

The Most Gifted of Mortals.

The dazzling genius may stave and amaze mankind by his divinely gifted endowments, but the man who knows how to get along with people is very apt to reach the heights, while the dazzling genius, like an eagle with a broken wing, is floundering in the valley below.

But the dazzling genius and the man who knows how to get along with people side by side on the track of life, and then let them start abreast. The dazzling genius will excite the curiosity of the crowd by the brilliancy of his gyrations and his involutions and intricate evolutions. He will leap like an unbroken colt, and prance like a two-year-old filly, but the man who knows how to get along with people will come swinging down the homestead, past the judge's stand, with his brilliant but erratic competitor far in the rear.

The faculty of getting along with people is, perhaps, the most fortunate gift which nature can endow a man. The whole secret consists in liking people and taking an interest in them. So many men are armed with dislikes, like porcupine quills, which they shoot in all directions, letting them strike where they will. They are like those pivotal guns which we see in the navy, which turn on a swivel and shoot toward every point of the compass. They keep their batteries loaded, and every man who approaches them they regard as an invader and an enemy. They scrutinize their acquaintances as a proof-reader examines his proof, to see what errors he can discover. Their lives are a perpetual quest for the vices of their neighbors. They never get along with people, for people object to having a perpetual inventory taken of their faults and weaknesses.

Opticians tell us there is one little spot in the eye that is entirely blind. The mental eye of the man who knows how to get along with people has a large spot that is blind to all his neighbors' vices, while his vision is unusually keen in regard to their good qualities. Everybody likes him because he likes everybody. No wonder he climbs high in the world, for everybody stands ready to give him a "boost."

He Took It Back.

An extremely stout, choleric old gentleman sat in his office one day fuming over a lot of papers and swearing to himself. He was in a beastly temper, for things had gone wrong ever since morning, and now and then he cast his eyes about as if in search of something to kick as an outlet for his tempestuous state of mind.

"That book agent is out here, sir," said a clerk, thrusting his head through the door.

"Show him in," yelled the old gentleman, greedily, "and I'll kick the everlasting stuffing out of him."

A minute later a pretty little girl came demurely in, and, calmly drawing a chair up to the old gentleman's desk, smiled sweetly.

"Just excuse me a minute," said the old fellow; "there's a nasty book agent coming."

"I am the book agent, sir," said the girl, and she thrust a hand away down through a hole in her dress and brought up a volume.

"Can't I sell you a copy, sir," she said cheerfully, running through the leaves. "It is only \$5, and is profusely illustrated, and so beautiful that no home is complete without one. Buy a copy, please, and I shall forget that you called me nasty."

"I didn't," puffed the old gentleman, excitedly. "I swear I never said anything of the kind. Leave the book."

"Then the old man yelled: 'John, give this young lady \$5.' When the old gentleman picked up his book to carry it home he discovered that it was a collection of love songs.—New York Sun.

The Rhinoceros.

The idea of bringing out the rhinoceros was to get something that no other country could beat for ugliness. While there are several brands of the beast, all put in different packages with different labels, all amount to the same thing when you cut the string and make the bundle. While the Giraffe is two stories high with hip roof, the rhinoceros stood short at the basement and has never been finished up. To reward him for not being quite so homely as the hippopotamus, he was given a hide so thick that a grape shot would only tickle him, and an offset for not having a mouth as large as an alligator he was given a temper as hot as wildcats and horns boiled down together.

The rhinoceros was not expected to cut anything of a dash in this world. He was given to understand that if he took good care of his appetite and made it unpleasant for every living thing which came within a mile of him, nothing further would be expected of him. So far as man has been able to discover, the beast never cracks a smile or makes a joke, and nothing ever steps on his coat tails and gets away alive. The legend in regard to him is that he puts in the hours between daylight and sunrise grieving because he wasn't made a turtle dove, but legends are not to be depended upon.—Detroit Free Press.

Transfusion of Blood.

A workman who had inhaled the vapor of burning coals was taken to the Charite lately. All efforts to restore consciousness having failed, Professor Leyden ordered the injection of 250 cubic centimeters of blood taken from another patient, into one of the veins of the right arm. The patient showed signs of life five hours after the transfusion, then slept for about ten hours and awoke in excellent spirits. His further recovery was rapid, and he is now quite well.—Berlin Cor. Lanet.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES

This tendency toward less tencure is gaining ground every year, and farmers are certainly gaining ground by it.

