☞ All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct.

THOSE STAIRS.

In going up to bed last night,
I climbed with little care.
And when I thought I'd done the flight
There still was one more stair.
'Twas late, the lights were out, and so
Most grievously I stubbed my toe.

And as I lingered, rubbing hard,
There came a soulful noise,
Uplifted from the lone back-yard.
Said I: "I know the voice!
'Tis Tom—excluded hath he been,
I'll haste and let the poor beast in."

On my way to admit the cat
At the dark kitchen door,
I thought, when I had reached the mat
That there was one stair more;
My progress the dull floor did block—
My nervous system got a shock!

I opened to the doleful crier,
And climbing back to bed—
Would you believe?—strove to get higher
When I had reached the head.
Indeed, upon the top-most stair
I stood with one foot in the air.

Then I bethought me: "Mrs. B.
Won't have the cat in nights!"
And I descended speedily
To set things back to rights;
And "Now I'm safe" I sweetly thought,
"This step's the last"—and it was not!

—*Gertrude Hall, in Time.*

MISTAH EZRA JACKSON.

How He Deluded the Colored Brethren of Beech Ridge.

Uncle Moses Bosley put the jug of sorghum molasses and the hickory splint basket, with its parcels containing side meat, brown sugar and coffee, into the wagon, then sat down under the awning to "argify politics with two or three udder colored gemmens and a po' white man," while his wife, Aunt Bettie, finished her trading in the store.

"Kain't you let me hab dis lawn no less 'n five cents? 'Peers like it's pow'ful nigh, and I ain't sho it will wash anyhow," she said, chewing one corner of it to try the color.

"Couldn't think of selling it for a cent less. It's the most stylish piece we have in the store, and you'll never have such another chance to get a bargain. If you were not such a good customer I wouldn't think of letting you have it for less than seven cents. Why, it cost us six!" said the clerk, glibly.

The gay-flowered fabric did its own silent pleading in Aunt Bettie's heart, and after some hesitation, to keep the clerk from thinking she was too anxious, she ordered ten yards cut off. Then followed a long wrangle over the price of a hat, a coarse white straw, made gorgeous with red and yellow roses and green ribbon. Patient persistence on her part conquered that time, and the perspiring and disgusted clerk came down from one dollar and a half to one twenty-five. Counting out the amount in dimes and nickels, Aunt Bettie notified Uncle Moses that she was ready, her fat face shining with grease, perspiration and happiness, the combined results of the hot July day and her good bargains.

With much puffing and blowing Aunt Bettie climbed into the wagon, while Uncle Moses carefully held her packages, then clambered in beside her, seating himself on the remaining vacant home-made chair. He took the reins, and had just given a preparatory "Git up dar, boys; time we's trabblin'," when a dapper little darky, dressed in a rather seedy broadcloth suit, a gorgeous necktie, and stove-pipe hat, came walking up quite briskly, carrying a valise and flourishing a slender walking-cane, his shoes evidently fresh from the blacking-brush.

"Good-evening, sah. Scuse me, but is you Mistah Moses Bosley?"

"Dat's me fo' a fac'; but what mout yo' business be?" said Uncle Moses, a trifle suspiciously, somewhat divided in his opinion as to whether the stranger was a gamble, or a preacher.

"I has a lettah of interduction heah from de Gubenor ob de State—my fr'en' Dick I allus calls him to his face. I tole him I was comin' down heah, and axed him for to tell me ob some good, pious, hones' man what I could trus' to tell de squar' troof out en out ebery time, and he said Mistah Moses Bosley was de man, fur dough he didn't know you pussonally, he had often hearn ob you for a good man an' a gembleman, so he writ dis lettah, which I hopes you will do me de honah ob readin', sah."

Uncle Moses took the letter and eyed it curiously before he opened it. The truth was he could not read at all, so he finally refolded the sheet of paper, put it back in the envelope, and thrust it into his pocket. "The sun's kinder blinded me ter-day, and I reckon I'll wait till I gits home ter read it," he said, by way of explanation.

"To be sho, sah, the sun do affec' some people dat away; but ef you'll pomit me, I'll read it fo' you."

So the letter was brought forth again, and was read with such wonderful ease by the stranger that Uncle Moses and Aunt Bettie were rather awed by his superior education.

The letter was profuse with the praises of Mr. Ezra Jackson and assured Mr. Bosley that "any retention showed to him would be a great pussunal favor to yo' fr'en', Richard Oglesby."

Mr. Jackson then handed the letter back with such an air of modest self-consciousness and grace as completely captivated Aunt Bettie.

"Mout I ask what I kin do for you?" said Uncle Moses, politely, much flattered by the familiar and condescending tone of the Governor's letter, and anxious to extend any courtesies possible to the bearer of it.

"Certingly, sah, certingly. I wants to go out to Beech Ridge with you dis afternoon, hein' mo' than willin' of co'se, sah, to pay you lib'ral fur yo' trouble."

