REFINED REVENGE.

A Widow's Thrilling Perpetuation of the Memory of Her Husband's Death by Delirium Tremens.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

In the public cemetery of Atchison, Kan., about a mile southwest of the city limits, is a monument with a history.

To old residents there who are acquainted with the circumstances under which it was erected, some ten years ago, it has become a familiar object, but a stranger seldom looks at it without a shudder and an exclamation of horror. It is a dull red granite shaft, broad at the base and tapering towards the top, and stands on a slope some fifty feet back from the main road. The image of a snake, about as large as a man's arm, is twined around it from the base to the apex. On the four sides of the pedestal is engraven in large, plain letters this inscription:

RICHARD HARRIS,
Died February 13, 1877, of
DELIRIUM TREMENS,
Aged 41 years.

Mrs. Richard Harris, widow of the deceased, ordered the monument made after a design of her own, and placed it at her husband's grave about two month's after his death.

Mrs. Harris still lives in Atchison with her son and daughter, the former a youth of fifteen and the latter a handsome girl of eighteen. The boy has the blonde features and vivacious temperament of his father, while the girl inherits the dark complexion and taciturn disposition of her mother.

Her mother, it is said, was never beautiful, although, even now, it would be hard to suggest an alteration in her features which would make them more nearly perfect. There is something about her countenance which most people find repellant. Either the sombre history of her life in Atchison has left its imprint on her features or she assumes a cold and haughty air because she prefers to be let alone. As it is, she has few intimate friends and mingles very little with her neighbors.

She first came to Atchison from Georgia in 1867 with her mother. Her name was Loretta Hullett, and she was then in her nineteenth year. Her mother started a private boarding house, and the girl, who was very skillful with her needle, made good money as a seamstress. After twelve months' residence in Atchison her mother was taken ill with a fever and died, and the girl was thrown on her own resources. She opened a millinery shop, but having no capital to carry on the business was soon obliged to give it up. Then she secured employment in several private families as a seamstress for short periods, and finally went to work at the house of Dr. Chalice. The doctor was wealthy. His mother-in-law, Mrs. Harris was a widow, and her son Dick lived with the doctor and his wife. The Harrises, too, were possessed of large means. Both families had recently come to what was then almost the frontier from the East. They were very aristocratic and moved in the best society. When Loretta Hullett came to Dr. Chalice's house to work as a seamstress Dick Harris was a young man nearly twenty-six years of age. He was a tall, handsome blonde, with light brown hair and gray eyes. He had spent four years at Harvard and graduated, but he had devoted more attention to athletics and midnight suppers during his college course than to his books, and the consequence was that he never stood well in his class, and narrowly escaped being "plucked" when final examination day came. In Atchinson he studied medicine in the office of his brother-in-law, Dr. Chalice. He seemed to have a natural aptitude for the profession and a tact bordering on intuition in the treatment of diseases. Old residents relate remarkable cures effected by him after physicians of long experience had pronounced the cases practically hopeless. But he exhibited the same dislike for medical works that he had shown for his Greek and Latin textbooks while at college, and employed himself mostly in taking long horseback rides into the country in the daytime and carousing about town with congenial spirits at night. Notwithstanding his notorious habits, however, his genial disposition, his native wit, and the standing of his family, made him welcome in the best society.

Indeed, his reputation as a very fast young man seems rather to have commended him to most of the young ladies, and his conquests among the fair are said to have been very numerous. His engagement to first one and and then another was freely talked of as a settled fact on several occasions, but whether or not these reports had any foundation the weddings never took place, and his heart seems to have remained in his own keeping until he fell a victim to the charms of his sister's seamstress, Loretta Hullett.

One of Dick's few literary accomplishments was an ability to read Spanish with considerable skill and to speak it with the fluency of a native. When he was a youth of 17 and full of love for a wild life on the frontier incident to that age his father sent him to a ranch which he owned in Southern California and gave the establishment into his charge.

Although his management of the concern was by no means so successful in the way of financial results as the elder Harris desired Dick, by constant association with the men about the place, all of whom were Spaniards, became almost as proficient in their language as if he had never known any other. He was charmed with the smooth cadence of the tongue, and when he subsequently went to college he devoted some time and attention to the study of its grammatical construction. Upon his return to Atchison he discovered an old Spanish gunsmith named Zanthes, and used to make almost daily visits to the old man's shop and spend hours in talking to him. It was but a short time after the dark-eyed Loretta had been employed at Dr. Chalice's house until he discovered that she, too, could talk Spanish, and his visits to the old gunsmith suddenly ceased. As reticent with him as she was with every one else in regard to her past history, he was left in ignorance as to how or where she had acquired it. He manifested no undue curiosity on this point, however, and contented himself with the fact that she could speak it fluently.