There will hereafter be no profit on inferior stock, and it must be pruned out. The earlier the better.

A thrifty farmer invigorates a neighborhood. A lazy one demoralizes it.

There is said to be a great increase in the practice of thrashing corn this year. We need a machine to perform this special operation.

There have been 19,000 bulls and 47,000 cows enrolled in the herd Register of the American Jersey Cattle Club. Probably two-thirds of these, or more, are still alive.

Whenever a farmer appreciates that his team is one of the heaviest items in his expenses, and must be kept at work every day when work is possible, he has a fair chance of success.

With proper provision of warmth and shelter, and a good store of ensilage and hay, winter dairying can frequently be made more profitable than summer; labor is then cheaper and butter higher.

Three rules for improving dairy cattle: Select and keep only the best and most promising calves, study and practice the best methods of feeding and keeping stock, secure the best blooded stock possible.

The remedy for a "hide-bound" horse is a simple tonic, nutritious food and the use of the curry-comb and brush freely. By this means the hide will soon become supple and the coat sleek and glossy.

If fire-breaks were a dollar apiece a few would have them; if they were \$25 each quite a number would be used; if it required the giving of a chattel mortgage to get them nearly everybody would have one. But they are free—that's why they are so scarce.—Journal, Redfield.

There will be a change in the system of breeding and feeding swine in a few years, says an exchange. People are tiring of fat pork. They are calling for more lean and less fat, and corn will not answer the call. Other foods will need to be fed, foods that will give growth and lean meat.

At an agricultural fair held in a Connecticut town a children's department has been established, which is said to have proved very successful. Competition between the youthful exhibitors is sharp, and parents take much pleasure in the result. A good way to interest the farmers' boys and girls in farm work.

Sheep and lambs will run out and take care of themselves later than any other stock. Now is the time to cull out the flock, and fatten for the butcher those sheep which failed at shearing time to yield a profitable fleece. Lambs that are intended to turn off should be given generous feed. There is more money in rearing lambs, this year, than in any other class of butcher's stock.

For fattening cattle especially to increase the production of milk in cows, it is asserted that the pressed cake from cotton-seed gives the best results. The next in good results is the pressed cake from peanuts. No other kind of food seems to equal the two mentioned for milk cows, the milk results being greater in amount and richer in quality. The above-named foods, like all other concentrated materials, are to be used in conjunction with the usual rations for good results.

A farmer must compound and use the feed that he has at hand, or is most easily produced. A compound may be made of bran, oats and rye, bran and rye, or bran and corn meal; and these compounds can often be made in such a way as to cheapen this cost of feed—when all has to be bought on the market. On the majority of farms oats are grown only for the horses and colts. The pigs should always be thought of as sharers in this important muscle forming food.

There is no use says the Breeder's Gazette, in shutting our eyes to the fact that the majority of our home-grown wools are slovenly handled, when compared with foreign wools giving us the severest competition. In this fact of condition, quite as much as in quality, lies the popularity of Australian wools. Most of our wools are sheared and marketed in seeming disregard of the preferences of buyers; the foreigner puts his as nearly as may be in the condition the buyer is known to prefer.

The milk temperament is born with a cow. You may increase the butter yield by making her give more milk, but the relative proportion of solids will not be greatly changed. On the other hand, a certain line of feeding will put water into a cow's milk without showing any corresponding increase of butter or cheese yield, a sort of gruel diet, but this don't count.

Whenever an animal shows signs of sickness remove it from the others at once, without waiting for the disease to develop. Precaution often saves time and loss. If the sickness is not contagious no harm will be done by removing the animal. Where the disease is contagious the bodies of the animals that have died should be burned or buried deep, as the disease may reappear at some future time unless precaution is used to guard against it. The whole premises should also be thoroughly disinfected.

A New Thought About Milking.

A correspondent of the Iowa Homestead thinks he has discovered a new way of milking that increases the

flow of milk. He used to milk with "one hand up while the other was down." He now milks with "both hands up and down together, instead of alternately." This is no new way of milking. The writer has milked both ways, using both during the milking, as seemed handy and the easier for the hands. But he never thought of experimenting to see if the two ways affected the flow of milk differently. The correspondent referred to thinks he has increased the flow of milk from one cow by the simultaneous movement of both hands at least 8 or 10 per cent, and from another, 4 or 5 per cent. Now, we are not aware that all the mysteries of milking are known, and would be glad if our readers would make a thorough experiment, as suggested, and report to us the result.

