TAKING THE CENSUS.

Fun on Jefferson Avenue and Remunerative in the Seventh Ward.

"Say, old fellow, the next time a ensus of births and deaths is to be taken, don't you fail to get a job in one of the big-bug wards!" exclaimed olly Nick Tisler to a reporter a few

days ago. "Don't believe I'd like it. Always makes me sick to go around mixing eer."

"There's low of fun in it." "What in drinking fifteen or twenty kinds of beer?"

"No in taking the census. You'll never know how cussed lazy some people are until you take a big book under your your arm and go around asking questions. I've been around." "Where did you find the laziest

"Upon Jefferson avenue. don't know as she is real lazy, but up there they're so stuck up they wouldn't come to the door if you rung the beli all day, for fear you'd think they was the servant. At one house I rang the bell seven times—the girl was out to the shed, I s'pose, and the woman was a-settin' in the bay window about four feet from me, and looking at me all the time.

"At another house I seen the women up stairs at the window as I went up the front steps. A fat, good-looking girl came to the door and I commenced

girl came to the door and I commenced iring questions at her. "Any children been born here during the last year?' says I. "Don't know, says she, I hain't been here but three weeks. I'll go and ask missis,' and away she toddled up stairs. Pretty soon she came toddling back and says: "Missis wants to know what you want to know for?" ""Tell her I am taking the city cen-

""'Tell her I am taking the city cen-sus, as required by law each year," says I, and away scooted the girl again. When she got back she said:

"'Ies." "How many?' says I. "'Only one,' says she. "'Boy or girl?' says I. "'Girl,' says she. "'What's her name?' says I. "'Dimple,' says she. " 'That's her baby name,' says I. "What's her real, full name?' "Util'll ask missis,' says she, and up

"'I'll ask missis,' says she, and up she went

" Beatrice Branscombe Brown, says she.

"'I'll ask missis,' says she, and I whistled 'The Watch on the Rhine' clear through before she came back. "'Day before Christmas,' says she. "'What is her father's name?' says

" Mr. Brown, of course, says sho.

"What's his first name? says I. "'I'll ask missis.' The girl was fat and she'd begun to puff by that time, and she waddled as she went up the

" 'Benjamin Bruce Brown,' says she. " 'What does he do for a living?'

Bays 1 "''Keeps a store,' says she. "'What's her mother's name?' says

"Betholinda Berthelet Brown,

says she. "Just then the woman came to the head of the stairs, and says:

"Seems to me you're asking great many impertinent questions."

just ten miles southeast of New Oreans, on the east side of the river, at the Lake Borgne canal outlet. There the gulf is six miles east, while where I stood it was fifty-five miles away, and were a side mouth made there at the Lake Borgne outlet, two miles wide and fifteen feet deep, at most, the outflow of the surface water of the the outflow of the surface water of the river would be so great that there could not be any overflow, and. con-sequently, the problem of how to dry Louisiana is easily solved. When that is done, then the Harvey or Bara-taria gulf-water ship canal could easily be made five hundred feet wide, fifty feet deep, and straight as a pole, due south to the gulf. fifty five miles, and through which could pass the biggest ship that could be made. Gulf water should be used, and thus keep out the ship that could be made. Guil water should be used, and thus keep out the settlings of the Mississippi river. These settlings now drop, after meet-ing the gulf water. three miles out from the river's mouth, and are roach-

ed up on the sea bottom just like the thread in weaving cloth, and the ships can't plow through it when drawing more than, say, twenty-five feet, and were it not for the constant dredging or passing of the screw propellers of depth, the depth would be but about twenty feet; so the rivermen told me in New Orleans quite recently.

Flowers on the Kansas Prairies.