At first he conversed with her merely as an amusement. He used to spend an hour, sometimes more, in the sitting room where she worked almost every day before going back to the office after meals, or while waiting for them when he came home too early. This conversation for the most part was made up of ordinary small talk about people and events in the city with which both happened to be familiar. Neither made any attempt at concealment, because neither felt that there was anything to conceal. Dick's mother and the Chalices frequently found them chatting together, but paid no attention to it, and in fact were rather pleased that Dick seemed to prefer this to some other occupations in which he had been accustomted to find amusement and entertainment. It was not long, however, before these conversations began to last two, even three hours.

Not infrequently Dick failed to go down to the office at all in the afternoon and spent the time talking to "the girl," as she was designated in the household, and watching her nimble fingers while she sewed. He found himself thinking of her a great deal, although he would hardly confess it even to himself. The office seemed to grow more of a bore than ever, and he counted the hours from the time he left the sitting room until he was back again. His mother noticed this and remarked to him that he seemed to like to stay at home much more than he used to.

In the evenings he played cards with Loretta. He had learned to be quite an expert at this while at college, and prided himself on the accomplishment. But the "little Spaniard," as he playfully named the girl, won at least as often as he did, if indeed she did not have the odds in her favor. This, too, won his admiration. Then he thought of her nearly all the time when he was awake and dreamed of her when he was asleep. An unaccountable timidity seemed to come over him whenever the other members of the family were in the room with them. In short, he was in love with her and afraid that he might betray himself to his mother or his sister. He knew the views of both well enough to understand that their anger would be something dreadful should they discover the real state of affairs.

In the fall of 1868, late in September or early in October, Loretta said an aunt of hers in Georgia was very ill and she should like to go and see her. She left and returned about the middle of the November following. A few days after she had gone Dick said he wanted to pay a visit to one of his college chums in Ohio, got the necessary funds from his mother and left. He returned about the 1st of December. About two weeks after his arrival his sister came into the sitting room one day and found Loretta sitting on his lap. She demanded an explanation. Dick got very red in the face, and stammered out something about "my wife."

"This is my husband," said Loretta calmly, putting her arm around his neck.

"Your husband?" said Miss Chalice contemptuously. "When were you married?"

"When I went to see my aunt," replied Loretta, with a touch of irony in her voice.

When Dick's mother was informed of the marriage she was completely prostrated. But her love for him, deep as it was, temporarily gave way to her indignation at the thought that, as she expressed it, he had thrown himself away on a gypsy waif, and she agreed with her daughter that they should be ordered from the house at once. The Doctor was hardly less shocked than his wife and mother-in-law at Dick's escapade, but looked at the matter philosophically and tried to persuade Mrs. Harris and his wife to accept the situation and make the best of it. To recognize the erstwhile seamstress as a member of his family was humiliating, but he argued that the publicity which would be given to the affair by turning them out would be far worse.

But as Dick said he would go, in any event, and his mother and sister were obdurate, the young couple left the elegant residence of the Chalices and went to live in a modest little cottage on Cherry street. For a year and a half after his marriage Dick quit his fast companions and fast habits and devoted himself faithfully to the practice of his profession. Mr. Chalice found an office for him, paid the rent until Dick got money enough ahead to pay it himself, gave him the free use of his library, and helped him in various other ways. When his first child was born Dick appeared perfectly happy, and seemed to have no thought or ambition outside of his wife, his little daughter and his home.

Gradually, however, he began to fall into his evil ways again. Atchison society had from the first accepted the verdict of his mother and sister, and the aristocratic circles in which he had once moved now knew him no more. He was always very fond of society, and this treatment preyed on him. Although he probably never directly referred to the matter in his wife's presence, as it is said he always seemed to stand in awe of her, she understood that she was the cause of it, and an estrangement grew up between them which soon developed into indifference on his part and hate on hers. Dick's mother, after the first angry impulse, felt the same deep affection for him, and he used to spend whole days with her at the Chalice house. Sometimes he brought his two children with him, but never his wife.

The more Dick drank the more his practice fell away, and the more business he lost the more he drank. Dr. Chalice used to expostulate with him but to little purpose.

He was soon a complete wreck.

His wife would not allow him to come home and supported herself and the two children by sewing. Dr. Chalice furnished him with food and clothing, and finally, when he was taken sick brought him to his house, where he died one bitter winter night, shrieking that the devils were carrying him away and that his wife was setting them on. Mrs. Chalice and her mother agreed that what property Dick had left should be given to his widow and children. The widow, however, said she would only accept enough to get a monument for him—she could take care of herself and the children.