Hints About Horses.

Medical Classics. It costs more to keep a poor horse than it does to keep a good one.

Change the feed for your horses often enough to make them relish it. Improper feeding is the cause of nine out of ten cases of sickness among horses.

Every time you worry your horses you shorten their lives and days of usefulness. Sweat and dust cause the horse's shoulders to gait. So do poor, ill-fitting collars.

The temperature of water for horses is not so much of an object as the purity of it. While it is best to have the water cool, it is more important to have it free from all impurities.

The horse which can plow an acre while another horse is plowing half an acre, or that which can carry a load of passengers ten miles while another is going five, independent of all considerations of amusement, taste, or what is called fancy, is absolutely worth twice as much to the owner as the other.

Affection cannot be pounded in. Kind treatment insures the affection of an animal, while rough treatment is sure to cause its hatred.

It is alike dangerous to other horses and men to spare the life of a glandered horse. Glanders is a highly contagious, incurable disease, and as a rule, fatal in the human subject.

When horses are suffering from the bite of flies, or stings of other insects, sponge the parts that cannot be protected by net, with water in which insect powder has been mixed—a tablespoonful to two gallons of water.

The King of Sweden's Adventures in Spain.

From the London Vanity Fair.

The King of Sweden is relating with much relish an amusing adventure which befell him recently in Spain. It appears that while his majesty was traveling between Cordova and Madrid in the dead of night, occupying a sleeping-car in the express train, a man—a most respectable tradesman of the former place—awakening from his slumbers by the train stopping at a station, alighted in the belief that he had reached his destination. On discovering his error he attempted to regain the train, but was too late. Not to be done, however, he tore along the line after the train, and succeeded in reaching it, and jumping on the foot-board, wrenched open the first door to hand and—found himself in the presence of King Oscar and his suite, who were slumbering peacefully. The unhappy man, seeing the glittering uniforms hanging about the dimly-lighted car, guessed at once where he was, and was on the point of beating a retreat in sheer despair, when suddenly his majesty awoke, and seeing a stranger in the car stopped hastily by his companions, "Brigands!" and pointed upon the unlucky individual, followed by the Swedish ambassador and eunuchs, and seizing him began to feel for arms. His hand touching something hard his majesty shouted, "Here is a trabucco!" and drew from the intruder's pocket a long-necked flask filled with manzanilla. Meanwhile the train had stopped and, the officials arriving upon the scene, the man was questioned, and, having at last recovered from his terror at struggling with a crowned head, explained; and, after profuse apologies on both sides, returned to his own car, when once more the train proceeded.

People With Big Names.

From the London Star.

Most people if asked which family in the United Kingdom boasted the biggest average of Christian names, would reply off hand "The Royal." That is not so, however, the doubtful distinction belonging to the family of the Hon. Ralph William Lyell-Tollmach-Tollmache, whose thirteen olive branches best just 100 between them. The reventged gentleman has been twice married, and it is curious to note that the average of the first family is very much less than the second. His first wife was a cousin, who seems to have kept her spouse's weakness within bounds; but with his second wife, Dora Celopatra Maria Morena, daughter of Col. Ignacio Antonio Orellano-y-Becost, of the Spanish army, it had full swing. The first child, a boy named Lyulph Ydwallo Olin Nestor Egbert Lyonel Toedmag Hugh Erchenvenyx Sesa Esa Cromwell Orma Nevill Dysart Plantagenet. He is only 12 years old as yet, and can hardly appreciate what is in store for him but it is all Lombard Street to a China orange that by the time he reached man's estate he will be tempted to curse, not like Job, the day of his birth, but the day of his christening. And will not his sisters—particularly Miss Lyona Decima Veronica Eyrth Undine Cyssa Hylda Rawena Adele Thyra Ursula Ysabel Blanche Lelias Lysart Plantagenet-Tollmache-Tollmache—regret that marriage does not entail the charge of the whole name, and not the surname only?

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Hints for the Home.

For hoarseness, beat a fresh egg and thicken it with fine white sugar. Eat of it freely and the hoarseness will soon be relieved.