Barbaric splendor of the scenes in Aida and L'Africaine seemed repeated as the glorious panorama of blossom ing prairie unrolled day after day. Can you picture to yourself ten acres of portulaca? or whole hillsides cur-tained with what seems a superb variety of wistaria, except that it grows on a stalk instead of hanging from a vine? Do you know how it feels not to be able to step without crushing a flower, so that the little prairie-dogs, sitting contentedly with their intimate friends the owls on the little heaps of earth thrown up around their holes, have every appearance of having planted their own front yards with the choicest floral varieties? Think of driving into a great field of sunflowers, the horses trampling down the tall stalks, that spring up again behind the carriage, so that one out-side the field would never know that a carriage-load of people were any-where in it; or riding through a "grove" of them, the blossoms towering out of reach as you sit on horse-back, and a tall hedge of them grown back, and a tail nedge of them grown up as a barrier between you and your companion! Not a daisy, or a butter-cup, or a clover, or a dandelion, will you see all summer; but new flowers too exquisite for belief; the great white prickly poppies, and the sensi-tive rose, with its leaves delicate as a maiden-hair fern, and its blossom a countless mass of crimson stamens countless mass of crimson stamens tipped with gold, and faintly fragrant. Even familiar flowers are unfamiliar in size and profusion and color. What at home would be a daisy, is here the size of a small surflower with needs size of a small sunflower, with petals of delicate rose-pink, raying from a cone-shaped centre of rich marcon shot with gold. A----had brough with her numerous packages of seeds and slips, nobly bent on having rib-bon flower beds and mosaic parterness about the house; but she sat on the steps and threw them broadcast, never

Legal Tender.

'The Niagera Falls hackman contends that he belongs to the natural scenery

and shouldn't be removed. Friction matches are now made at the rate of 24,000 per minute, and the children can have plenty to play with. Dio Lewis has lived so high while recommending everybody else to starve that he does'nt feel very well himself.

for the walls to stand up.

It takes two weeks to recover from the effects of pepper thrown into the eyes. Be satisfied to take these figures instead of the pepper.

Recent events prove that Riel had more blab than fight in his composition. He probably expected to be bought off instead of attacked.

Nicolini not only played billiards when he should have been singing for Mapleson, but he played such a poor game that everybody stuck him.

A wildcat, which escaped from the Cincinnati "Zoo" three months ago, has been the means of keeping 10,000 boys home o' nights ever since.

The Rev. Tom Beecher has made

request in his will that his body be cremated and that his widow avoid wearing black. Nothing captious about him.

What on earth the army wants of \$10,000 balloon is a mystery, but the Ordnance Board has ordered one made. Perhaps it is to give the officers an airing.

The building inspectors of Chicago have held an inquest on a structure which tumbled down, and come to the conclusion that "it probably was not substantially creeted."

They took three ounces of brains away from a Pennsylvania man without injuring his smartness in the least. There is a great deal of waste material about the human body.

A horse at Charleston tipped over a couple of bee-hives to see if they con-tained oats or bees. It pained him considerably to discover that oats weren't left lying around in that shape. One reason why England shouldn't allow Russia to seize Herat is because she intends to give it a new name in case of possession. It will be called Popoffkoskovitch or some such thing. The son of Barrios, who is in school at West Point, wants to go to Guate-mala and avenge the death of his father, but his landlady has forbidden him to leave the house until his board bill is receipted.

The newspapers in Liberia have formed a ring, and run the price of advertising a lost cow or a cook want-ed up to twenty-five cents. The ex-citement is intense, and indignant crowds are holding public meetings.

A New Yorker wants a divorce on the grounds that his wife, who was a widow when he married her, said nothing about her children, but had five whom she suddenly rushed in on him before the honeymoon had waned. knowing, in the profusion of flowers that would have been there anyway, The Lowell Citizen has learned that a melon growing upon a shrub is the latest fruit novelty in California. When this new style becomes general-ly adopted melon stealing will not be

FIGHTING THE SEPOYS.

Survivor of the Indian Mutiny Tells How He Fought His Way Through India and Was Shut Up in Beleaguered Lucknow,

There is an entry in the books of the insane department at Blockley which reads: "Feb. 26, 1884, admitted; transterred to inmine department Sept. 5, 1884; James E. Dockrey, aged 45 years; nativity, New York; occupayears; nativity, New Tork; occupa-tion, teacher; social state, widower; diagnosis,—," and here there is a blank, which was yesterday filled up by Dr. Richardson verbally by the sin-gle word "dementia." This is a species of partial or temporary insanity, which, in the case of James Dockrey, takes the form of almost total oblivion regarding comparative recent events, while his memory of circumstances which occurred prior to his present affliction seems to be nearly if not