"Tha' ain't no springs on de wagon, and suffin but a bundle of oats to set on, but ef you's a mind to put up wif sech rough ridin', you's mo' dan welcome to go without no pay," said Moses, cordially.

Mr. Jackson declared that under no circumstances would he budge a step without paying for it.

"Well, den, if you is done 'tarmined to pay, s'pose we make it a quarter," said Uncle Moses, reluctantly.

"I couldn't think of imposin' on you that away. It's wuff fifty cents, and I isn't a-going to pay no less. You see, the gubernment pays me two hundred dollahs a month, and I is able to pay well fo' all I gits," Mr. Jackson said, munificently.

Uncle Moses and Aunt Bettie were deeply impressed with the magnificence of the stranger. It fairly took their breath to think of two hundred dollars a month, and they were silent for a moment while the wagon started on its way through the hot and dusty street.

Aunt Bettie thought of her daughter Alvira, for whom she had bought the dress and hat, and who was the apple of her eye, and a wild ambition took possession of her motherly heart. She wondered if Mr. Jackson was married, but was too wary to ask the question openly. "Is yo' wif come wif you to Cairo, or is you done lef' her at home?"

Mr. Jackson laughed lightly. "I hasn't never found any ob de fair see dat's entangled my confections yet. Now ef I had knowed you befo' you was Mis' Bosley, tha's no tellin' what mout a-happ end," he said, gallantly; and Aunt Bettie came as near blushing as her complexion would permit, and even Uncle Moses was flattered by this compliment to his wife's charms.

"O, you is jest a-jokin' now, Mr. Jackson. You know you doesn't mean it," Mrs. Bosley simpered coquettishly.

Mr. Jackson insisted upon his sincerity, then turned the conversation by expressing great admiration for the Mississippi river, which had come into view as soon as they crossed the levee, and upon whose banks the road stretched out for miles.

Cotton-wood, catalpa and pecan-trees, sometimes covered with wild grape-vines, and sometimes adorned with scarlet trumpet-flowers, grew by the way-side, and late berries, black and sweet and luscious, drooped from their thorny vines almost beneath the wheels of the wagon.

Mr. Jackson's praises were voluble, but Uncle Moses assured him that these things were as nothing compared with the giant hickory and beech trees upon his homestead.

"You don't say so, Mistah Bosley! I wisn't ef it wouldn't be a-intrujin' too much, that you'd take me fo' a bo'dah! You see, I spects to be in dese parts a week or two anyhow, as my business is impohtans and can't be hurried. I is a pension agent, a-workin' up de claims ob po' culled men who was in de wah, and has nebber been paid yet fo' suff rin' and dyin' fo' dey country. Ef my memby is correr', Gubenor Oglesby tole me you is disqualified fo' a pension, Brudder Bosley?" said Mr. Jackson, inquiringly.

Uncle Moses hesitated for a moment, but the love of money was deep in his soul.

"Well, I kain't zactly say as I was wounded, but 'pears like my rheumatis wouldn't 'a' been so bad fo' the las' five yar ef I hadn't a-driv that rashun wagon in de army," he said, the desire for a pension stronger than his conscience.

"How long you done driv that team, Mistah Bosley?" said Mr. Jackson, with an official air. "Be keerful, now! Remember you is jest the same as on yo' oaf, and I wants de whole troof and nuffin but de troof, 'case I is one ob de gubernment officers, and has took my oaf to do my duty."

Uncle Moses was a little frightened at this solemn assertion, and answered, truthfully: "Well, you see, I wasn't really neber a soldier at all, but I was jest hired to drive a wagon from Villa Ridze to Cairo, when Col. Wallace was dere with his three-months men; but it war a awful rainy day, and I tuk cold that settled in all my bones, and I dest nearly coughed my inards out."

"Oh co'se, den de guberment owes you a pension, Mistah Bosley, and I is glad I is heah to see dats you gits it. But befo' we goes any furder with dis business, let me come straight to de p'int, and ax you ef you won't boa'd me. I is able to pay well, and since I'se got 'quainted with you and Mis' Bosley, 'pears like I couldn't feel satisfied boardin' nowhars else." Uncle Moses looked at his wife, and waited until she gave a little affirmative nod before he answered: "We's dest po' folks, Mr. Jackson, and has po' livin', but ef you kin put up with our grub, we'll take you."

"I is ever so much obleeged to you, I'm sho, Mr. Bosley, but dere is one thing I done forgot to ax about. Does you hold fambly wushup regular, and does you say grace at de table? 'Case I couldn't be satisfied less'n you did."

Moses assured him that those religious services were never omitted, and inwardly set Mr. Jackson still higher in his estimation.

"I b'leeves in bein' strict in business matters, so what mout yo' charges be, Mr. Bosley?" was the next inquiry.

The two old people considered together in an undertone for a moment, both deciding that since the agent was so wealthy, they might as well charge a large price.

"We thinks about four dollahs a week would kiver expenses," said Moses.