A small box filled with lime and placed on a shelf in the pantry or closet will absorb dampness and keep the air in the closet dry and sweet.

To beat the white of eggs quickly, put in a small pinch or two of salt; do not leave one particle of the yolks with the whites, or they will not froth nicely.

Chloroform will take out stains from silk, cloth or any woolen goods, but always remember to keep the bottle corked while using, or you will lose more than you use.

If a cellar has a damp smell and cannot be thoroughly ventilated, a few trays of charcoal set around on the floor, shelves and ledges will make the air pure and sweet.

Over-feeding of infants in warm weather is harmful; one of three months should not be fed oftener than every three hours; one of six months not more than five times every twenty-four hours.

In cases of sickness sand bags are preferred to hot water rubber bags, as they can be more easily adjusted to different parts of the body. These granular heaters are also to be chosen rather than soapstone or bottles for keeping the feet at normal temperature in zero weather.

Whisky will take out every kind of fruit stain for which I have ever seen it used. A child's dress will look entirely ruined by the dark berry stains on it, but if whisky is poured on the discolored places before sending it to the wash it will come out as good as new.

To make fine shirt bosoms stiff, after starching in warm boiled starch dry, and then starch in some of the cold boiled starch and fold until ready for ironing. If a wrinkle should happen to make its appearance, take a small cloth wet in the starch and rub the wrinkles out and iron again.

To remove ants from a closet the most efficacious method is to grease a tin plate with lard and place it on the closet floor under the shelves. The ants will seek the lard in preference to anything else, and in a little while the plates will be covered with them, when they can be destroyed and the plate returned for another capture.

For constipation take one pound of figs, two ounces of senna leaves (obtainable in any drug store), one cupful of good molasses. Chop figs and senna leaves quite fine, then add molasses, mix well and pack in small earthen jars or glasses. Keep well covered. Give to an adult one-half teaspoonful, to a child one-quarter teaspoonful at each dose.—Good Housekeeping.

A bad breath is certainly repulsive, and very properly so, not only because it is unpleasant in itself, but because it can always be remedied with proper care. If it proceeds from decayed teeth a dentist should be consulted; if from a disordered stomach it is a case for the physician. Two drams of chlorate of potash mixed with six ounces of rose-water will make a purifying wash, to rinse the mouth with every few hours.

Yes, we have had a good deal of complaint from customers about the shrinking of their shirts. All materials will shrink some; we generally allow half an inch for flannel, and if it is properly washed there is no reason why it should shrink perceptibly after that. The proper way is to soak the garment in the hot soapwater, never rubbing it, and put it repeatedly through a wringer. The garment should never be wrung with the hands and never put in cold water.—A Clothier in the Argus.

Nothing is much better than a piece of chamois skin for cleaning the tips and sides of patent leather on shoes, and it can be done in a few minutes. By the way, a banana skin will clean a shoe or boot very nicely in the absence of blacking and shoe polish. It was tried with great success by a traveler who happened to lose his satchel and flad himself where he could not replace any of his conveniences for the toilet.

An Italian chemist has discovered wonderful properties in the eucalyptus plant. For instance, if a piece of meat is slightly tainted, it should be wrapped in leaves of the eucalyptus and placed in the oven to bake. When taken out the meat will be found to be perfectly sweet and fresh. These leaves may be used in the same way for strong-smelling mutton or other meats. They will also preserve water perfectly sweet for four months.

The Sanitary Inspection says that every morning when the German housewife receives her quart of milk she immediately places it over the fire and brings it to a brisk boil. Boiled milk is not relished by many who are not accustomed to it; but most people come to like it decidedly after they have used it a short time. In view of the fact that milk may be the medium for the transmission of several diseases, we should do well to adopt the foreign custom of sterilizing it.

One of the most useful articles of the toilet is a bottle of ammonia, and any lady who has once learned its value will never do without it. A few drops in water takes the place of the usual amount of soap, and cleans out the pores of the skin as well as a

bleach will do. Wash the face well with a flesh-brush, and rub the lips to tone their color. It is well to bathe the eyes before putting in the drops, and if it is desirable to increase their brilliancy this may be done by drawing soapsuds in them. Always rub the eyes, when washing, from the nose.