thoroughly unimpaired. James E. Dockrey has a history which, without any hesitation and with but one misstatement, he related with but one misstatement, he reinted yesterday afternoon as he sat in Dr. Richardson's office, on the third floor of the men's wing of the insane de-partment. A short, broad-shouldered man of powerful build, somewhat fal-len away from protracted confinement, a very intelligent face, covered with a table isone way destroyed by the part stubby iron-gray beard, straight hair of the same color, brushed away from the face and cut straight around, as if ment, in the characteristic obtrusive-ment, in the Characteristic but whom in the old-fashioned nautical manner

and intelligent. "In 1856, when the terrible mutiny of the Sepoys broke out in India," said he, "I was in Australia, near the town of Melbourne. The news came to us of the horrible deeds of the brutal blacks, and my blood boiled to go and born in America, my father was a Scotchman from the city of Aberdeen and my mother an Irishwoman, se I action in his administrative methods, stood acnot only had fighting blood in me, but could almost think they were my own fellow-country people the Sepoys were mascereing. I had been in India sev-eral times, and could speak one or two of the dialects quite fluently. I there-fore shipped on a trader for Bombay on the condition that I should have on the condition that 1 should leave the ship when I arrived. As soon as I got ashore I joined the Volunteer naval brigade, under the command of an officer named Stewart. We marched through the peninsula toward Calcutta. But before we got there many a time we thought we never

through the country, leaving thousands of our men, women and children on the road, killed by the most cruel and cunning enemy in the world. The sights I saw during that terrible march will never be eradicated from my memory. Delicate women staked memory. Delicate women staked alive and their limbs torn from their bodies while still living, children tied by the feet to two animals and then torn in halves-the horrible atrocities are still fresh in the minds of many who were but children then, and it is and Rodar, and then at Cawnpore, until, on the 17th of October, 1857, we reached Lucknow. There we were nearly overpowered, for there were only a few of us left. We had to fight our way through the streets of Lucknow, keeping together and holding our own as well as we could. You must remember that, although these Sepoys were more than half savages, they had had the advantage of military training under European officers. So we had to keep our eyes very wide open when fighting against well-armed, well-trained forces far outnumbering us and combining the European with eastern war tactics. Besides, they were natives, and could stand the terrible climate better than we. "Well, we managed to fight our way through them till we reached the residency, where we found a weary and horrible resting-place for nearly a month. Men and women were there already. The place was ill-adapted for a barricade, but they had made it comparatively secure for so long as the ammunition held out. Day after day passed away, and watchful sentries, carefully saving their powder and bullets, would only use them to pick off some too zealous Sepoy who seemed to be inclined to creep too near to our barricades. At night we would count our dead—for the priva-tion and horrible atmosphere killed some nearly every day—and burned them in the yard as far from the build-ing as possible. And each night spe-cial precarition was taken to grand precaution was taken to guard cial

"No, sir. All I know is that it must have been near the Fourth of July, for remember to have heard the booming of guns, and on inquiring what they were firing for was told the date. After that I remember nothing till I found myself here. I have a wife living somewhere in Canada, but I can not remember where."

Dr. Richardson said that Mr. Dockrey's case was most satisfactory. He is very considerably improved since his admission. He is a Freemason and an Odd-Fellow, and his last question to the reporter before saying good-by was:

"Have you ever traveled east?"-

Wolseley's Administrative Powers.