Again Mr. Jackson's generous spirit revolted against the smallness of the amount. "I couldn't allow you to rob yo'selves dat away, nohow. De guberment allows me two dollahs a day for boa'd, and I's not goin' to be dishones' enough to pay you only four dollahs a week, and keep de res' myself. I only axed you fo' fear it mout be mo' dan two dollahs a day," he said.

Visions of more five-cent lawns and a new hat for herself began to dance in Aunt Bettie's brain as she listened, and Uncle Moses thought of "dem shoats he done been wantin' to buy for sech a long time from Brudder Jake Bowlegs," and whose possession now seemed almost a certainty with both pension and board money.

Then Mr. Jackson entered into elaborate explanations of his plans of procedure in the pension-work, and engaged Uncle Moses, at a salary of two dollars a day, to go around the neighborhood and introduce him, displaying at the same time a voluminous array of documents bearing so many red seals and gilt eagles on their surfaces that Uncle Moses was deeply impressed with Mr. Jackson's importance.

Meantime Aunt Bettie was fussing and worrying inwardly; she was so afraid Alviry would not be "fixed up" when they got home, and cudgeling her brain for a plan to avoid having her daughter appear at a disadvantage before this fascinating stranger. So she muttered a few words in her husband's ear, and accordingly when they reached their corn-field, through which there was a short cut home, she declared she was too tired to ride another minute longer, and climbed out of the wagon, declining the company of the gallant pension agent as politely as it was offered.

Aunt Bettie came as near running then as her superabundance of flesh would allow, and reached the cabin very warm and almost breathless.

"Alviry! you Alviry! whar is you?" she called, excitedly, the moment she got in hearing distance of the house.

"Hallo, mammy! here I is," said a lank, lean girl of about seventeen years, with big bare feet and straight bony legs that were but sparsely covered with her scanty blue cotton dress. "Land sakes, mammy! what's the matter? You look all beat out and—Where's pappy? Did them horses run away and kill you both?" the girl said excitedly.

"No, no. Run, chile, run, and put on yo' white dress and yo' shoes and stockings! Dar's a gran' rich man comin' home with yo' pappy in the wagon. What has you been doin' to yo'self to look so onery?"

"Don't look no wuss than usual, I reckon," said the girl, sullenly. "I's been a-diggin' taters, as pappy told me; and you know you'd a scolded me if I'd a-fixed up to go into the tater patch."

"Well, never min', honey, dest run and dress as quick as ever you can. There comes the wagon up the lane now," said the mother, in honeyed accents, anxious to have Alviry good-humored upon Mr. Jackson's arrival.

The young lady walked away slowly, evidently much more anxious about the appearance of the grand gentleman than her own; and it was only by dint of threats and persuasions that her mother finally hustled her up the ladder into the loft used as her bedroom before Mr. Jackson's elegant figure appeared at the doorway, and his fluent tongue was expressing hopes that Sister Bosley was not fatigued after her long walk through the "cawn field."

Being a devout church-member could not prevent Mrs. Bosley from occasionally doing a little mild lying, so she said: "No, indeed; she always referred comin' through the cawn field, it was so much more coolin' and restin'," the perspiration pouring in streams down her face as she talked. Then she went to the well, drew a bucket of cool water, and carried a gourd full to her guest, who was comfortably seated in the only rocking-chair on the porch. All at once, with well feigned anxiety, she began wondering where her daughter could be. "Alviry! Al-vi-ree! I spects the chile is asleep in her bedroom," she said, going to the foot of the ladder and calling again, whereupon a pair of legs in bright red stockings appeared on the first round, and Alviry backed slowly down the ladder, anxiously guarding her stiffly starched white dress from danger of being rumpled.

Mrs. Bosley looked at her approvingly giving the yellow ribbon around her neck a more coquettish tie and picking a few chick feathers out of her hair.

Then an introduction followed, in which Alviry felt very bashful and awkward, in spite of her fine Sunday clothes, and Mr. Jackson was the personification of self-complacency and gallantry.

Yet, somehow, in spite of his fine manners and flattering words, Alviry felt an instantaneous antipathy for him, expressing her dislike in language more forcible than elegant to her mother in a private interview afterward.

"You nebber did hab no sense, Alviry Bosley! You doesn't know a gemmen when you sees him," her mother said, indignantly. "I spects yo' head am so full ob dat coury nigger, Clem Shores, dat you is plumb blin' and deif to ebery body else. I kin tell you right now, dough, gal, dat ef dat are coon comes pluyin' de banjo and singin' around here ob ebenin's like a squinch-owl while Mr. Jackson is here, I'll get yo' pappy to run him off, sho' as my name is Bettie Bosley."

"I don't keer if you is done took up wif dis fine darky; he dust puts me in de min' ob a ole slippery black-snake," Alviry retorted, spiritedly.

"See here, now gal, I isn't gwine to take none ob yo' sass, speshilly after de fine dress and hat I done buyed you to-day. I ain't so sho' I'll let you hab dem nohow, 'thout'n you behave ye'self like a lady, and fitten to wear dem."

