

EXTRAVAGANT DRESS.

A Philosophical Consideration of an Important Question.

A love of the beautiful and ornamental need not degenerate into a craving for merely costly luxury. Here we have to investigate the meaning of luxury in dress. Every one will admit that a Brussels lace flounce which has cost fifty thousand hours of labor and the eyesight of more than one worker is a luxury, yet in one whirl of a waltz the queen of the ball-room has sacrificed this costly article. And what advantage does she gain? But what is luxury in one age, in another is a cheap and necessary article of wear. The days are passed when a Prince received a shirt as a fitting gift from a Princess; when cotton there was none, and linen was so dear it was held to be an extravagance to wear a night-dress. Thanks to discoveries and inventions, to machinery and to facilities of transport, woolen, linen and cotton fabrics are within reach of every one, at prices adapted to the slenderest means. Never has it been possible to clothe one's self so warmly and cheaply as in the present day. We can not revert to those days when each class had its special and distinctive dress; we can not accept M. de Lavaloye's counsels of perfection and clothe ourselves in the garb of the religious orders. We must regulate, not repress the love of ornament; we must reject the frills and follies of fashion and appeal to those whose taste and position enable them to adopt a higher standard, and urge them to set the example of simplicity and frugality, of sense and solvency. It is singular to contrast the glowing splendor and prodigality of the dress of one sex in this nineteenth century with the sobriety of the dress of the other sex, which has shrunk within our own recollection into a grim uniformity of black kerseymere. The laws of nature are reversed, if it be true, as Mr. Darwin teaches, that the male bird owes the bulk of his plumage and the beauty of his form to his desire to please the hens and obtain the honor of natural selection. In modern society it is the hens who carry the gay feathers. Shall we say with the same motives, and with equal success? There was a time when the dress of men was alike wasteful, extravagant and inexpedient; when they wore costly stuffs, rich embroideries, lace, jewels; when at the Court of France the Duke of Buckingham shook off diamonds, and the maids of honor went on their knees to pick them up and appropriate them; when the folds of a cravat and the embroidery of a waistcoat were subjects of earnest attention to the masculine mind. Those days are over, men's dress is simple, suitable, inexpensive. Is it too much to hope that reason may assert her authority in the case of women's dress, as she has done for men, and that while slovenliness is unknown, and the highest standard of neatness is attained, there may be neither waste nor extravagance, but that all-pervading sense of propriety which Dr. Johnson was the advocate of? "Learn," said he, "that there is propriety or impropriety in every thing show slight or over, and get at the general principles of dress and behavior." When Mrs. Thrale asked his opinion of the dress of a child: "Well, sir, how did you like little Miss? I hope she was fine enough?" "It was the finery of a beggar," said he; "she looked like a native of Bow Lane dressed up to be carried to Bartholomew Fair." Views which the philosopher and the economist advocate may well gain a hearing, though only now urged by one who has no other claim to an audience than the desire to help in woman's work.—Christian G. J. Reese, in Longman's Magazine.

FASHIONABLE KINKS.

Some of the New Things Affected by the World of Fashion. Etchings are in great demand. Turning down visiting cards is out of date. The camelia japonica has been restored to favor. Velvet basques and redingotes are quite fashionable. Red and gray is a favorite combination in children's dresses. Braided collars are again in vogue, especially the braided coronet or diadem. Large mantles with Muscovite, religieuse and ambulance sleeves are in great demand. Russian jewelry, Russian tea, Russian gowns, etc., are having a mild run just now. The fashionable boutonniere is either a single rose or a bunch of violets, or mayhap as many as three buds. Moire antique and moire Francaise are oftener chosen for trimming cloth costumes than velvet or plush. As the season advances the skirts of dresses are less bunched at the back than heretofore and are laid in wider plaits. Long boas are, if possible, more popular than ever. Otter or beaver is the correct thing with costumes of brown cloth. Crimson Jacqueminot and Bennett roses, the new Papa Gontier and American beauty, both a rich, rosy pink; the creamy Marechal Niel, and pure white Puritan are all favorites of fashion. At large and ceremonious dinners, where favors are laid at every plate, each gentleman finds at his single rose or other flower matching the corsage bouquet at the plate of the lady he takes out.—N. Y. World. Real estate in South America ranges from five cents an acre in Paraguay to \$4.30 in Buenos Ayres.

THE NEVER-REST CURE.