It has never been my good fortune to accompany a force on campaign under the command of Lord Wolseley, and I write, therefore, under some disadvantage. But the expedition which he conducted from Malta to Cyprus when he went to organize the British administration of that island was at least of a semi-military character, and the opportunity offered of watching his methods as well as a commander as a civil organizer and administrator. His leading characteristic struck me as equanimity. There were many temptations to irritation, in the detective commissariat arrangeness of the Turkish authority whom in the old-fashioned nautical matter by means of a basin, and a pair of gray eyes which, but for a weakness of the lids, rendering them somewhat the lids, rendering them somewhat the lids, rendering them somewhat trayed a sign of temper. That he was energetic one could discern, not less than that his powers of hard work— and of fruitful hard work—were exceptional; but there was no gustiness of the horrible deeds of the brutal blacks, and my blood boiled to go and fight against them. Although I was The absence of all friction in his administrative methods, stood accounted for partly by his own idiosyncounted for partly by his own idlosyn-crasy, partly—a phrase, indeed, of the other reason—because of the per-fect organization and thorough inter-working of his staff. I traveled out from home with Wolseley and his staff. The latter had to be gathered together hurriedly, but its members met, blended, and set to work in the saloon carriage between Dover and Calias, as if they had stepped into it out of a department in which they had been co-operating for years. While they settled minor points of detail, their chief meanwhile slept screnely, easy in the perfect converge based on exchief meanwhile slept serenely, easy in the perfect assurance based on ex-perience that his subordinates would deal with these as he would deal with these as deal with these as he would desire they should be dealt with. It was clear to me thus early, and the im-pression but grew in distinctness, that Wolseley was the man who decided, who decreed, the centurion who said, "Do this;" and that he had recruited for the fulfillment of his behests a set of men on whom he could rely as intelligent and devoted executants, and to whom, therefore, he could and did confide the functions assigned to each, reserving himself as the chief, unhampered by a multiplicity of details, for the big work of resolving and direct-ing. In all this he was making no experiment. He was sure of his "ma-chine;" it was of his construction; he not so long ago but that most adults remember the story. We came hand to nand several times with the black devils, at Kootapoor and at Shanghai and Radar and the story of the azine for May. Must Be Enforced. Abraham Stockton, who, during many years, lived in the southern part of Arkansaw, was, in honor to his great learning and also to the fact that he had once killed a mad dog, elected insting of the pages. The page law justice of the peace. The people were very anxious to see a case taken before the old man, for every man knew that Stockton's opinion would be one which the supreme court could not reverse. The opportunity came. A man named Eckford sued Mr. Chelsey. The litigation grew out of a dispute concerning the ownership of a lot of sheep. A jury was empaneled, the evidence was taken and the lawyers made their speeches. The verdict of the jury declared that the sheep should be equally divided. Before discharging the jury, the magistrate said : "Gentlemen, you've did your duty, but you ain't made no provisions fur the cost in this thing. The constitu-tion of the United States says that when jurymen make sich a oversight, the judge shall take the matter into his own hands. Gentlemen, I'll charge you two dollars a piece. I have heard a heap o' people talk about the judge's charge to the jury, an' I reckon some o' you will talk about this one, but if you say anything outen the way, I'll whale the whole kit and bilin' o' yer." whale the whole kit and bilin 'o'yer." "Your honor," said a lawyer, "you can't make the jury pay..." "Can't I? Wall, now it's funny if we don't. They don't git a bite to eat till the thing's settled. Boys, git your pops an' keep your eyes on the jury. The laws of this state have got to be enforced."...Arkansaw Traveler.

DOMESTIC HINTS.

GOLDEN PUDDING.

Bread erumbs, marmahade, brown sugar and suet; of each, one quarter of a pound. Beat two eggs and mix the ingredients well together. Steam in a basin for two hours and a half.

PUDDING WITHOUT MILK. Two cups of cake, cracker or bread, crumbs two cups warm water, two eggs, half cup of sugar, half cup of raisins, fresh or canned fruit, a puch of salt and a little nutmeg. Serve with sauce. PUFF PUDDINGS.

Beat six eggs; add six tablespoonfuls. of milk, six of flour, one cup of sugar and two teaspoonfuls of baking pow-der; pour into cups; bake quickly turn them out and serve with a sauce made of butter, sugar, water and nutmeg.

BANANA CREAM.

After peeling the bananas mash them with an iron or wooden spoon; allow equal quantities of bananas and sweet cream; to one quart of the mixture allow one quarter of a pound of sugar. Beat them all together until the cream is light.

DRINK FOR AN INVALID.

Beat well the yolk of one egg, place in a glass, add white sugar and lemon or vanilla to taste, fill up the glass with milk. Take the white of the egg and beat to a stiff froth, and add sugar and flavoring. Place on the top of the glass. This is excellent for invalids.

HOT POTATO SALAD.

Slice thin eight boiled potatces: cut up a white onion and mix with the potatoes; cut up some bacon into small bits, sufficient to fill a teacup, and fry it brown; remove the meat and into the grease stir three tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Pour over the potatoes and serve hot.

SPANISH BUN.

