

SWEET ROSE.

Sweet rose, smiling in the light,
Lace this fair world born
A little faded bud at night,
A fever of break of morn
Yet there a tiny tress of dew
Within thy heart's first hour,
Though earth is glad and life is new,
And thou art sweet and fair!

Sweet rose, unfold thy heart and shed
Thy perfume wider yet,
Though soon the summer hours are fled,
Thy fate, sweet rose, forget!
With fragrance all the garden fill,
That those who pass and see
Shall deem the bright world brighter still
Because of it and thee!

Sweet rose, God made thee fair to take
Thy tiny place and part,
To soothe some spirit like to break,
To cheer some burdened heart,
Weep not for aught that fate may send,
But, ere thy day is spent,
Live out thy life unto its end,
Then die and sleep content!
—Chambers' Journal.

"CUTHBERT'S CRIME."

THE editor of the Covent Garden Magazine presents his compliments to Mr. Percy King, and begs to return the accompanying MS., which has already appeared in the columns of the Hyde Park Miscellany. The editor would further point out that it is a serious attempt at fraud to submit a MS. concurrently to two publications.

Percy King, with his untasted breakfast before him, sat staring in amazement at this totally unexpected and altogether unpleasant communication. What could it mean? He had not submitted his story of "Cuthbert's Crime" to any other magazine than the Covent Garden, nor was there any apparent possibility of such a thing being done by anyone else. And yet the editor could not be mistaken. In any case, there was that month's Hyde Park close to him, on the writing table, and he could easily prove the editor's statement. He picked it up, hastily turned over the leaves and soon found what he sought.

Yes, there it was: "Cuthbert's Crime; a Tale of the City," by Percy King. The young author sat down again, tugging viciously at his mustache—a sure index to his present state of mind. When pleased, Percy would slowly fondle and smooth this straw-colored appendage; when thoughtful or concerned, he would twist its long, silky ends; when enraged or excited, he would strive to tear it out by the roots. "Percy's barometer," men had called it at Oxford.

At last he seemed to have made up his mind how to act, for he rose suddenly, upsetting his poor little terrier, who had taken her usual place at his feet. Polly yelped painfully, and her master swore audibly. "Mrs. Gadd," he called, as he reached the little dingy hall, "I'm going out, and shall be back to lunch."

"Yes, sir," said the voluble little woman—Percy's friend, Lord, had summed her up once as "voluble, valuable and voluminous"—"but surely you ain't goin' out without havy breakfast, an' sich a blither cold mornin', too?"

"Confound the breakfast," growled Percy, and Mrs. Gadd withdrew, in offended dignity—she was a "Plymouth sister"—to her own stuffy little sanctum. Without further parley, Percy swung into the "livery" cape, and, regardless of east wind and sleet, made his way toward the temple. In one of the little streets close by there was a long-unpainted house, the door of which stood wide open, giving free access to an unwashed hall. "Tudor Chambers" was inscribed on the brass door-plate, and "Wm. Lord, Solicitor," was depicted in quite fresh paint over a set of offices on the second floor, one of which Percy now entered.

"Well, old man, and why so early?" was his occupant's cheery greeting. "Halloo! barometer set stormy?"—as Percy jerked at that tell-tale mustache. "Sit down, O King Percy, fill your pipe, and unbosom your crime-laden soul."

"I've real worry enough, Lord Bill," without any of your Surrey drama tags," responded Percy, sinking into the "client's chair," and accepting from his friend's hands the jar, well filled with Latakia. He filled and lighted his pipe, and then handed the editor's note to the youthful-looking solicitor. "What do you think of that, Bill? A pleasant pick-me-up?" he queried.

His host read it slowly through twice, and then turned to Percy. "Imprints, it of course goes without saying that 'your Majesty' is incapable of such a dirty trick; and I know your methods in business matters too well to imagine that it has happened from inadvertence. Somebody has obtained a copy of your story, and has sent it in to the Hyde Park. When did you write 'Cuthbert's Crime,' and when did you write it in? Give me precise dates. If you can, old fellow."

Percy drew his pocket diary out, and turned over the pages slowly. "I wrote it at Rhyl in September, it was typed" at Mme. Citoienne's on my return to town in October, and was sent to the Covent Garden just before Christmas. I was in Spain, as you are aware, during six weeks, and all my manuscripts were securely locked up during my absence, and apparently untouched on my return. The Garden accepted it Jan. 9, and the thing has appeared in the March number of the Hyde. Now you have it all."