Beneficial Effects of Regular Muscular Exercise and Recreation.

As there are many degrees of nervous exhaustion, so are there many methods of restoration. What would be pleasant exercise to one might prove laborious exertion to another, and what might be soothing to one might be irritating to another. In all cases, however, complete nerve rest implies the maintenance of agreeable sensation and the avoidance of nervous agitation. It may not be possible to obtain such absolute rest as is here indicated, but the aim of treatment is to secure as near an approach to it as can be attained by legitimate means. No means are used which might injure the general health. The fact that women are more liable than men to the severer forms of nervous exhaustion is one reason why the cases quoted in these pages are chiefly those of women. Another reason is that, in men, it is rarely possible to study this stage of the disease uncomplicated by the effects of alcoholic indulgence. Most men who find themselves becoming victims of nervousness endeavor to escape the worries of life by taking refuge in drink; so they usually bring upon themselves other diseases of alcoholic origin. In women this was not formerly the habit, but there is reason to believe that the late increase of inebriety among them is largely due to the spread of nervous exhaustion. On the other hand there are many cases in both sexes where alcoholic indulgence has undoubtedly been the chief cause of the ailment. Although the most severe forms of this disease have alone been discussed, it must not be supposed that milder forms do not also require special nerve rest. This can not be secured without more or less change being made in the ordinary mode of life. Nervous agitation is the chief cause of nervous exhaustion. It is almost impossible even for a healthy man to avoid a certain amount of agitation in connection with his affairs, while for the nervous man it is absolutely impossible. For the latter, therefore, a frequent holiday is essential. The way of spending such a holiday is a matter of urgent importance. Many nervous sufferers return home worse than when they left. They climb mountains in Switzerland when they ought to be loitering on the sea shore or lounging the deck of an ocean steamer. They rise early "to make the best of to-day" when they had better lie several hours longer to fix the benefits of yesterday. Like the unskilled rider, who dismounts for relief, they are frequently driven to bed to recover from their holiday exertions. The amount of exercise must be regulated by its effects on head or spine. Mere muscular fatigue may be overcome by regular walking, but nervous fatigue must be entirely avoided. If the patient can not take sufficient exercise to sustain his appetite and digestion he had better undergo an hour's massage daily. And when he has once gained the power of walking from fire to ten miles a day without fatigue to head or spine, he ought, by constant practice, endeavor to retain it. There is no better preventive of nervous exhaustion than regular un-hurried muscular exercise. If we could moderate our hurry, lessen our worry, and increase our open-air exercise, a large portion of nervous diseases would be abolished. For those who can not get a sufficient holiday the best substitute is an occasional day in bed. Many whose nerves are constantly strained in their daily vocation have discovered this for themselves. A Spanish merchant in Barcelona told his medical man that he always went to bed for two or three days whenever he could be spared from his business, and he laughed at those who spent their holidays on toilsome mountains. One of the hardest-worked women in England, who has for many years conducted a large wholesale business, retains excellent nerves at an advanced age, owing, it is believed, to her habit of taking one day a week in bed. If we can not avoid frequent agitation we ought, if possible, to give the nervous system time to recover itself between the shocks. Even an hour's seclusion after a good lunch will deprive a hurried, anxious day of much of its injury. The nerves can often be overcome by strategem when they refuse to be controlled by strength of will.—Nineteenth Century.

Manhood in Criminals.

Speaking of his experience with criminals, Judge Gresham says: My experience with criminals, when I was on a district bench, taught me that there was no man devoid of manhood. Place anybody, however depraved, on his manhood, and you will observe his eye brighten up. I have taken men who have been convicted of serious offenses, and after sentencing them to the penitentiary, have said: "Now, I intend to place you on your manhood, for I believe you have manhood in you. I will give you a mittimus, and the marshal will provide you with money to go home and bid your family good-bye. After you have stayed there a day or two I want you to report at the door of the penitentiary named in the papers; you will receive, and serve out your sentence like a man. And when you are through I want you to return to me, and I want to see what can be done to restore you to the confidence of your fellow-men in society." I never was disappointed in a man I thus trusted, and those convicts whom I have helped on their return from prison have always been faithful to the trusts imposed upon them.—Chicago Journal.

GERMAN AND YANKEE.

How an Independent Tin-Peddler Sold an Unhospitable Tenton.

