane, and passed through the orchard, and then came out into the broad, sunny meadow.

"Now, Letty," said Miss Sophia, "use your bright eyes and see if you can find any strawberries. I shall sit under a tree and rest a little."

Away danced Letty, and soon she was peeping and peering under every leaf and grass blade, but no gleam of scarlet, no pretty clusters of red and white could she see. Evidently it was not a strawberry meadow. She came back to the tree and said:

"There are no strawberries at all, Miss Sophia, not even one. But I have found something else; wouldn't you like to see it?—something very pretty."

"What is it, dear?" asked Miss Sophia. "A flower? I should like to see it, certainly."

"No, it isn't a flower," said Letty, "it's a cow."

"WHAT?" cried Miss Sophia, springing to her feet.

"A cow," said Letty. "A pretty spotted cow. She's coming after me, I think."

Miss Sophia looked in the direction in which Letty pointed, and there, to be sure, was a cow, moving slowly toward them. She gave a shriek of terror; then, controlling herself, she threw her arms around Letty.

"Be calm, my child!" she said; "I will save you! Be calm!"

"Why, what is the matter, Miss Sophia?" cried Letty, in alarm.

Miss Sophia's face was very pale, and she trembled; but she seized Letty's arm and hade her walk as fast as she could.

"If we should run," she said, in a quivering voice, "it would run after us, and then we could not possibly escape. Walk fast, my child! Don't scream! Try to keep calm!"

"Why, Miss Sophia!" cried the astonished child. "You don't think I'm afraid of that cow, do you? Why, it's—"

"Hush! hush!" whispered Miss Sophia, dragging her along. "You will only enrage the cow by speaking loud. I will save you, dear, if I can! See, we are getting near the fence. Can't you walk a little faster?"

"Moo-oo-ooo!" said the cow, which was now following them at a quicker pace.

"Oh! Oh!" cried Miss Sophia, "I shall faint! I know I shall! Letty don't faint, too, dear! Let one of us escape. Courage, child! Be calm! Oh, there is the fence. Run, now—run for your life!"

The next minute they both were over the fence. Letty stood panting, with eyes and mouth wide open, but Miss Sophia clasped her in her arms, and burst into tears.

"Safe!" she sobbed. "My dear, brave child! we are safe!"

"Yes I suppose we are safe," said the bewildered Letty. "But what was the matter? It was Uncle George's cow, and she was coming home to be milked!"

"Moo-oo-ooo!" said Uncle George's cow, looking over the fence.—*St. Nicholas.*

"LATE WITH."

An Interesting Judicial Decision by an Eastern Court.

It is a very common practice for a man starting in business to announce himself on his sign and business cards as "late with" so and so, his former employer. Has a person any right to do this? Can he be prevented by legal means from so using the name of his former employer?

An opinion on this novel and interesting question has just been rendered by Judge Westbrook, of the Supreme Court in this State. A jeweler who had been employed in a jewelry store opened a shop of his own in the same town. On his sign and business cards he used the words "late with James P. Van Wyck." The latter complained that the effect of this announcement would be to take away his customers and injure his business. There was no allegation of fraud. Judge Westbrook holds that the defendant had no right to make such use of the name of his former employer. He says: "Nothing is more completely the property of a man than his name. No person can use it without the owner's consent. The use of plaintiff's name to make conspicuous the rival business and name of the defendant is a clear violation of the property rights of the plaintiff."

Judge Westbrook does not cite any authority or precedent in support of this view. He reaches his conclusion by reasoning. We think the conclusion wrong and the reasoning unsound. When a person has been for a long or a considerable time in the service of a business house or firm widely and favorably known that fact raises a presumption of his capability to carry on the same business for himself. It is a fact which, in the absence of fraud or unfair dealing, he has a right to announce to the public. In music or art it would seem ridiculous to deny to a person the right truthfully to represent himself or herself as the pupil of a well-known teacher or artist. The principle is the same in business.

This view of the law has been taken by our Court of Appeals. A firm of dentists dissolved partnership. One continued business in the same place, the other opening another office. The Court of Appeals held that the former had no right to represent himself as successor to. "But," said the court, "he may lawfully describe himself as formerly or late of that firm. He would thus state simply a fact belonging to his own life, as much so as if he were to give the time or place of his birth, the name of his father or instructor, or the college from which he graduated. All this might be done in good faith."—*N. Y. Herald.*

—A writer in the *Atlantic*, speaking of the maliciousness of the mocking bird, states that if young birds are placed in cages where the parent birds can have access to them, they will feed their offspring regularly for two or three days, and then, as if in despair, will poison them, giving them the berry of the black ash.

—The familiar poem, "Old Oaken Bucket," was written by Samuel Woodworth in 1819, just after he had drunk water from a bucket at a well in Cromwell, Conn., which was on the premises of the late Captain James Riley. The poet was then teaching a district school on Prospect Hill in that town.—*Hartford Post.*

—Girls can marry at eleven years of age in Maine.—*Boston Post.*

THE SECRETARY OF STATE.

A Signal Instance of Democratic Incapacity in Prominent Position.