Lord reflected for a few moments. "It is perfectly plain," he at length said, "that access to the story could be obtained only at two times—when it was typewritten and when you were away. Mrs. Gadd is far too fierce a Cerberus to allow any stranger to touch your room and her honesty is above reproach. We may say the latter of Mme.

Citoienne also, but it may—I say, may—be possible that not all her typists can resist temptation. May I look at the transcript?"

He eyed it carefully, and then made a minute examination of it, letter by letter. "Look here, Percy," he exclaimed at last, "I have a ciew—slight enough, but enough to show if the Hyde copy was 'typed' by the same machine. The capital Q occurs in all nine times; in each case an O has been used instead, and the little tail has been added with a pen. We will now go and call on Hartland, the editor of the Hyde Park."

Making their way through the Temple, they passed through the wind-swept streets to the corner of Holborn Circus, where the offices of that magazine were situated, and sent in their cards. Mr. Hartland was in, and would see Mr. King and his friend.

"Delighted to meet you, Mr. King," blipped the dapper, bald-headed little man as they entered; "delighted to meet our gifted new contributor."

"I have never in my life contributed to the Hyde Park Miscellany," said Percy, shortly, impatiently pulling the ends of the "barometer."

"You amaze me. Why, surely—" began the other, when William Lord broke in, and in a few words explained the state of affairs, to the editor's manifest astonishment.

"Then you want me—"

"To give us the address of your correspondent, and to allow us to inspect the manuscript."

"Certainly." And the editor opened a drawer and produced a number of filed letters. "Here is the receipt for my check, signed Percival King, 3 St. Chad's pl., Westminster."

"I always sign as Percy, and I live in Bloomsbury, and that isn't my handwriting," exclaimed the young author, regardless of his friend's warning hand. Mr. Hartland, meanwhile, was shouting through a speaking tube, and a boy shortly appeared with a roll of paper.

"That is the typewritten copy of 'Cuthbert's Crime,' which I received on Oct. 28 and accepted a week later," said Mr. Hartland, consulting a ledger.

Lord closely scanned the paper roll, looking at certain passages very closely indeed. "The method of the fraud is clear," he said at length. "Two copies of my friend's manuscript have been made by a multiplying process. One was dispatched to his address, the other to the Hyde. The paging, etc., are identical, and you may see the pen-erected 'Q's' in each."

"Yes, that is so," assented Percy and the editor. "What is your next step?" asked the latter.

"We will proceed at once to St. Chad's place, and interview the impostor," answered the lawyer; and, after thanking Mr. Hartland for his courtesy, the two friends withdrew.

They stopped on reaching the street, to consider their method of procedure. Eventually they decided to lunch first, and it was nearly 3 o'clock when a "bus set them down at the corner of St. Chad's place."

Lord at once called his client's attention to a dusty card in the window of No. 3, which proved to be a small stationer's shop. It read: "Letters received here."

"We must be wary, my boy; it's a deep game. If I try to bluff, mind, you back me up."

A very stout, little old woman, clad in widow's weeds, waddled clumsily in from the tiny parlor beyond the shop. "What do ye want, gentlemen?" she queried, in a hoarse, asthmatic whisper.

"We must see Mr. Percy King at once," was the solicitor's answer.

"Lor' bless yer, sir, 'e don't live 'ere; 'e only calls for 'is letters 'ere," gasped the old dame.

"What is he like?" asked Lord.

"Why? 'is pore feller in trouble?"

Lord drew himself up, and pointed to Percy. "That is Mr. King. Someone has persecuted him, and obtained money fraudulently by using his name. Tell us all you know, or we may regard you as an accomplice."

"All right, then," said the fat woman, more huskily than ever. "My Mr. King is a handsome young feller."

The two men started. Their suspicions were becoming certainties. "She's short, an' she's dark, and she's pretty," the stout dame continued; "an' she wears a navy blue jacket and a queer silver ring on 'er 'and."

"That will do," said Percy; "I know the lady." And he hastily explained that he had noticed a queer silver ring of Indian workmanship on the finger of one of Mme. Citoienne's typists, when he once called to complain of certain errors in some work which she had copied for him.

"Do you expect an early visit from Mr. King?" asked William Lord.