A German farmer, living in Maryland, was notorious for his stinginess, and had never been known when any one entered his house while he was at table to practice those rites of hospitality so common among country people. He was in the habit, however, of getting over the omission by an impudent sort of a turn that was inimitable. If a traveler entered the house about noon, which is the usual hour for dinner with American farmers, who are generally a very hospitable race of people, he would say, in his Anglo-Germanic dialect: "How t'ye do? Heb you make your dinner?" And if he received an affirmative answer, would say: "Well, den, you peats us." If he got a negative answer, his regular response was: "Well, den, you peats you." With this established character, an impudent Yankee tin-peddler once tried an experiment upon his patience. This fellow had a prodigious canine appetite, and was for this reason the dread of the whole circuit in which he was accustomed to sell his tins. He had, therefore, thought it prudent to annex to his perambulations a new district in Maryland; and, being in his neighborhood, he, one day, presented himself just at the dinner hour. "How t'ye do? Heb you make your dinner?" said the farmer. "I guess I have," answered the peddler. "Well, den, you peats us," he replied. "You see," said the Yankee, "I am one of those critters that likes his dinner as soon as he can get it; howsumever, I'll just take a look at your taters till the woman has done, and then, perhaps, we can trade a little." Upon this he sat down, and helping himself to one-half of the pork that was on the table, he shot it down so rapidly that all eyes became fixed upon him, little suspecting that the corned beef on the table was doomed to follow it instantaneously. Having achieved the beef, he perceived near to him two fine young cabbages, the first that had been gathered that summer; these, which were the German's own dear dish, he had the inexpressible horror to see disappear in a twinkling, down the implacable throat of the omnivorous tin-peddler. Rising from his seat, full of wrath, the farmer now shored a huge dish of unskinned, seedy potatoes to the fellow, that were there for the family, and screamed out: "Will you swallow de potatoes, too, mit me dish and de skins? I should like to see dat." "No," said the Yankee, "I guess I telled you I'd only just look at your taters; it ain't so long to supper time, but I can hold on."—N. Y. Ledger.

CLEVER DETECTIVES.

Inspector Byrne Talks About the Traits They Must Possess.

"How do men become detectives, any way? What training and natural traits must a man have?" asked a New York reporter of Inspector Byrne. "That is a hard question to answer off hand," said the inspector, slowly. "The most important thing, I should say, is that men have a distinct liking—an undoubted passion—for this line of duty. That is essential. "A man must like the business and know that he likes it, that he has a natural aptitude for it. That is the indispensable prerequisite. Then he must have perseverance, youth, intelligence, enthusiasm for his work. He must be thorough and zealous, and especially he must be tenacious. A good officer will lay his plans and go over a case, and perhaps fail; then he goes back and begins all over again, doing his work in the second line as carefully as at first; perhaps he will fail again, perhaps a half dozen times, but he has the bull-dog in him and is up and at it again. That's the kind of a man that succeeds in this business; the man who does something hard does it by patience, persistence and tenacity. Why, I wouldn't give a cent to do something any body can do, if a man is shot down here in the street and an officer on the opposite side runs across and arrests the murderer, there's no credit in it. "But in talking about the personal traits a detective should possess to do good work, I must not neglect to say that all these are of no avail if he does not have a thorough knowledge of professional criminals. Without this he can do nothing. Of course the large proportion of crimes are crimes against property—thieving in one form or another. "How is the knowledge acquired?" I asked. "O, in various ways; by visiting their haunts, perhaps, or some naturally pick it up in knocking about New York. If a young man of inquiring turn of mind sees a fellow who seems a little suspicious he inquires about him, takes notes and perhaps talks with him. This local knowledge of criminals gradually widens, for all professionals come here: at no time or another, the budding detective sees new faces and keeps his records as he picks up information. Then he must study classes of crime. Professional criminals are very classish; they run in gangs, the bank sneaks together, the hotel men, and so on through all classes of work. They are all grouped and classified."—N. Y. Daily News. An instance of throwing one's self about was witnessed a few evenings ago at a party, in the case of a young lady, who, when asked to sing, first tossed her head, and then pitched her voice. It is estimated that in the year 1900 the United States will have a population of nearly one hundred million.

DAKOTA JOURNALISM.

How an Enterprising Editor Lost His Hold on the Community.