The Administration has furnished no more signal instance of incapacity than in the administration of the Department of State by Secretary Bayard. He has deranged the entire foreign service of the country, and in many cases made it the subject of public scandal by his appointment of rebels, ultramontanes and incapables. Two friendly foreign powers have absolutely refused to receive the ultramontane legal dispatched to their courts, and their action is so manifestly proper that it has been impossible to arouse any feeling in regard to it in this country. Even in Virginia the Democratic Convention was unequal to the task of championing Kelley. The Washington dispatches represent that Mr. Bayard is very anxious to make this a National, if not an international, matter, but the Democratic conventions preserve a national silence as to the great issue involved in the person of Mr Kelley. So with Lawton, the unpardoned rebel, who was appointed Minister to Russia. Not a Democratic convention has approved Lawton's appointment. Indeed, although these conventions seek eagerly for every pretext to applaud the Administration, they have not yet uttered a word that can be construed as referring to Mr Bayard or his administration of the Department of State.

Bayard's failure as an executive officer is generally admitted. In the Senate, where he had nothing to do but represent a very small State, he achieved considerable reputation as an orator and a Democratic politician of the better class. He performed the traditional function of the Bayard family in representing Delaware with imposing dignity, and usually appeared to advantage on showy occasions in the Senate. It may be said even further that on many occasions in the Senate he exhibited an unusual amount of sagacity as a politician, and few men appeared better fitted to state the plans and purposes of the Democratic party. The *Tribune* has been accused of a desire to depreciate Mr Bayard and deny him credit for the ability he really possesses, but the fact is that this journal has alluded only to his manifest failures as an executive officer. As a Democratic politician and a prophet it is willing to admit that on many occasions Mr. Bayard has displayed marked ability. For instance, he served on the Ku Klux Committee, and in the report, signed by him, there is the following reference to the operation of negro suffrage in this country:

> Such a state of things may last as long as the party shall last which had the power and the audacity to inaugurate it, and no longer. But whenever that party shall go down and go down it will at some time not long in the future, that may be the end of the political power of the negro and of the white man any thus endowed.

Who will dispute this evidence of foresight on the part of Mr Bayard? Years ago he declared that when the Republican party went down and the Democratic party triumphed there would be an end of "the political power of the negro among white men of this continent." This prophecy was true in part even before the time fixed by Mr. Bayard. Before the Democratic party came into power it was true in many of the States that an end had been put to the political power of the negro among white men, and the doctrine of equal rights was repudiated. It was in fact by means of such political oppression that the party was able to gain power. Had there been throughout the country a general recognition of the doctrine of equal rights there can be no doubt that Mr. Blaine would to-day be President of the United States. Hence the prediction as to the destruction of the doctrine of equal rights was made true in part even in advance of the time set by Mr. Bayard.

This one item of political prophecy is fixed on the official records of Congress, and it secures Mr. Bayard a fame as a prophet. However he may fail and blunder as an executive officer, there can be no dispute that he understands the real plans and purposes of the Democratic party and in regard to these matters is a prophet of no mean capacity. It will be observed that Mr. Bayard did not fix the time when the Republican party should go down, but merely declared that when that event was brought about there would be an end of the political power of the negro among white men on this continent. Heretofore it has been assumed that Mr. Bayard meant that when the Democratic party attained power it would proceed to eliminate the negro from politics. Possibly his declaration had a deeper meaning than that. He may have intended to intimate that the destruction of the negro as a political factor was a preliminary measure needed to insure Democratic success, so that when that party attained power there would already be an end of the political power of the negro among white men. Construed in any way, however, this remarkable declaration is sufficient to establish and vindicate Mr. Bayard's reputation as a Democratic prophet.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE CIVIL-SERVICE.

Democratic Dissatisfaction Concealed Under Meaningless Congratulation.

The Democratic organs and their thick and thin Mugwump assistants are making a great parade in their columns about the resolutions adopted by the Democratic conventions held thus far. They evidently feared that the dissatisfaction prevalent in the organization with the operation of the Civil-Service law would break out into fierce denunciation as soon as a party gathering met. Agreeably disappointed in this instance, they applaud eagerly the vague and meaningless resolutions of congratulation to Cleveland with which the platforms are stuffed, and report progress and call attention to the gratifying responses from the Democratic party and to the evidence that it is advancing.

Nothing is cheaper in politics than congratulations, unless it be platforms whose utterances run directly contrary to the well-known purposes of the party which frames them. The real spirit of the party is often better illustrated by what it does not say in resolutions than by what it utters. Mr Cleveland has been well larded with felicitations from the Democratic conventions of this year. The careful reader, however, will see that these honeyed words are spoken in such a way as to carry with them no endorsement of Civil-Service reform, and that measure is the only one for which the Administration intends to claim any merit. A little examination of the platform utterances will prove this.