This dreadful threat had the desired effect, for Alviry's whole soul had revolted in an ecstacy of pride and delight as she gazed on that flowered lawn, or looked in the sun by twelve mirror, where she saw reflected her own head with its little wisps of wool braided up on white twine strings, and surmounted by the gorgeous hat bedecked with roses.

In her wildest dreams she had never aspired to such finery, and the bare thought of giving it up sent an incisive pang through her heart, so she made no more critical or disparaging remarks about Mr. Jackson.

Aunt Bettie held a consultation with her husband out at the corn-crib a little later. "I don't know what done got in dat fool gal's head dat she's so sot agin sech a fine, 'ligious gemmen as Mr. Jackson," she said anxiously. "One ting certain I has made up my min' she's got to marry him ef he wants her, so you kin jest let dat Clem Shores know dat his room am better dan his company nex' time he comes aroun'. An', ole man, we's got to hab a pullet fo' supper, and some ob dem roas'en-years, and you'll hab to git dem, 'case Alviry kain't, 'thout'n spilin' her clo'es."

Accordingly Uncle Moses meekly obeyed orders, not forgetting to send poor Clem Shores off "wif a flea in his year" that night, as Aunt Bettie had instructed him.

A week, two weeks, went swiftly by, and the pension business flourished, Mr. Jackson's glib tongue convincing nearly every colored man he met that he was entitled to a big pension, no effort on their part being required excepting to pay him for getting the necessary papers made out and sent to Washington. In this way quite an amount of money, varying in sums from two to ten dollars, found its way into Mr. Jackson's pockets, even Uncle Moses contributing two dollars. Mr. Jackson assured him however, that this would not have been necessary, as he could have allowed it to go on his board bill, had he not forgotten to draw any money from the bank while in Cairo.

Meanwhile he paid court to Alviry in the most lover-like fashion, and though the girl cordially hated him in her heart, fear of losing her finery, and dread of the unmerciful cowhiding she was sure to get from her mammy if she betrayed this feeling, made her at least passive in her attitude toward her suitor.

When, therefore, he asked her to marry him one evening, she dared not refuse, though she cried all night afterward, thinking of Clem Shores, whom she could not forget, in spite of the riches Mr. Jackson assured her were awaiting her as his wife.

Aunt Bettie fairly overflowed with pride and gratification as the prospective mother-in-law of the wealthy pension agent, and preparations were at once begun for the wedding.

The lawn dress was fitted and made, invitations were sent out all over the neighborhood chickens were killed, and a big "potlic" made; a sheep was barbecued, and a young pig roasted, and its mouth decorated with a big red apple. The soap-kettle was cleaned out, and filled with roasting-ears to be boiled for the occasion, and mashed potatoes completed the more substantial part of the feast. Then there were apple-pies and "watermillions," the crowning delicacy being a big "sweet-cake," such as "ole mis' used to have made down South when she giv' a gran' party."

A long table, improvised of boards placed upon empty barrels, was stretched out in the yard and on this the sumptuous repast was laid. When all was in readiness the guests assembled under the big beech tree by the door, and the interesting pair stood on the porch in full view of the crowd, ready to be made one.

Alviry's eyes were red from crying, but she gave no other sign of discontent, while Mr. Jackson was that contradictory thing, a sunbeam in black.

Rev. Ricks Bradley was to perform the marriage ceremony, but just as he stepped up in front of the waiting couple a gentleman rode up to the gate, and dismounting, walked rapidly toward the porch. Mr. Jackson glanced at him, gave a gasp of terror, and, with his face suddenly grown ashy in hue, "staid not upon the order of his going," but snatching up his hat, fled through the cabin out into the corn field, where he was lost sight of in a moment.

"Halloa! what's that rascally darky doing away out here?" inquired the gentleman, dimly comprehending the situation.

Mutual explanations followed, in which it came to light that the gentleman was from Chicago, that he had come to Beech Ridge to buy several car-loads of watermelons, and that Mr. Jackson, the pension agent, was a fraud, a sneak-thief, and a gambler, who had escaped from jail there a month or two before, and that he had a wife and two or three children.

Aunt Bettie put her apron to her eyes and began to cry. "De good-for-nuffin houn'! Here I's been persecutin' my po' chile on his account, an' now he's done lit out and lef' her. 'Sides, there's all dem fine pullets killed that would 'a' been layin' in de fall, and de aigs done et up dat I was 'tendin' to buy aprons wif befo' dat black rascal come. And what's dat penshum-money, I'd like ter know, and de two dollars de ole man loaned him, and de boa'd-money we was gwine to git?" Here Aunt Bettie sobbed hysterically, then suddenly burst out again: "And here's de wedding garments made, and de parson here, and de supper am ready; but whar am de bridegroom? We'll have to sen' out inter de highways an' de by-ways to fin' him, de good for-nuffin black nigger!" she wailed, having a vague notion that she was quoting Scripture.