"Have you a newspaper here?" I asked of a man who came over to where we were camped on the edge of a little Dakota town. "Yes, got one; did have two, but the other feller pulled out last week." "Didn't it pay?" "Naw, he wa'n't no good—got out the weakest paper you ever seen." "What was the trouble with it?" "No news, or least none to 'mount to any thing. Course, if something big happened that he couldn't help seein' he'd git it in, but ev'ry week there'd be a whole lot of spiev things that he'd keep still's a mouse about, an' stick in a lot of pieces on free trade, or protection, or mobby sometimes the tariff. But the other man wa'n't that style—no blowin' pieces in his'n, but all the spiev an' interestin' news that happened." "So you froze the long editorial man man out?" "Had to do it, I tell you—he didn't know enough to pound sand. Why, lemme tell you a little case: Couple of months ago I built me a new chicken-coop—not a very big un, 'cause I only got six hens an' a fightin' rooster—but I made it very keefal an' put in two round roosts an' whitewashed 'em, an' three nests. I figured on half the hens restin' an' scratchin' while the other shift was layin', an' nailed some slats over a box in one corner to shut up the setters in an' make 'em quit their monkey business, an' fixed her up in style generally. Pretty soon old Cooper, this man that's gone, come along an' I called him in an' says: 'Jes' get onto the new hen-house I been a-buildin'.' 'That looks first-rate,' says he. 'Wiggle it,' says I. He wiggle it. 'It 'pears solid,' says he. 'I claim it's the best hen-house in the city,' says I. 'Wouldn't wonder,' says he. Then he walked off with his head down, a-thinkin'. I reckoned, what he should say 'bout it. Somehow I didn't manage to see the other feller to tell him 'bout it, but Lordy, how do you think it come out?" "Haven't an idea. How did it?" "Why, sir, I went over to Hank George's an' borrowed his copy of Cooper's paper soon's it come out—Hank had'n't got a look at it yet himself—an' took it home an' waded 'through it, but not a line 'bout my hen-coop! Not a line! Not a word! Didn't say nothing 'bout it—my name wasn't in the paper! I went so fur as to even read clear through a long piece on 'Our Common School System,' thinkin' maybe that he stuck in so nothing 'bout my hen-house in it somewhere, but he hadn't. Well, I was mad, an' I think I had a right to be. I throwed the paper down an' didn't even take it back to Hank. But next mornin' when I seen one of the other feller's papers down in the store my eyes stuck out so you could 'a' hung your hat on 'em. There it was in his paper 'bout my hen-coop big's a Mexican dollar! It read like this: 'We hear that Uncle Abner Doty has 'jes' completed a large an' convenient hen-house for his fine flock of Shanghai, Brauns, Plymouth Rocks, an' so forth, together with his famous fightin' rooster, Ben Butler. We have not yet had the pleasure of samplin' any of the eggs laid in this new hen-house, but we know that Uncle Abner is not the man to long forget ye editor.' That's the very way he had it, word for word, name an' all. Jes' soon's I read it I went right out an' told ev'rybody we couldn't 'ford to support Old Cooper no longer 'cause he was hurtin' the town by not mentionin' the improvements, and I 'jes' ken' up the talk till what little business he did have dropped off an' nobody wouldn't have nothing to do with him, an' he's left. You can see yourself that we couldn't very well do any thing else after the way he used me on that hen-house."—F. B. Carruth, in Chicago Tribune.

KEPT HIS PROMISE.

A Small Boy Saved from a Ruined Life by a Kind Word.

I remember a case that happened years ago in Illinois. A lawyer friend of my father defended a lad for stealing apples. The owner of the orchard was without pity, but the lawyer pleaded that the child's act was merely one of gluttony and that he ought to be indulgently treated. This was the view of the matter taken by the justice and he spoke to the accused in a fatherly way. "You hear," he said, "what has been said about you, that you are no thief; now I am going to acquit you, but you must first promise that in future you will behave in a way to redeem this fault you have committed." "The boy, who had been crying bitterly, looked up, wiped away his tears, and gave the required answer in a firm voice. Years passed away. One day as the lawyer stepped off the train at Detroit he was accosted by a gentleman who asked if he remembered him. "No, I do not recall ever having seen you before," was his reply. "Well, I am the little apple thief whom you once defended. I want to let you know that I have kept the promise I made on that occasion. I now own a wagon factory in this place, am a married man and the happy father of several children. It is to you and the good justice of that day that I am indebted for all this. I am sure that had I been sent to the reform school I would very likely have grown up to be any thing but an honest man."—Cor. N. O. Picayune. Flimsy—"I don't know how it is, but the smallest specimens of men invariably get the best wives." Mrs. F. (archly)—"O, you flatterer!"—Boston Transcript.