Beat the yolks of four eggs with two cups of coffee sugar; add three-quarters of a cup of butter, two cups of flour, three tablespoonfuls of baking powder. one dessert spoonful of cinnamon, one of cloves and a half nutmeg, grated. Make a frosting with the whites of the eggs.

CHICKEN PIE.

Cut the chicken up, put it in a pan and cover it with water; let it stew as usual, and when done make a thickening of cream and floup, adding a piece of butter, and pepper and salt. Have made and bake a pair of short-cakes, made as for pie crust, but roll thin and cut in small squares. This is much better that chicken pie and more

CREAM CAKE.

Beat up the yolks of three eggs with one cup of white sugar; add three tab-lespoonfuls of water and a cup and a half of flour in which you have mixed two tablespoonfuls of baking powder. Then stir in the whites of ten eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Pour into four shallow tins and bake in a hot oven. Cream: Beat one egg with three cups of white sugar. Stir in half a pint of milk with a tablespoonful of corn-starch and one-half cup of butter. Heat till boiling and spread between the cool layers of the cake.

BOILED SWEETBREADS. Sweetbreads boiled and served with canned peas, and with a white sauce, or a cup of cream poured over, make an excellent dish. Sweetbreads and mushrooms are also nice; the sweetbreads should be parboiled; about eight to one can of mushrooms is the proper proportion; after parbolling, cut them into small pieces and stew them in a little water, add the mushrooms after slicing them, and let them simmer gently for an hour; add a coffeecupful of cream, a lump of butter the size of a butternut, and pepper and salt to your taste.

The people who rent houses in New York city have made no demand for rents to come down. All they ask is

A New York State woman pointed an old pistol at a tramp and it blazed away and killed a \$35 calf. She ought to have pointed it at the calf.

should arrive. The volunteer naval brigade was part of the army under Sir Henry Havelock, and it would be no news to tell you how that army was cut to pisces and decimated long be-

fore it reached the coast. "We literally fought our way

"'Law requires it,' says I. 'Where were you born?' ''Buffalo.'

" 'How old are you?"

""'None of your busines! Matilda,

"Oh, it's fun! Say, we get ten cents apiece for births and deaths and that day I made just fifty cents, Up in Dutchtown you can make \$6 or \$7 a day."-Detroit Free Press.

The Mississippi Problem.

Capt. Cowdon says in a late letter: The city of New Orleans, geographyi-cally, is the best located city on the sphere. She is near the gulf, and has all the Mississippi basin at her back. She has an area of land 2.000 miles north of her by 1,500 miles wide, all of which has untold facilities for agriculture, manufacturing, grazing, and commerce. She, like New York, has water lines in her rear that reach out and drain the numerous tributaries to her main ditch, the great Father of her main ditch, the great Father of Waters. Perhaps you have noticed that Boston has deep water in front and railways in the rear; and, practi-cally, it is the same with Baltimore; while New York has the six by seventy foot Erie canal and lakes behind her Hudson river, and to the fact of the cheap water transportation of New cheap water transportation of New York, she owes her success as a rival ng to her doors, why wouldn't she ncrease enormously in her commer-

cial power? But there are two great problems which yearly, monthly, weekly, daily, and hourly confront the people of Louisiana, and they are these: 1. Can Louisiana get rid of her

overflows?

2. Can New Orleans harbor ships of

2. Can New Orleans harbor ships of fifty feet depth? Not long since I crossed the river at New Orleans a mile above Canal street, to "Harvey's Canal." The mile-wide, muddy, turbid stream was moving to the gulf at about the rate of three miles per hour, and, when full, it has to run down a slope of about seventeen feet in going to the gulf, at the river's mouth, 120 miles distant. I landed at Harvey's canal-dock, which is not in going to the guilt, at the river's mouth, 120 miles distant. I landed at Harvey's canal-dock, which is not try et opened to the Mississippi river on its north end, by some few rods. I walked south for less than 400 feet, when, down there is the canal, I saw rulf water just tweive feet lower than the river, only a few rods north of where I stood. You ask why don, they cut the bank two miles wide and frien feet deep, straight to the guilt, and should send clear over the bottom of the river will deepen up to the enemy and then turn the enemy and then turn the enemy and the river, and as increase the outflow that the bottom of the river will deepen up to the enemy and then turn the enemy and then turn the enemy and the sould be done, there perhaps is a better place. It is

now.