"As to that thar's no trouble 'bout a bridegroom, Mis' Bosley. I's here, and I's willin' if Alviry is," said Clem Shores, stepping up beside his dusky sweetheart.

Alviry grinned and hung her head; but it was not hard to tell that the exchange was delightful, even if she had not said: "I's mo'n willin', Clem. I nebber could help a 'spisin' dat ole black snake, eben if mammy did make me git ready to marry him."

Clem had always been a favorite of Aunt Bettie's before the wily pension agent filled her brain with worldly ambition; so this arrangement was quite satisfactory, and she wiped her eyes, congratulating herself that "dat snake in de grass hadn't toted off Alviry's new hat nor pappy's silver watch or spectacles."

Some one volunteered to go to Cairo for a marriage license, and as a train was due in a few minutes, and another one would return a short while afterward, but little delay would be necessary.

So the supper was put where it would keep warm, and Uncle Moses went out to his melon patch and drove a good bargain with the Chicago melon-louie, while Clem and Alviry cast admiring glances at each other.

When the messenger returned with the license, tallow candles were stuck up on the porch and at intervals on the table, and the Rev. Ricks Bradley, who was very hungry, made short work of the ceremony that united Clem and Alviry for life.

Then the supper was demolished in a way that was very flattering to Aunt Bettie's cooking; the "sweet-cake" was duly cut, and many of the young folks carried home pieces to dream on, while the old men laughed and joked each other over the easy manner in which they had been duped by the finest Mr. Jackson.

When that gentleman was "done come up wif," shortly afterward, and brought back to Cairo for trial, receiving a sentence of three years in the penitentiary, there was much good-natured chaffing among the Beech Ridge men whenever a pension agent was mentioned, but the only ones who really enjoyed it all were Clem and Alviry.

—*Laura J. Rittenhouse, in Harper's Bazar.*

CHINESE ECONOMY.

People Who Can Do Almost Any Thing by Means of Almost Nothing.

The Chinese are pre-eminently economical, whether it be in limiting the number of wants, in preventing waste, or in adjusting forces in such a manner as to make a little represent a great deal. The universal diet consists of rice, beans, millet, garden vegetable and fish, with a little meat on high festivals. Wholesome food in abundance may be supplied at less than a penny a day for each adult, and even in famine times thousands of persons have been kept alive for months on about a halfpenny a day each. This implies the existence of a high degree of culinary skill in the Chinese. Their modes of preparing food are thorough and various. There is no waste; every thing is made to do as much duty as possible. What is left is the veriest trifle. The physical condition of the Chinese dog or cat, who has to live on the leavings of the family, shows this; they are clearly kept on starvation allowances. The Chinese are not extremely fastidious in regard to food; all is fish that comes to their net, and most things come there sooner or later. In the north the horse, the mule, the donkey are in universal use, and in some districts the camel also does duty. It must be understood that the practice is to eat all of these animals as soon as they expire, whether the cause of death be accident, old age, or disease. This is done as a matter of course, and the fact that the animal has died of an epidemic malady does not alter its ultimate destination. Certain disturbances of the human organization, due to eating diseased meat, are well recognized among the people; but it is considered better to eat the meat, the cheapness of which is certain, and run the risk of the consequences, which are not quite certain, than to buy dear meat even with the assurance of no evil results. Indeed the meat of animals which have died of ordinary ailments is rather dearer than that of those which have died in an epidemic such as pleuro-pneumonia. Another example of careful, calculating economy is the construction of the cooking pots and boilers, the bottoms of which are as thin as possible that the contents may boil all the sooner, for fuel is scarce and dear, and consists generally of nothing but the stocks and roots of the crops, which make a rapid blaze and disappear. The business of gathering fuel is committed to children, for one who can do nothing else can at least pick up straws and leaves and weeds. In autumn and winter a vast army of fuel gatherers spread over the land. Boys ascend trees and beat them with clubs to shake off the leaves; the very straws get no time to show which way the wind blows before they are annexed by some enterprising collector. Similarly professional manure collectors swarm over all the roads of the country. Chinese women carry this minute economy into their dress; nothing comes amiss to them; if it is not used in one place it is in another where it appears a thing of beauty. Foreign residents who give their cast-off clothes away to Chinese may be assured that the career of usefulness of these garments is at last about to commence. Chinese wheelbarrows squeak for the want of a few drops of oil; but to people who have no nerves the squeak is cheaper than the oil. Similarly, dirt is cheaper than hot water, and so, as a rule, the people do not wash; the motto "Cheaper than dirt," which the soap-dealer puts in his window, could not be made intelligible to the Chinese. To them the average foreigners are mere soap-wasters. Scarcely any tool can be got ready made; it is so much cheaper to buy the parts and put them together for yourself, and as almost every body takes this view ready-made tools are not to be got. Two rooms are dimly lighted with a single lamp deftly placed in a hole in the dividing wall. Chinese, in fact, seem to be capable of doing almost any thing by means of almost nothing. They will give you an iron foundry on a minute scale of completeness in a back yard, and will make in an hour a cooking range, of strong and perfect draft, out of a pile of mud bricks, lasting indefinitely, operating perfectly, and costing nothing. The old woman who in her last moments hobbled as near as possible to the family graveyard in order to die so as to avoid the expense of coffin bearers for so long a distance, was a characteristic Chinese.—*North China Herald.*

A New Disinfectant.