"Yes, sir; she'll call to-night; leastways, I expect as 'ow she'll 'cause 'ere's a letter for 'er, vot 'as bin 'ere since Wednesday."

"About what hour does she usually come?"

"About sixin, gentlemen."

The two friends withdrew. "We will go and have a hundred up' at 'pills,' and come back to meet your 'feminine counterpart,'" suggested Lord. Percy agreed, and they departed.

At 7 o'clock they stood within a passage nearly opposite No. 3, St. Chad's place, with collars turned up to their ears, for the sleet of the morning had given place to driving snow. After waiting some minutes, a "bus passed the corner, and a woman alighted and entered the little stationer's shop. They crossed, and looked through the window. Yes, she answered to the fat lady's description, and they accordingly followed her indoors. Lord addressed her.

"Good-evening, madam. Allow me to introduce you to Mr. Percy King, whose existence you have forgotten, or you would have not made use of his name."

"Wh—wh—what do you mean?" tremblingly asked the girl—for she was little older. The solicitor pointed to the letter in her hand, and sternly asked, "Do you read the Hyde Park Miscellany?"

The woman sank half-fainting into a chair.

"We are waiting for your explanation. Am I to send for the police?" queried William Lord.

"No, no; for heaven's sake, no," the poor child moaned, her voice broken by violent sobs. "It was—I was mad—my mother was ill—the doctor said—'and good living—and I earned—10 shillings a week—and it seemed—so easy—and I thought—I could—never—be found out. Forgive me—and I will—pay you back—the money—every—penny of it. But—don't let—poor mother—know it—it would—break—her heart."

"Call a cab, Bill," whispered the young author, whose soft heart was already melted by the poor girl's penitence and evident distress. "We will get her confession drawn up and signed in your room, to set things right with the Covent Garden, and then, poor child, we'll take her home to her mother."

This was the course he persisted in following, despite the lawyer's opposition. Nor did Effie Gray lose her situation at Mme. Citoienne's—at least, not then; and yet, as certain "just causes and impediments" were not forthcoming on three recent Sundays, it is perhaps correct that a new typewriter with no defective "Q's" has lately been installed in Mrs. Gadd's front parlor, which will soon be manipulated by Mrs. King's deft fingers.—From London Tit-Bits.

QUER STORIES

There is to be a new electric light-house placed on Fire Island that will have the estimated power of 45,000,000 candles, making it the most powerful artificial light in the world.

The first book printed in the limits of the United States was the "Bay Psalm Book," which was issued in Cambridge, Mass., in 1640. Specimens of this publication are extremely rare and command very high prices.

If the inhabitants of the fixed stars had powerful enough telescopes to see us, they would not see us as we are today, but as we were fifty, one hundred years, or even longer ago, for it would take light that long to travel to them.

Mathematical calculations show that an iron ship weighs 27 per cent. less than a wooden one, and will carry 115 tons of cargo for every 100 tons carried by a wooden ship of the same dimensions, and both loaded to the same draught of water.

Three of the best New York Central men testify that they would never under any circumstances reverse their engines in order to bring the train to a stop. When they had to stop a train in the shortest possible distance, they shut off the steam and applied the air, and did nothing else; there was only one quicker way to stop a train, and that was to run into something. They agreed that upon reversing, the back pressure in the cylinders was so great as to lock the drivers and cause them to slide, thus losing the braking power of the locomotive. Neither did they approve of sanding the tracks, for nothing seemed to be gained by it.

Chinese Economy.

No people in the world can exceed the Chinese in the matter of economy. They waste nothing. The old cast-off account book of the merchant is cut into pieces and oiled to serve, instead of glass, in windows or lanterns. A coolie who has a six hours' march with a heavy burden will return to his point of departure without having broken his fast, in order to save the two cents his breakfast would have cost away from home. Nothing is more curious than to see them eat, although, with their famous chopsticks, they do not perform all the wonderful feats generally supposed. Everything is served them in bowls or saucers, and with the chopsticks they raise the pieces of meat or fish to the mouth, with sufficient grace. Each one has a bowl of rice, which he holds near his lips, and with the aid of the chopsticks he pushes the contents into his mouth.

It is curious to see them pick up with their chopsticks the grains of rice that fall on the ground. The children are taught this art from their earliest years; nothing must be lost, not even the smallest grain.

When Used to Excess.