-the most useful one the most beauti-ful of all; the delicate little "buffalo-grass," for which the prairie is fa-mous, waving its tiny curled sicle of feathery daintiness as if its beauty were its only excuse for being, yet bravely "curing" itself into dry hay as it stands, when the autumn winds begin to blow, that the happy flocks may "hible, sharp-toothed, the rich, thick-growing blades" all through the winter, without their being gath-ered into barns.-Alice Wellington Rollins, in Harper's Magazine for Jane.

Bismarck's Dream.

whether hers ever came up or not. And how beautiful where the grasses

Are Austria and Russia working together for England's humiliation? The report that these great powers "have come to an understanding about the Orient," must be classed among the many statements of the day that are important if true. Austria has never been friendly to Russia. She has always stood opposed to Russia's ambition in the direction of Constantinople. During the past decade a diplomatic controversy between Vienna and St. Petersburg has gone on almost without intermission. Yet it is asserted that the most amicable relations now exist between the two governments.

Ministerial officials of Austria are claiming for Franz Joseph all the credit of having effected a settlement of the Anglo-Russian dispute. Engcity to Boston and Baltimore; and, now, then, should New Orleans have deeper ocean vessels than either of those three cites, and with water flow-those three cites, and with water flowsay, because Austria interposed at Constantinople to prevent the conclu-sion of an Anglo-Turkish convention which would open the Dardanelles to English war ships. The British cabinet became alarmed at this hostile demonstration from an unexpected quarter.

> If Austria's attitude is not misrepresented, perhaps we see the beginning of a movement for the realization of Bismarck's dream, which eliminates Turkey from the powers of Europe, extends Austrian rule to the Bosphorus, and annexes part of the German provinces of Austria to the German empire. For Russian consent to this grand scheme, Austria, with the con-sent and support of Bismarek, could afford to favor Russia's plan of reach-ing salt water by way of Afghanistan. — Cincinnati Times-Shar.

The Missouri Mule,

"It's rather strange," observed a passenger from Pittsburg, "that Eng-land should send clear over to Missouri to buy mules for use in the Soudan. wonder what that's for?"

"Tactics, my dear sir, tactics," re-plied a military looking man; "England's policy in Egypt is to get up close to the enemy and then turn tail and reretreat slowly and in good order. Here is where the mule is expected to get in his work."—Chicago Heraid.

Careless or franchulent placing of railway properties in the hands of courts should re-

near so hard on a fellow's back as it is

James Fenton took a walk in Chicago. A female at a window smiled on him. He rang the bell, was knocked down by a man, and finally recovered sense enough to understand that the smile was intended for a poodle dog on the street.

If you have a country-seat fashion demands that you must name it after the maples or beeches. If you don't happen to have one, and can hardly pay your rent in town, fashion will permit you to call the old shanty "Idlewild," "Eim Hall," or something of that sort. - Detroit Free Press.

A War Editorial.

The editor sat sadly at his desk. His mouth was puckered with the expression a man assumes when he tries to cut a tough piece of meat with a silver pie-knife. His cheeks were distended on one side by a chew of tobacco, on the other by a mouthful of

Asiatic words. "A-f af-g-a-n gan-no, g-ah-n-hang it! g-h-a-n! Afghanistan, James!" "Yessir."

"Run up to the house and tell my wife to send Tommy down with his geography the minute he gets home from school." "All right, sir."

"Let me see. How had I best advise Gladstone? I wonder whether Murgta is a man or a place. But it's getting late, so here goes:

To the thoughtful student of international politics the recent action of Gladstone cannot but appear weak in the extreme. If he had ordered the woops to attack Rawil-Pisode instead of waiting for Gen. Kushk on the banks of the Komaroff a great advaneage to England would certainly have followed, and Sarakhs, as far as Kohn-Dilain was concerned, would-----"William!

"Yessir.

"Bring me a fresh dictionary and an icowater bandage for my head."-Detroit Free Press.