Says Marion Harland: "I would guard one point jealously. Rightly filled, there is enough in the sphere of wife, housekeeper, and mother to satisfy any woman, whatever may be her pretensions. Of all forms of winning sentimentality I have least patience with the cry for a higher mission than that of home-making and child-rearing. As the sum of over thirty years' observation of this form of intellectual unrest and the perusal of hundreds of letters from malcontents, I assert, without fear of contradiction, that the unfortunates who raise the lamentations are in the proportion of a thousand to one, and they are almost always the least fit to take the lowest seat in the woman's kingdom."

A Capt. Kidd Story.

Ever since the recent heavy rains worked deep gullies in the old roads in the vicinity of Lordships farm in this county, and a number of gold coins of ancient date were found, there has been great excitement over what is supposed to be a clew to Capt. Kidd's buried treasures. Searching parties have been organized and all the old stories relative to the hiding place of the wealth of the bold buccaneer have been revived and have become the chief topic of conversation. The story that the old Johnson vault in the Episcopal church near the village was made the receptacle for the treasure on the return of Kidd from one of his expeditions seemed to be the most probable, and the strange performances which have taken place there for a few nights back strengthened the belief of the villagers that a search is being carried on, if really the treasure has not been found and carried away.

A few nights ago a cab was seen to drive up to the graveyard, the cemetery about midnight, and two men left it and went into the yard. They returned in about an hour and drove away. No importance was attached to this incident, but when the same thing was repeated the following night, and it became known, the town was all excitement. Rumors of body snatching, and of the discovery of the treasure and its removal by night were flying thick and fast. The cemetery was carefully searched, the old vault being the thing of particular interest. Nothing was discovered to verify the suspicions, and it was determined to form a vigilance committee and lie in wait to solve the mystery.

The next night found twenty-five men waiting for the mysterious cab and its occupants to appear. At about the same hour up it drove, and two men entered the cemetery and were lost to view among the trees.

Not a man among the twenty-five lying concealed in the bushes dared to move, and in a short time the two men, possible laden down with gold and jewels, emerged from the cemetery, and entered the cab. The driver, who all this time had sat up on the box as motionless as the marble post at the entrance of the cemetery, whipped up his horse, and disappeared in the darkness.

The next night fresh recruits were added to the party, but the cab and its mysterious occupants did not put in an appearance. A search through the cemetery failed to show any signs of the visit. The rustic fastenings of the old Johnson vault were in this same position as they had been for over 200 years.

A Bird That Dances.

Macon has the most remarkable bird in the known world, being nothing less than a musical grackle. This wonderful bird is owned by some negroes living in the vicinity of the gas works, at the foot of Mulberry street. For several weeks the employees of the gas works, as well as the electric light works in the same neighborhood, have been seen to stop every evening on quitting work and surround a lot of little negroes who daily congregate on the square near the railroad embankment. Yesterday a Telegraph man determined to see the cause of the gathering, and on proceeding to the locality found the little negroes engaged in "patting" with all their might and an old gray goose in the center of the circle dancing, first on one foot and then on the other. The gracker seemed to enjoy the dance, and thought it might read like a "take," was keeping most excellent time to the music of the children. For an hour or so that cool goose will dance the patting, always stopping when the children cease their music, and seems always ready to resume. Any one who will take the trouble to go down to the gas works any of these evenings will see the wonderful goose.—Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

Present and Old Ideas.

Between London and Edinburgh the greater part of the journey is done at a speed not exceeding 50 miles an hour; the 50 miles between Grantam and King's Cross averages 54 miles for the whole journey, and some time ago the 4:18 p.m. train from Grantam was timed to run 24 miles in 22 minutes, 1 mile being done in 46 seconds, or at the rate of 74 miles an hour. Compare this with the anticipations of the last generation. In 1825 The Quarterly Review, in an appreciative article on the proposed Woolwich railway, deprecated any wild estimates as to speed. "We will back," it said, "old Father Thames against the Woolwich railway for any sum. We trust that parliament will in all railways limit the speed to 8 or 9 miles an hour, which is as great as can be ventured on with safety."—The Nineteenth Century.

Barnum's Joke.

Paul Smith and Barnum are bosom friends. They spend many pleasant hours together. But the ever vivacious showman must have his practical jokes, and even his friend Paul was made one of his victims last week.

These two celebrities met on the grand piazza after breakfast and passing the usual morning greeting Paul Smith said: "Well, friend Barnum, how do you find things here this year?"