Ordinary articles of consumption have a bad effect upon the body if used to excess. Not a few men have had their eyesight permanently affected by smoking too much, and the deafness of a very noted man of letters is to be traced to the fact that he had been for years a tea drunkard. That snuff may produce paralysis is well known, but it seems almost incredible that a man may go mad through consuming too many eggs. Nevertheless, there is no doubt that to eat too many of them produces a kind of nervous excitement which may lead even to murder. Too much beef for a weak-brained boy tends to make him an idiot, and the number of men whose mental vigor has been sapped by constantly drinking strong coffee is extraordinary.

An Old Work on Mathematics.

The Rhind manuscript, now in the British museum, is the oldest intelligible mathematical work extant that has ever been deciphered.

Odorless Onions.

The Chinese cultivate an odorless onion.

Money is the root of the manufacturing plant.



THE United States in 1861 was so much better prepared for offensive and defensive war than it was in 1861 that it is difficult to institute comparison. When President Lincoln called for volunteers in April, 1861, companies and regiments were organized within two or three days. Young men came in from the country, some of them barefoot, and men in villages and cities left their trades and their business, eager to enlist and go forward. They had no idea of military service and no conception of war, but they were so eager for war that they could not bear with patience a week's delay.

It seemed to all these men that it was worse than folly to hold them for weeks in camps of instruction. They did not know how to keep step, to come to right face or left face, did not know how to shoulder arms, or to handle rifles or muskets, but they wanted to be immediately into battle. One of the hallucinations of the times was that every volunteer company could select its own arms and mark out its line of service. In hundreds of cases in the rural districts companies were organized with a preamble to the declaration of enlistment that the company should be armed with new Springfield rifles or Sharp's rifles. They all seemed to believe at the time that it was only necessary for the Government to say the word and all of the volunteers would have at once the most improved rifles then manufactured. The disgust of such men, when they were compelled to drill for some weeks with pine sticks and were given old smooth bore muskets just before going into active service, was so grotesque in its manifestation as to be amusing.

In many cases companies furnished with old muskets mutilated or refused to accept the guns. They did not know that their action came under the head of mutiny; they thought they were asserting their manhood. The Government had to temporize in all such cases, and in handling such companies or regiments men like Rosecrans were of great service. I remember one case in which a thousand indignant, stubborn men were standing in line, having refused to accept the guns that were ready for them. A regular army mustering officer had told them in his blunt way the consequence of insubordination. The General who was to command the brigade came up at this juncture, and, instead of scolding or disciplining the men, explained to them the need of drill, the necessity of having some sort of musket or rifle in hand, that they might be prepared for actual work. He said nothing about mutiny or about insubordination, but made his explanation an appeal to patriotism. The men took up the guns and the regiment became one of the finest in the Union army.

There were cases in which men were ordered to the field with only two or three days' drill in the manual of arms. Still, they labored under the impression that they were efficient soldiers, and that they were masters of war. Our regiment made a night attack with only one cartridge to the man. As the regiment was formed ready to move forward I noticed the senior captain standing apart with a distressed look on his face. I knew that he had seen service, and I went to him with the question what he thought of the situation. He said, impatiently, "It is ridiculous. It is absolutely pitiful. I have known men to come out of an engagement with empty cartridge boxes, but I never knew of a case where raw troops were sent into an engagement with empty cartridge boxes."

The spirit of the men was so high, their eagerness for battle so fierce, that they did not think once of how they were to get through the engagement. The senior captain was given command of the advance, and there was a queer look on his face as he ordered the eager men forward, instructing them under no circumstances to fire. He had a voice like a bugle call, and as the skirmishers deployed and the advance line manoeuvred under his ringing orders, I saw his strategy. In some way he conveyed the impression that those raw troops were veterans, and that they knew just what they were about. Fortunately, the enemy did not make a stand; but suppose they had resisted? That regiment with empty cartridge boxes would have been sacrificed.

"I remember," said the Captain, "when our company, a village company made up of farmers' sons, college boys from home from school, mechanics and tradesmen, was formed, we settled in our own mind that we would go into the field armed with squirrel rifles, and we selected as captain a middle-aged man, who was the best shot in the township. We were going into the service as sharpshooters, or not at all. We hired a young fellow who belonged to one of the militia companies in a neighboring city to drill us, paying him \$10 a day. As he was employed at that much a week, he was eager to drill us, and we in some way received the impression that his knowledge of the manual made him a superior being.