A new and powerful disinfectant has lately been discovered by a Parisian chemist, and if what he claims for it be true, it will be adopted for every conceivable purpose for which disinfectants are generally used. The basis of the preparation has been obtained from coal oil and is a brown liquid of a not very disagreeable odor. It is the result of a peculiar saponification of the oil by a chemical process with a mixture of caustic soda. The value of the disinfectant was accidentally discovered by the author, who, desiring to save a pet tree around which a lot of fungus and moss had grown, sprinkled some of the mixture around the roots. By repeated use the excrescence was shortly afterward noticed to separate from the tree and fall to the ground. Horses were also sponged with a weak solution of the mixture and it was noticed that flies which generally pester the animals gave them a wide birth.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

—It is a powerful hard thing for a woman to wear six-button kids when her husband wears a seven-button pocketbook.—*Burdette.*

JUSTICE IN CHINA.

The Impartial Way in Which Celestial Judges Mete Out Punishment.

A *Tuan-lan-kuan* (hereditary officer) named Ch'ang-shan, a Manchu belonging to the Bordered Blue Banner, was ordered two years ago to take up his quarters at a post station called Su-wa-yen, for the purpose of patrolling the country against robbers. At the same time special orders were given to him to keep a watch upon the soldiers of the station, who were reported to be in the habit of oppressing the people in its neighborhood. One day when the officer in charge of the station was away at Kirin, a soldier named Sun Tien-hsiang went to a shop and tried to buy some drugs on credit. As, however, he owed money for previous purchases, the shopkeeper refused to let him have any thing without payment. He therefore became very violent, upon which the shopkeeper went to complain of him to Ch'ang-shan, who sent for him, reprimanded him and then let him go. Next day the shopkeeper came again to say that the soldier had gone back to the shop, knocked over the counter and threatened to kill the complainant and all his family. The officer again called up the soldier, who behaved in a very refractory and insubordinate manner in court. He therefore ordered him to receive a flogging of twenty blows, which were inflicted with a whip on the back of his leg.

As soon as he was released, the man went to the kitchen of the post-station, where he remained for twelve days, at the end of which he died from the injury he had received. A complaint was lodged by his brother, and a thorough inquiry was made into the case by officers specially deputed for the purpose by the Memorialists. The Memorialist finds that the officer Ch'ang-shan acted quite rightly in taking notice of the soldier's misbehavior, more especially as he had been parthularly desired to see to such matters. Also, the soldier's conduct towards the shopkeepers and in court was such as to merit a flogging, the punishment was inflicted on a proper part of his person, and the number of blows was moderate. Nevertheless the Memorialist condemns the officer to receive one hundred blows under a statute which awards that penalty for causing a man's death by flogging him improperly.

As the offender in this case is a commissioned officer, his dismissal from the service will take the place of corporal punishment. He will also lose his hereditary post, to which another member of his family is appointed to succeed. In accordance with a further clause of the law above quoted the man by whose hand the fatal flogging was actually inflicted has been condemned to receive ninety blows, that being a penalty one degree lighter than the sentence of his superior under whose orders he acted. As he is a Manchu, the flogging will be given with the whip instead of the bamboo.—*Pekin Gazette.*

SENSE OF HUMOR.

It Is Well Developed Among the Natives of Yorkshire.

Dr. Hook possessed a gift without which he could never have got on in Yorkshire, and that was a sense of humor. Sydney Smith said that it needed a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotchman's head—an opinion in which no one who has read Dean Ramsay's "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character" can possibly agree, and there is something akin to the grim Caledonian and West Riding humor. I was preaching one of a course of sermons in the open air in a non-church-going part of a town parish, when I was pleasantly struck by the polite attention of the landlord of a small public house close by, who had placed a chair and table at my disposal for a temporary pulpit. So I remarked on it to one of my hearers. "Why, you see," said he, "he reckons on some of 'em dropping in for a glass when you've done." A curate was trying to make a religious census of his flock, and asked a working man what religion he was. "Why, you may put me down as the religion of a wheelbarrow; I go whichever way they shove me," i. e., whichever way suited his interest. Another man, with a grin on his face, boasted of his regular attendance at church, his comrades burst out laughing—the fellow had just left prison, where attendance at public worship was, of course, compulsory. But Yorkshiremen men are civil after a fashion. One day I paid a visit to a hand-loom weaver busy throwing his shuttle, while his loom creaked and groaned so that I could not get a word in. So I asked him if he earned a penny in five minutes. "No," he said, "how should I?" So I laid down a penny. "Now," I said, "let us talk for five minutes." The man stopped, looked at the clock—"Five minutes is up," he said at the end of the time, "but take back your penny; your talk has been worth more than the 'brass' (money.) You may look in again if you've amind."—*Temple Bar.*

GRAFTS ON WOUNDS.