"I am delighted as usual," replied the cheerful showman, "and I particularly admire your enterprise in erecting so many new cottages, and in introducing running water and steam heating into your big hotel."

"Glad to hear you like it," said Paul. "Praises from a man of your years and experience give me a new heart and courage. But I will thank you still more heartily if you will frankly tell me whenever you discover anything about my hotel that is not clean up to the highest mark. I am as proud of providing the very best of everything as you are in your big show."

"That's right," responded Barnum, "a true friend will always tell us our faults. And this reminds me that there is one thing that I noticed on your table which I thought I ought to mention to you. You know that most of our food and drinks are adulterated. Yours I have generally found fresh and pure, but the ground black pepper on your table is largely adulterated with peas."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the old pioneer. "Why, I buy all my groceries from —, the wholesale dealer in New York, and they stand high for goods of pure quality."

"Can't help it," said Barnum, "you investigate it, and I'll give you \$50 if you don't find all your so-called 'pepper' is at least one-half peas."

"I will write my grocers today and give them fits. 'Half peas,' indeed! That reminds me that thirty-three years ago I ran a boat from New York to St. Johns, Canada. I often brought cargoes of peas from St. Johns and delivered them to the large coffee dealers in New York. But these grocers shall not swindle me."

Paul Smith's son immediately wrote a letter from his father's dictation, blowing his grocers sky high for selling him adulterated pepper. He told them that P. T. Barnum declared it was at least half peas, and threatened them with instant withdrawal of his patronage if they did not immediately send him a box of pure ground pepper without a single pea in it.

Three days afterward Paul received an answer from his grocers, in which they humbly asked his pardon. They confessed that there were peas in their pepper, even to the extent charged by Mr. Barnum, but they cautioned him to look out for that merry old wag of a showman, and to carefully spell "pepper," assuring him that the purest specimen in market consisted of half P's.

Paul Smith was astounded, but he took the joke in good part. In reply to the laughter and jeers of his guests, he replied: "I am sorry friend Barnum is a temperance man, otherwise I would be glad to stand a basket or two of champagne."—Adirondack Cor. Bridgeport Standard.

Great Waste Spots.

The Sahara Desert, according to Mr. Joseph F. James, is a diversified area 3100 miles long by 600 wide. Summer is its only season, its days scorching, its nights cold. Its soil is chiefly gravel and coarse sand. Its oasis enable caravans to cross it, although much of the area is otherwise waterless and destitute of all vegetation and animal life. The Desert of Globe, the Asiatic Sahara, is more than 1800 miles long and 500 wide. It is a plateau 5000 feet high, and a waste of sand and rock, with few oases, and only five trees in a distance of 500 miles. Ice forms nearly every night, and the temperature often falls to 30° or 40° below zero.

The interior of Australia rivals these two great deserts, and is the most terrible of all to travelers on account of its heat and lack of water. It contains about one-half million square miles, and the northern part is almost entirely destitute of vegetation. The Arabian desert is a sandy waste of about 50,000 square miles, dotted here and there with a few stunted bushes or dwarfed palms. A characteristic of this and other Asiatic deserts is the suffocating simoon. A large part of Persia is a desert tract, in which vegetation is so rare that one may travel 300 miles, and see only one tree. Here the salt desert, with a porous crustured surface, often extends 100 miles in length by half as much in width. In South America the Puna extends for 350 Spanish miles in length at an elevation of 12,000 feet. A brown grass covers the ground, there are but few trees, and a single tuberous plant alone can be cultivated. Animal life is comparatively abundant. Another desert of Peru, now partially subdued by man and crossed by a railroad, stretches 1200 miles along the Pacific, from eight to fifty miles wide. The Great American Desert of the United States is a basin region of many hundreds of square miles of rock, sand and alkali, with a scanty growth of sage brush, and a little animal life.

The Growing Fig.

A Californian paper merits some of the peculiarities of the fig. It has no blossoms, and evidently requires breathing places, for from the little ducts at the end there are minute ducts of airspaces which run through the fruit and clear into the stem. If, in drying, the fig is not placed as it grew on the trees the fruit soars and molds. The fruit does not hang from the tree, but inclines upwards, held by the stem, and this button, or mouth, opens toward the sun. If not so placed when being dried the button is shaded, and the fruit then spoils.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' Romance.

From the New York Sun.