"Certainly we got from him all the knowledge that a man of his caliber could give, which was not much. When these ninety-four stalwart, red-shirted men took the train for the camp, sixty or eighty miles distant, the people cheered them as though they were going into battle. When they went marching into camp the other companies cheered them because they were such magnificent fellows. All this stimulated the confidence and pride of the men, but as a matter of fact there was not a single trained soldier in the ranks. They knew the facings; they knew how to march; but they did not know the manual of arms, and they went into their first skirmish, not with squirrel rifles, not with Sharp's rifles, but with old muskets, and comparatively few of the men knew how to handle them.

"They were attacked by a superior force of mounted Confederates, with little more experience than themselves, and after two or three rounds gave way, under the belief that their old muskets were of no service at all. Up to this time the country boys of the company had been the butt of a good many jokes, but I noticed as the company began to retire that the left of the line, where the country jakes were grouped, held fast. I noticed also that the men there were behind trees, or in a group behind a fence, all handling their muskets as they would have handled their rifles in a squirrel hunt, and that every time a musket was fired from this group there was a commotion among the Confederates. As our retreating men turned to see what had stopped the Confederates' advance, they were surprised to see two men tumble from their saddles; to see horses go down here and there. Then they turned to look at the country boys, who were shooting to kill. They saw that the old muskets were of service. They returned to the line with a cheer, and as the cavalry company retired they charged forward and drove the enemy from the field.

"The men at that time were not drilled, but they learned in that one engagement the power of men who could shoot, and in the next few weeks they all became good shots. When, later in the war, they were armed with Enfield rifles, and at a later period still with Springfield rifles, they became the best shots in the army, and were classed as sharpshooters, doing good service at long range and close range. The Government that began with not enough muskets to arm its regiments under the first call for volunteers ended with rifles of the most improved pattern and had guns of every style to burn."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

"Playing Valley Forge."

"We played the Valley Forge act after the battle of Perryville," said the Captain. "We had made the long march from McMinnville, Tenn., to Louisville, Ky., with no chance to draw clothing and shoes. Requisitions were made out at Louisville, but before they could be filled we marched into Eastern Kentucky after Bragg. The indecisive battle of Perryville made the foot-race feature of the campaign more interesting, and we hurried on toward the mountains by way of Crab Orchard and London.

"The country was rough and the weather stormy. It was late in October, and we had snow at Crab Orchard. Hundreds of the men had worn their shoes to the uppers, and many marched in moccasins made of blankets or gunnysacks. But every individual soldier in that army wanted to catch Bragg. When the division was turned back at London our captain asked all the men in the company who had not serviceable shoes to step out of line. All the men except six stepped out. Other companies were as bad, and the Colonel explained that if the men without shoes could not keep up they must keep together, push forward as they could stand it, and report at Glasgow as soon as possible.

"The division moved by easy marches to Glasgow, the lame ducks following more slowly. For three or four days the country was full of stragglers, moving, however, in an orderly way. They had been instructed to take care of themselves, do the best they could, and report to their regiments at Glasgow, and they felt in honor bound to carry out instructions. The morning after the snow I traced one party by the blood from their feet, and I expected to come on a very disconsolate crowd. Instead, I found a dozen stalwart fellows around a fire in a cabin, making a frolic of wrapping their feet for the next march. At Glasgow we found shoes and were soon shod for the march on Nashville.

"We came down the Kanawha and the Ohio," said the Major, "in midwinter. We had been in winter quarters at Charleston, but in February were ordered to Kentucky. We crowded on board light-draft steamboats, rolled ourselves up in blankets, and let the world wag for three or four days. Then we were landed at Camp Joe Holt, in Indiana. Scarcely were we in camp when the Colonel explained that every man who would give his word to return in six days might go home. We all went home, asking no questions about furloughs or transportation. On the morning of the sixth day the Colonel published a card in the Cincinnati papers giving the hour at which men must be in camp. They were there."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Base Slander.

"Is it true, my good man," said the kind-hearted woman who was working off some homemade cake on the tramp at the back door, "that you itinerant gentlemen never take a bath?" "Madam," said the tramp, proudly, "it is not true. Hardly a day passes that I go without my sun bath."—Yonkers Statesman.

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ADULTERATION OF FOOD.

English Are Adepts in the Detection of Adulteration of Food.