ON BEING PLEASANT.

It Makes People Jolly and Changes Frowns Into Pleasant Smiles.

Says Mr. Thackeray about that nice boy Clive Newcome, "I don't know that Clive was especially brilliant, but he was pleasant." Occasionally we meet people to whom it seems to come natural to be pleasant; such are as welcome wherever they go as flowers in May, and the most charming thing about them is that they help to make other people pleasant too. Their pleasantness is contagious. The other morning we were in the midst of a three days' rain. The fire smoked, the dining-room was chilly, and when we assembled for breakfast, papa looked rather grim, and mamma tired, for the baby had been restless all night. Polly was plainly inclined to fretfulness, and Bridget was undeniably cross, when Jack came in with the breakfast rolls from the baker's. He had taken off his rubber coat and boots in the entry, and he came in rosy and smiling. "Here's the paper, sir," said he to his father with such a cheerful tone that his father's brow relaxed, and he said "Ah, Jack, thank you," quite pleasantly. His mother looked up at him smiling, and he just touched her cheek gently as he passed. "The top of the morning to you, Polly-wog," he said to his little sister, and delivered the rolls to Bridget with a "Here you are, Bridget. Aren't you sorry you didn't go yourself this beautiful day?" He gave the fire a poke and opened a damper. The smoke ceased, and presently the coals began to glow, and five minutes after Jack came in we had gathered around the table and were eating our oatmeal as cheerily as possible. This seems very simple in the telling, and Jack never knew he had done any thing at all, but he had in fact changed the whole moral atmosphere of the room, and had started a gloomy day pleasantly for five people. "He is always so," said his mother when I spoke to her about it afterward. "Just so sunny and kind, and ready all the time. I suppose there are more brilliant boys in the world than mine, but none with a kinder heart or a sweeter temper, I am sure of that." And I thought: Why isn't a cheerful disposition worth cultivating? Isn't it one's duty to be pleasant, just as well as to be honest, or truthful, or industrious, or generous? And yet, while there are a good many honest, truthful, industrious, and generous souls in the world, and people who are unselfish too, after a fashion, a person who is habitually pleasant is rather a rarity. I suppose the reason is because it is such hard work to act pleasant when one feels cross. Very few people have the courage of that cheeriest of men, Mr. Mark Tapley, who made it a point of honor to "keep jolly" under the most depressing circumstances. People whose dispositions are naturally irritable or unhappy, think it is no use trying to be otherwise; but that is a mistake. If they will patiently and perseveringly try to keep always pleasant, after a while they will get in the habit of smiling instead of frowning, of looking bright instead of surly, and of giving a kind word instead of a cross one. And the beauty of it is, as I said before, that pleasantness is catching, and before long they will find themselves in the midst of a world full of bright and happy people, where every one is as good-natured and contented as they are.—Christian at Work.

MUSIC AT FUNERALS.

Grand Old Tunes That Are Now Sung in Waltz and Polka Time.

I am sorry to observe that the old psalm tunes are getting obsolete. A day or two ago I attended a funeral and it was requested by a member of the family that some good old-fashioned hymn, of which the deceased was very fond, should be sung. I believe the tunes selected were: "I Would Not Live Alway" and "Just As I Am, Without One Plea." Imagine my surprise as well as that of the "mourners" to hear the former hymn sung in a genuine polka time with a soprano and bass solo. Some time ago I attended the funeral of a celebrated criminal lawyer in a North Side church, and a hired quartette was to furnish the music. The grand old song "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me," than which a grander tune was never written, was rendered in beautiful waltz time. El Jordan was the officiating undertaker, and I momentarily expected Ed to invite some young lady out into the vestibule to have a little waltz around. An old gentleman, living on the South Side, and who has been reared in the Methodist Church, has left \$50 to be given the choir that will sing at his funeral to the original music. Our days are like the grass, Or like the morning flower. The other is: Why do we mourn departed friends Or shake at death's alarm? In this large city of nearly a million inhabitants I doubt if such a choir or quartette can be found now that know the music. One day a dear friend of mine died, and knowing his love for three beautiful old hymns, that he had been wont to hear in the little village church far away, and which was to us so hallowed by sacred and tender recollections, I meekly and hesitatingly asked his widow that one of these tunes might be sung. Was it? O no, but she gazed upon me in a pitiful way, as much as to say I pity your ignorance, and replied: "That is very old-fashioned and is not sung at all at the very latest funerals." It was then that I was obliged to admit to myself that there was a latest fad in funeral music.—Chicago Journal.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

Pasteur's plan of exterminating rabbits by inoculating them with chicken cholera has been tried at Rheims with success.