Four Democratic State Conventions have met this year, in Virginia, Ohio, Iowa and Mississippi. In one only of the platforms adopted at these party assemblages was Civil-Service reform mentioned. The Virginia Democrats reiterate their advocacy of Civil-Service reform, and then qualify it by demanding that the Administration shall "not be hampered by paying obnoxious officials forced into or continued in its service." The other conventions were profoundly silent on the subject. Ohio congratulated Cleveland "on the auspicious beginning he had made in the necessary reforms of the Government." Oh, in other words, he is felicitated on the number of Republicans he has turned out of office and the number of Democrats he has put in office.

The Iowa resolutions are similarly each and every reason the Democrats have for approving Mr. Cleveland's course, but they say not a word about his half-hearted effort to enforce the Civil-Service law. The endorsement of the Mississippi Democrats is just as vague and hollow. Of the same character are the resolutions adopted by the Democratic minority of the Massachusetts Legislature. A [illegible] in all the platforms and resolutions put forth last week for one party word in favor of the reform of the Civil service. Nothing but the [illegible] silence is found. [illegible] of the subject is more expressive of the Democratic party's attitude than all the meaningless congratulations showered upon Cleveland.

It is only necessary to contrast this significant silence of the Democratic with the unanimous endorsement of reform in the Republican platforms, to show the different position of the two parties on this question. Said Republican platforms: "The Republican party, which enacted the present Civil-Service law, will faithfully maintain and cheerfully aid in all needful measures to give it full force, and it is committed to extend the law until greater of service to which it is applicable. Ample appropriations should be made to enforce it in letter and spirit. This is sufficient to show the great dissimilarity in the position of the Republican and Democratic parties on this issue, and to prove to the country that American wheels party can be most safely trusted with the enforcement.—*Philadelphia Press.*

ON TRIAL.

The Administration to Be Judged by What It Does, Not by What It Promises.

It is made a ground of complaint against the Republicans that in discussing the course of the Administration they dwell continually on one topic, the blunders of the Administration in the selection of officials. There is much truth in this charge, but it is not a just ground for complaint. The Republican journals, and the intelligent and patriotic people for whom they speak, judge the Administration by what it does, and not by what it vaguely hopes or rashly promises. That this is the only just course no one can deny. But the Administration has done nothing worthy of except to labor unceasingly to distribute the spoils.

If the party had a policy, one would think, or at least that [illegible] simple truth that the Democrats themselves have not the least idea of what their Administration will do, or wants to do, or whether it yet has any purpose about large questions of public policy. The silver question appeared at the outset to be an exception, but later circumstances have [illegible] men doubt whether the Democratic leaders are not trying to patch up some shabby compromise, by which the silver men shall be satisfied and the bullion thrown on the banks. It is to be hoped that this may not prove the fact, and Republicans generally have not been slow to give the President credit for whatever has been intelligently done by the Treasury Department in the right direction. As to the tariff question, who can guess the purpose of the Administration on? Mr. Mills's utterances look one way, and the personal affiliations of the Administration with men like Senator Gorman, Mr. Faulkner and especially Mr Randall, look decidedly the other way. It will be possible to discuss the policy of this Administration when it gets one. On some minor matters it has deserved and has received a fair measure of credit. It has done right about the Indian land, but the question is not one of large National consequence. The same may be said of the continued enforcement of laws framed by Republicans in Congress and enforced by Republican Presidents for the suppression of polygamy. As to the enforcement of laws at the South, and the protection of citizens there in the exercise of their rights, the profuse promises of the President look one way, and most of his appointments the other. Yet of all questions with which he has to deal this is by far the most important, and it is likely to prove for a Democratic President the most difficult.

Thus we are compelled to discuss the distribution of patronage, because the Administration does nothing else of importance. By its acts in that matter it has cast a great deal of light on its professions regarding Civil-Service reform. Incidentally it has shown where it is likely to be found weak and to fail. Thus in these appointments we have not only a test, but in some respects the best test that could be applied, of the real character and quality of the new men in power. If they can not resist the demands of party on this question they will not on others. If they can, we may expect the same measure of integrity in the construction of pledges, and of patriotism in applying them, which the Administration may show in dealing out the patronage, and in deciding whether to remove Republican officials.

Republicans have been tempted, it must be confessed, to dwell upon this topic with much zest. It may be doubted if any other President ever made so many absurd and disreputable blunders as Mr. Cleveland has made already. His proclivities for getting jail-birds, and notorious political scamps, and "morally and professionally unfit" persons, into stations of importance and responsibility, could not be passed over in silence even if he had shown unswerving fidelity of purpose. But these appointments are more important still as evidence of the character of the Administration and of its probable course as to other matters. Its disingenuous and pettifogging construction of its own pledges and its own duty means a great deal. The phrase "offensive partisanship" discloses a great deal more than the Administration really intends. It has retained some faithful men but has discharged others by the score who are equally faithful, thus showing either a lack of intelligence almost incredible, or an infirmity of purpose, a wretched wavering between two opinions, which must certainly prove fatal to any President, and especially to one occupying Mr. Cleveland's peculiar position. Inconsistency is not the word. There is much to indicate that the President is willing to palter with his word—to "keep the word of promise to the ear, but break it to the hope" of honest men.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—According to the traditions of the Jewish rabbis there was no physical illness among men before the flood.