One lovely and illustrious old maid has become a wife. She is Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, authoress of many exquisite religious books, one of which is the famous "Gates Ajar." She also wrote "Old Maids' Paradise," and was regarded by her friends as confirmed by choice in single blessedness. Marriage had certainly been optional with her ever since her girlhood, but she habitually declared she would never wed. Nevertheless she is the bride of Herbert D. Ward.

There is a little story to tell about Rev. William Hayes Ward, editor of the Independent. "Last winter the senior Ward took up Miss Phelps' latest book carelessly," said this informant, "as he sat in his sanctum, and glanced over its pages. He immediately became interested, and kept on reading to the neglect of more important duties, until the time came for him to go home. He walked to the South Ferry with his mind still absorbed in what he had read, and he was so distracted with it that, in crossing the crowded street to get to the ferry entrance, he allowed himself to be run over by a heavy truck and very badly injured. Some of his ribs were broken and for a day or two his life was considered in danger. The driver who had run him down was arrested, but Dr. Ward declared that no blame attached to him.

"It was together with my own fault," he said. "My mind was engrossed with something else than taking care of my body just then or it wouldn't have happened."

"When the season of outing came around, Dr. Ward was barely convalescing, and his son took him on a yachting cruise. They stopped at Gloucester, Mass., near which Miss Phelps had a summer residence and the neighborhood of which she had long before stirred up immensely by her story of 'Jack-a' which the people thereabouts were described and not altogether agreeably. The Wards visited Miss Phelps, getting an introduction through a friend and at the earnest desire of Dr. Ward, who had become greatly interested in the authoress through a perusal of her works while recovering from the accident which she had indirectly caused. All through the most summer the Wards hung about Gloucester, and it became apparent to observers that this was due to the son rather than to the father. Although the former was hardly thirty-five years old and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps is something like fifty, their relations took on an unmistakable aspect of courtship. The result was the marriage ceremony at the Phelps seashore cottage, East Gloucester, a short time ago."

Only a Juggler's Trick.

Japan Correspondent St. Louis Globe. The lights were turned low, and while a rough cross of poles was being set up the general played wild discords on a weary old melo-ton, and his orderly worked an ancient accordion. A rack was brought out, and later two women were brought on and bound, the one to the cross and the other to the rack. The general dosed them with something, apparently chloroform; played another weird tune, and then in the most professional way used the stethoscope. This scientific testing of the patient's heart-beats told the Japanese part of the audience. The excitement deepened. After that the general took a sword and apparently plunged it through and through the body of the patient on woman on the rack, who uttered in a realistic manner that it was hard to hold to the red-paint and spring-blade theory. Next the woman on the cross was stabbed with shears, but of that preceding the ladies of our party only heard, as, after the first horrible sight of the woman on the rack, faces were covered and faces fanned from the sickening spectacle. The Japanese cheered wildly as the bodies were carried back and apparently thrown in a lake, but in a few minutes they came walking on the stage in bedraggled foreign dresses and wildly-feathered hats. The show left a most unpleasant impression on one, and, although I have seen a small boy put in a boiling cauldron and apparently cooked for ten minutes, and a woman held under water for a quarter of an hour at a time, none of them caused such sickening shudders as the crucifixion.

Her Beard Was Long.

From the Chicago Herald. A Chicago newspaper man, who went to Atlanta, Ga., to accept a position on the Constitution, recently came across a paragraph in a country exchange to the effect that a young woman named Littlejohn, residing at Jacksonville, Ala., had a beard five feet nine inches in length. The Atlanta article gives this to Kohl & Middleton, dime-museum men. The museum man at once wrote letters to the postmaster at Jacksonville, asking about Miss Littlejohn and making her a big offer to appear at his museum if she really had such an abnormal growth of beard. A few days afterwards he received the following letter from Jacksonville in answer to his inquiries, and he is still laughing over it: "You favor at hand in regard to Littlejohn woman with beard five feet nine inches long. This is a local joke, which grew out of the woman's marrying a man named Beard."

Yours, "L. W. Grant."

The Traveling Salesman.

It may safely be stated that not one drummer in ten likes his situation. After the novelty of the life wears off, an intense loathing of the "road" grows upon him. There is something utterly repugnant to the average man in being obliged, willy nilly, to hurry from place to place as if driven by an antique fury. To a married man it is especially so, and therefore most drummers are young and single.—C. L. Betts in the Epoch.