It is stated that several diamonds were found in a meteoric stone, weighing about four pounds, that fell in Krasnolobolsk, Russia. This discovery has set people to examining meteorites with unusual interest. The artificial production of chickens is a great industry in Franklin county, Pennsylvania. Over 700 incubators are in operation and the production is from 10,000,000 to 12,000,000 chickens annually. A noted scientist has shown to the Ophthalmological society of Hiedelberg his second success in grafting the rabbit's cornea into the human eye. The patient's visual power with the new eye is about one-tenth of the normal, and coarse print may be read. The advisability of testing as foggy weather signals sudden flashes, such as those of gunpowder, has been suggested to the British lighthouse authorities by Lord Rayleigh and Professor Stokes, who think the flashes might attract attention where an equal fixed light might escape notice. An instrument called the autographometer has lately been devised, which autographically records the plan of the ground over which it is dragged. It can be carried about on a light vehicle, and when in use indicates the topography and differences of level of all places over which it passes. There are about five hundred different kinds of humming birds. These birds belong exclusively to the continent of America and its islands. From America they range north to the Arctic regions and south to Patagonia; and from the level of the sea to the height of the Andes. Among the almost numberless methods of removing particles from the eye, the following is recommended as an efficient means: Make a loop by doubling a horse-hair. Raise the lid of the eye in which is the foreign particle; slip the loop over it, and placing the lid in contact with the eyeball, withdraw the loop, and the particle will be drawn out with it.—Scientific American. The Polytechnical Journal describes a new kind of lubricant. One hundred parts of mineral oil and twenty-five parts of castor oil are mixed thoroughly with sixty to seventy parts of sulphuric acid, and the whole worked with two or three volumes of water. In this condition the composition is allowed to stand some time, the watery layer is then drawn off, and, after remaining undisturbed for several days, it is carefully neutralized with soda or potash. It is found that living creatures brought up from sea depths of four miles or more, suffer greatly from the changed conditions of pressure and temperature. At those vast depths the pressure is tremendous, and the temperature is comparatively low. On being brought to the surface, the deep-sea creatures are sometimes torn in pieces by the powerful expansion of their organisms occasioned by decrease in pressure, and "sometimes they absolutely melt away before the eyes of the beholder." It is estimated that in the United States alone during the year 1887 there were manufactured and sold about half a million gallons of writing ink and about four thousand tons of printing ink. Of course a considerable quantity of this was exported, and some ink of European manufacture was also imported. But the importation of this article is constantly decreasing as the excellence of the home manufactures improve and the market is supplied by them at a cheaper rate. Science has demonstrated that sugar is contained in nearly every vegetable and animal product, the constituent elements of which are known. The sweetness of the different varieties of sugar varies, cane sugar being five times sweeter than beet sugar, beet sugar several times as sweet as grape sugar, and so on. But now a sweet substance has been discovered in coal oil tar which is said to be three hundred times sweeter than cane sugar. This new substance is called saccharine, and one drop of it will sweeten three quarts of water. WANTED HIM BAD. An Ex-Congressman Applies for a Position and Gets It. An unpretentious man entered the office of the proprietor of a great daily newspaper. "Well, sir, what can I do for you?" "I have come, sir, to ask for a position as editorial writer on your paper." "I don't think there is room for another man, still, using a homely phrase, we are ever on the look-out for good timber. Have you done much newspaper work?" "None, sir." "But you think that you can shape public sentiment, eh?" "No, sir." "Then why do you ask for a place?" "On account of my fitness." "Of your fitness? But what does your fitness consist of?" "My absolute ignorance." "You are surely a peculiar man. Want a position as editorial writer because you are absolutely ignorant?" "Yes, sir." "But what use is an absolutely ignorant man? What would you propose to do?" "Write articles on the tariff." The proprietor caught a quick breath, placed one hand on the table to steady himself, and said: "Of course I want you, but I am surprised to see that you have resigned your seat in Congress."—Arkansas Traveller.