"From time to time one reads so much in the newspapers concerning the adulteration of American food," said an eminent New York analytical chemist to the writer recently, "that the average consumer might be tempted to believe that this is the only country in which such fraud and deception is practiced. But this is far from being the truth, for during a recent visit to England I had occasion to test the quality of various eatables there, and the result was that I found they contained a much larger percentage of deleterious matter than our own products possess.

"For instance, bottled fruits are in England colored green by the addition of copper in the form of the sulphate ('blue-stone'). A knife blade immersed in the juice of the fruit will rapidly become coated with a bright deposit of metallic copper. The English have not adopted the simple and harmless plan which the French have of giving an apparent green color to their preserved fruits and olives by the use of bottles made of green glass. Sauces, potted meats and fish are constantly adulterated or colored by means of Armenian bile. This is done partly from custom, but chiefly to conceal the dirty appearance of the pastes and sauces. The British public will have its anchovy sauce red. The uncolored sauce is unsalable, though the superior to the red abomination, the filth being removed from the former, while in the latter it is merely concealed by the Armenian bile. Jams are adulterated by the mixture of inferior fruits. Marmalade frequently contains apple pulp or even turnips. Coloring matter and artificial flavorings are freely used.

"An ingenious industry goes on largely in London which is wholly unsuspected by the public. Raspberries, oranges and other fruits are purchased by the wholesale chemists and the juices extracted. Then the pulp is bought at a low price by the manufacturers of cheap jams for flavoring and placed upon the market as 'fine new season jam' or marmalade. Mustard is adulterated with flour and turmeric; pepper with husks of seeds and any kind of dust that comes handy to the dishonest vendor. So that the business of the drug grinder offers just as much temptation to the adulterator in England as it does in America."

Melodies of War.

During the middle ages, when every man was a soldier, each great family had its war cry, generally the name of the leader of the clan. The Bourbons roused to battle when the shrill cry of "Bourbon!" rang on the air. France's kings shouted "Montjoye St. Denis," while the crusaders responded to "Dieu le vent"—"It is the will of God."

Many of the mottoes on family crests to-day are nothing but these old war cries. As to war songs they seem to have been the earliest poetical development of nations. Sparta, the most warlike of the Greek nations, was the most musical and Lycurgus introduced choros songs in his army.

Julius Caesar had his men sing songs of triumph after a victory and some of the verses are in existence to-day. Edward I. had the Welsh bards put to death because he thought they incited the soldiers to battle. In Spain many traces of Roman war songs are to be found. Spanish and Portuguese war songs were called romances. The Old, written in the twelfth century, has always been the martial inspiration of the Spaniards. What the Old is to Spain the Roland is to France. The "Chanson de Roland" has been sung since the eleventh century and has 1,500 verses.

Russian battle songs are written in minor keys and instead of being brilliantly martial are sad, telling of the soldier's fate. The Turks have no war songs except those they have translated from other tongues. Germany has much military music and that those in power appreciate the influence music has on soldiers is shown by the fact that the German army contains 10,000 musicians.

Vest Sings Like a Crow.

One day, in the Senate, Senator Vest of Missouri, in the midst of an impassioned speech, recited one of Milton's poems in a very tragic manner.

"The author of that great poem," said Vest, in an impressive undertone, "was John Milton—and it has been set to music by the great Beethoven."

There was a religious silence all over the Senate, when Senator Proctor, whose face had assumed the forlorn and forbidding expression of a professional mourner, arose and remarked in a deep bass voice that was heard all over the Senate chamber:

"Vest, sing it!"—New York Mail and Express.

Dressmaker's Valuable Book.

The wife of one of the most noted Paris dressmakers has a valuable book—valuable because in future years it will be a complete record of the feminine dress of to-day. Each page has small pieces of the fabrics, linings, laces and trimmings of gowns made for customers. The Queen of Italy, the Czarina, Empress Eugenie, the Queen Regent of Spain, Sarah Bernhardt, Carmen Sylva, Otero and the Queen of Hawaii are all represented.

Marriage in the Philippines.

Rev. M. M. Parkhurst, who has lived in the Philippines for many years, says that when a couple wish to marry in the Philippines they must first pay a fee of \$30 to the priest, who otherwise will not marry them. As a native rarely earns more than \$5 in a month he seldom has the necessary marriage fee, so that common law marriages are the frequent result.

The only effective way to react with a man is to punish him.