An Operation Frequently Performed by Skillful Surgeons.

Dr. Redard has communicated to the Academie de Medicine of Paris some observations regarding animal grafts on wounds in human beings. In case of severe burn of the scalp, of eight months' standing, in a child of two years of age, he obtained a rapid cicatrization by means of grafts from a fowl. He first tried grafts of frogs' skin, but as these proved to be repulsive to patients, and did not give very good results, he substituted others from the fowl; and the wound, which measured three inches by two and a half, had completely healed in two months. He had been equally successful in other and subsequent cases. He takes the skin from beneath the wing of a chicken, carefully securing the adjacent cellular tissue, but avoiding adipose tissue. The transplanted pieces varied from a sixth to a third of an inch in size, and they were maintained in position by means of a little cotton-wool and iodoform gauze. The skin of birds and fowls has the advantage of being supple, delicate, and vascular; it adapts itself readily to the surface of the wound, and adheres without undergoing absorption.—*Medical Record.*

TRAVELING IN PERSIA.

A Country Where Poor People Live on Eight Cents a Day.

When we enter Persia we are in the poor man's paradise—a country where existence is possible upon 4d. a day, where meat costs 1d. a pound, and bread a quarter as much as in ordinary times; where a fowl may be purchased for 6d., a partridge or a wild duck for 2d.; where a serviceable pony can be had for a five-pound note and a valuable thoroughbred for £20; where a servant can be hired for 8s. a month and his rations, and you can feed a horse upon 3d. a day. In most of the cities a large house can be rented for from £10 to £30 a year, and all the necessaries of life are to be had at the very cheapest rate. The very mules upon which we are to march to the capital, each of which will carry a load of 280 pounds, are hired at the rate of 9d. a day; and yet from this small sum the muleteer, if he be fortunate, will obtain a good profit. The beasts are fat, there is plentiful herbage for the first five stages, and a handful of barley and eight pounds of cut straw is all that the mules will get during the other six days' journey, and each day the mules will march their 20 to 25 miles, and go merrily along under their 300-pound load, for the great pack-saddle can not weigh less than 20 to 30 pounds, while the load itself is seldom less than 280, and they will steadily maintain their pace at an average of four miles an hour, save in the case of mountain passes, storms, swamps, and the numerous contretemps incidental to Eastern travel. The pack-saddle is a very important part of the mule's equipment. Save when he is curry-combed, the pack-saddle never leaves him by day or night; it supports the load and acts as his clothing, for, however severe the weather may be, the hardy Persian mule gets no other. Of course, the pack saddle is of the most solid construction, its high peak towers at least 18 inches above the withers of the animal, and the padding is nowhere less than six inches thick. This padding is composed of cut straw, and the muleteer is accustomed, by means of a packing needle thrust through the lining of the pad, to shift this stuffing in such a way as to remove the pressure from any part of the animal's back which may become tender. Of course, a mule with a bad sore back is useless and has to be turned out to grass, and, strange to say, though there are many millions of mules and ponies used as beasts of burden in Persia—for, be it remembered, there are no railways, no rivers, no canals, and only one road, that from Kasvin to the capital (except a few that have been made for the Shah's personal convenience—still a mule with a sore back is a very unusual sight. This says a great deal for the care, intelligence and skill of the Persian muleteer.—*Good Words.*

ATTENTION TO DETAILS.

A Few Illustrations of the Importance of Little Things.

The entire universe is composed of little things. All substances, all matter, in whatever form or condition, is an aggregation of atoms or molecules. Absolute perfection is rarely attainable, as a defect in a single atom is likely to affect the whole combination. A bridge is no stronger than its weakest point. A machine or implement may be ever so perfect, with a single exception, and that exception may prevent the use of all the balance. How often do we find it the case that the neglect of some little moment, has turned the tide towards failure when success was in sight.

Manufacturers often become so absorbed in some vital principal, that they neglect details, little points are overlooked, and when dependence is placed on these, they fail, and the whole work is condemned as a consequence. A recent invitation to inspect the working of a new machine was a disappointment simply because the manufacturer had neglected to send a single bolt, and loss of time and disappointment to the party needing the machine was the result. An article for household use, but little liable to get out of order, but requiring a wrench to remove certain parts when it became a necessity, was thrown out because the wrench was useless. In this case every part was carefully made and fitted, and of good material, but it required a wrench of special form to adjust certain parts in case of failure to work properly. Although the article was an expensive one, the wrench was a common cast iron affair, with jaws beveled and unfinished, except for the superfluous japan with which it was coated to hide its imperfections. It would have been next to useless even had it fitted, as it had not sufficient strength, but it was doubly provoking to find that, while it was essential to the proper working of the article, and instructions how and where it was to be used under certain circumstances accompanied it, it was perfectly useless when the emergency occurred. A perfect wrought iron wrench, would have cost but little more and been effective, but it was too small a matter to deserve special attention, apparently, and the neglect resulted, not only in a positive loss to the purchaser, but a condemnation instead of a recommendation, which prevented sales to others instead of influencing them.—*Stores and Hardware.*

He Had Had Experience.