Ruskin on Labor and Intellect. It is a no less fatal error to despise labor, when regulated by intellect, than to value it for its own sake. We are always in these days trying to separate the two; we want one man to be always working, and we call one a gentleman and the other an operative; whereas the workman ought often to be thinking and the thinker often to be working, and both should be gentle-men in the best sense. As it is, we make both ungentle, the one envying, the other despising his brother, and the mass of society is made up of morbid thinkers and misorable workers. Now, it is only by labor that thought can be made happy; and the profes-sional should be liberal, and there should be less pride felt in peculiarity of employment and more in excellence of achievement.

against the expected incendiary of the blacks or a possible assault on our en-feebled garrison. "I think I will never forget the joy with which we poor, starving, besieged folk heard the distant sounds of the Highland bagpipes, nor the shout which burst upon the pestilence-thick-ened air when the British red-coats ened air when the British red-coats rushed along through the streets of Lucknow yelling with the rage of avengers, and released us from our prison. I seem to have gotten mixed up somewhere there, and I guess near-ly all of us did, for we were half mad with starvation and constant watch-ing. Anyhow, I was taken to Calcutta to recuperate my health, and as the mutiny was suppresed shortly after that, and I was only a volunteer. I thought I'd had enough of soldiering

for a time, and gave up the army. I went to Bombay when my health was better and romained in business for some time, but I had a roaming spirit and had to take to my old calling the sea again at the end of a sout a year." Mr. Dockrey, in answer to a ques-tion if he considered the sea his pro-

fossion, said: "No, sir. I am by profession a cler-gyman. I have been so much on the sea, though, that perhaps I know more of it than anything else."

"Do you remember how you came haroy

Aristocracy in the Old South.

If wealth is measured by net in-come, there never was much wealth in the South. The very nature of the property forbade it-consuming its own production. But if the number of slaves is taken as the standard of wealth, then where there was one man owning 500 there were 50,000 who did not own 100, and in that ratio, clear on through the negro population, still leaving thousands owning none.

Be that as it may, wealth was not the standard of the best society. If there was any undeviating rule it was family lineage, even while the best old families possessed the large proportion of the aggregate wealth though to no large extent individually. In other words, family lineage, when supple-mented by dignity and good conduct, was always a passport into the best society, whether with or without pro-perty, while those without this lin-eage were never excluded who possessed other qualifications. There were but few formalities of any sort, There and social intercourse was at all times natural and easy. This is a simple and true statment of facts, yet they have been loaded down with every possible caricature. -- Mrs. Fal-cover in the Current.

Caleb Cushing.

When Caleb Cushing was nominated a minister to Spain, and afterward as chief justice of the United States, he hailed from Virginia, by virtue of his proprietorship of the Glebe, a small farm about seven miles from Washington, where he used to pass Sundays.

Mr. Cushing's temperament was like that of all men who work doggedly-intense and preoccupied, and prone to go to all lengths. He had it in his power in Pierce's cabinet to revise his character or the historical estimate of it, and serve that administration as well as his own fame. He did nothing of the kind. The southern influences in the cabinet used him, as a northern man, to do all the disagreeable work, such as suppressing news-papers in the mails, anticipating con-trovertible decisions by opinions, etc. He worked for that part of the union which he did not live in, and got even more opprobrium than before in that part where he must stay. As a consequence his application for a commission in the northern army was repulsed, and as early as 1863 he shook the dust of Massachusetts from his feet and chose a home at the age of threescore and three in the midst of the fortitications on the Virginia shore. He now attended wholly to the law and increased his very very respectable widower's fortune.

But a tough constitution and tenacious faculties doomed our old attorney to a third wrestle with public life, in which, as usual, he was beaten again. His acquaintance with Sidney Webster, son-in-law of Secretary Fish, and also ex-secretary to Frank Pierce, threw him into intimate relations with the state department, the head whereof, Mr. Fish, was a senator when or, Mr. Fish, was a senator when Cushing was attorney general. Here he performed a great deal of hard work, none of it very superior in qual-ity, but dogged and passable, and he had reached a very good position with the press and public when the presi-dent did him the despite to name him for chief justice. for chief justice.

The consequence was almost startling. His record was unrolled. speaking turned to bitter upbraiding. Now the man who had spent so many years of his life suspended between two parties was probably glad to escape from both to his old retirement and private occupation. There was no ceaon in this life nor its opisodes. was, perhaps, a strong illustration of the adage: "The more haste the less speed."- Bosto's Budget.