Applicant—Twenty-five dollars a week seems a small salary for the hard work of a reporter, sir.

Editor—Perhaps it does, but the field is overcrowded. We refuse applications almost every day. I think you said you had had experience as a newspaper man?

Applicant (with dignity)—I was principal of a school of journalism for a year.

Editor (coldly)—Yes, sir. We pay $15 a week to beginners.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A "society for preventing allusions to Jekyll and Hyde," has been formed in England, with the idea of inducing people to refrain from comparing every body they don't like to these two remarkable gentlemen rolled into one.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Give your hogs more variety of food if you would have them free from disease and profitable.

—The peach and plum is nearly enough related to be budded or grafted on each other. The plum endures the cold better than the peach.

—Be careful of the water which the cows drink. Physicians say that typhoid fever frequently is produced by impurities in the milk of cows drinking impure water.

—A good way to cook or heat bacon is to pack it in a buttered baking dish and let it bake brown in the oven; or brown in a hot buttered skillet or spider and then fold over like an omelet.

—It is is claimed that if melons are packed in sawdust and stored in the cellar they will keep for several months. Squashes may also be kept in the same way, but care must be taken not to bruise them or cut them in any way.

—A lamp standing for some time in a cool room, and then filled full of coal oil, will run over through the expansion of oil when taken where it is warm. Then the lamp is blamed for leaking. To obviate this, never fill the lamp quite full.

—Baked Meal Pudding: One quart of boiling milk, one cupful of cornmeal, one teaspoonful each of salt, ginger, mixed mace and cinnamon, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and one-half of a cupful of molasses. Bake.—*Housekeeping.*

—Farmers often say: "My well can not be affected by my barnyard, because the well is the highest" that is, the ground at the well is the highest, never thinking that the bottom of the well is much lower, and that the foul will be toward that point.

—Stock sold in the fall, when in good condition, just off the grass, generally bring fair prices, and will be found to be materially better to one's estimate in the direction of having a surplus of feed than in having a surplus of cattle at the close of winter. The feed will be available while the cattle will hardly be so, except at the buyer's own low figures.

—Fowls need green food as well as dry grains, and when they have the run of the farm, as they generally do, can readily supply themselves as they want it. When they are confined in small runs in towns, they need it just as much, and it ought to be supplied by giving them clover and the like when it can be done. It is quite a good plan to sow a little plot of rich ground in the garden very thickly with turnip seed. This, when grown up, makes a great many leaves that keep green for a long time, and my chickens like them very much.—*N. E. World.*

TO CURE DYSPEPSIA.

Some Wholesome and Practical Advice From One Who Knows.

One thing which all dyspeptics should bear in mind is this: Without strong, healthy, wholesome blood in the veins they can not be either well or happy and it is from the food we eat that blood is made. About the most that medicine can do for you is to regulate the bowels and secretions, to restore the appetite and supply any constituent that may be absent from the blood such as iron, etc.

Overeating is the most fruitful source of the dreadful mischief. Young, growing people need substantial diet to build up their frames; hard, out-door workers require good and abundant food; middle-aged people who do not work should eat most sparingly, and of a diet not too much mixed; the old need still less to sustain the system. Overeating in some makes fat. This weakens and wrecks the muscles and really attenuates them, and, worse than all, it interferes with the action of the heart and often induces a suddenly fatal issue. In others overeating produces a constant nervous fever, and though no fat is formed, the person loses actual flesh, and that which is has is flabby and poor. The abuse of stimulants is another cause of the complaint; and remember, when I say "stimulants" I include rich sauces and peppers, tea, coffee and cocoa. Tobacco counts its victims on its finger-ends, and it is a fiend with a thousand fingers.

Drinking fluid with, instead of after meals, is injurious. An injudicious mixture of diet, indigestible food, badly timed meals, want of exercise, want of proper ablution, and the bath, sleeping in badly ventilated rooms, hard work, worry, anxiety, want of sleep, all these are liable to induce the ailment, and once begun, it has a terribly disagreeable tendency to go on to the bitter end.

Now for my remedies. To begin with, I do not wish you to look upon yourself as an invalid, because if you do, you will become nervous, and things will become worse. There are no bounds to the imagination of a nervous invalid. A patient of mine came to me the other day with a pimple on the side of his nose. "Tell me the truth now, doctor," he said, "that I may be prepared. This"—he referred to the pimple—"is the beginning of the end, is it not?"

Do not look upon yourself as an invalid, but resolve to live by rule, all the same. If you are a society man better keep out of it for a few months. Go and travel, or tramp, or camp, or any thing to keep you away from the demoralizing view of over-eating. I am not