When she bought and set up the shaft with the snake and the inscription on it all Atchison was shocked, and Dick's mother and the Chalices were wild with shame and indignation. Her friends tried to persuade her to remove it, but she refused to listen to them. There were talk of legal proceedings to have it taken away, as being a libel on the dead, but they were never instituted, and it stands there still. For a long time other people were careful to bury their dead so far away that its horrible shadow could not fall upon their graves, and for many years there was a vacant space for several yards around it, but gradually this feeling wore away. Now there are graves in most of the adjacent lots, and evergreens and willows hide from sight the last resting place of poor Dick Harris and his grim memorial stone.

An Example to Royalty.

Adam Badeau in N. Y. Mail and Express.

No sovereign of the Old World ever formally invites the most important persons of his State "to meet" the representatives of foreign powers. The compliment is absolutely unprecedented abroad. A European monarch considers the diplomatic circle a part of his court; he lays down laws for its precedence and place among his own subjects and somtimes among its own members; he bids the corps to all great ceremonies, as a matter of course; but he gives no fetes or entertainments in its honor, either at his palace or elsewhere. That courtesy is left for individuals of lesser consequence to offer if they choose. But the American President issues invitations to the Supreme Court of the United States and to both houses of Congress, and summons all the officers of the army and navy at the Capital "to meet" the foreign plenipotentiaries, an elaborate international compliment such as kings have never paid. The grace of the act and the dignity of the potentate who performs it are enhanced by the fact that the President is his own examplar and sets a pattern of politeness that royalty might be glad to follow.

This is not the only instance in which republican urbanity transcends the etiquette of courts. It has long been customary for the President to ask the chiefs of all legations to a diplomatic dinner at the Executive Mansion. The compliment is annual, and was paid by President Cleveland as it has been paid by each of his predecessors for half a century. But the eminent men of the United States at the English court have often spent years in England and never sat with her Majesty, who nevertheless announces her dinner party in the court circular for every day in the year. During the twelve years that I passed officially in England no American Minister dined with the Queen except Mr. Pierrepont, and that was during the first visit of Gen. Grant. Reverdy Johnson, Gen. Schenck, Mr. Motley, Mr. Welsh, all came and went and never visited Windsor, except to present their credentials or their recall. Mr. Lowell may have been invited after I left the country, but this typical American courtier received no royal summons to dinner while I was in England.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierrepont were asked to call at Balmoral when they happened to be in the Highlands, for Mrs. Pierrepont had pleased both the Queen and the Princess of Wales. She even had a special audience for presentation, a circumstance almost without precedent for an envoy's wife; but on all these occasions both she and the Minister lunched with the royal household, not with the head of the State.

War and Taxation.

Popular Science Monthly for January.

The factors that have been concerned in effecting these economic changes and accompanying disturbances are not, however, simple, but somewhat numerous and complex. They, nevertheless, admit, it is believed, of clear recognition and statement. In the first place, the results of the Franco-German war—the radical changes in the character and construction of war armaments since that period, and the continual augmentation of permanent military forces, have entailed upon all the states of Europe since 1873 continually increasing expenditures and indebtedness; and indirect taxation, by means of duties on imports, to meet these increasing financial burdens, has been found to be most in accord with the maxim attributed to Colbert, that the perfection of taxation consists in so plucking the goose—i.e., the people—as to procure the greatest amount of feathers with the least possible amount of squawking.

Col. Lamont has returned to Achille Olivieri, a wealthy manufacturer of Venice, an exquisitely jeweled casket, made expressly for Mrs. Cleveland and presented to her with the manufacturer's compliments. Accompanying the casket is a courteous letter thanking Sig. Olivieri for his kindness, but declining to accept the gift on the ground that Mrs. Cleveland accepts no presents except from personal friends.

LITTLE KATE AND I.

We didn't wait for an income to marry on, little Kate and I. We had no rich relations to leave us legacies or to send pearl necklaces, diamond ornaments, or thousand dollar bonds for wedding presents. I was simply a brakeman on the Eastern Michigan railway, a long and lonely stretch of rails over desolate marshes, steep mountain grades, and solitary sweeps of prairie land; she was the bright-eyed waitress in one of the restaurants along the line. But when I fell from the platform when the great accident happened, you heard of the great accident, I suppose, when there was such a shocking loss of life—it was Kate's care and nothing else that brought me back into the world I had so nearly quitted for good and all!

"I would have done it for anybody, Mark!" said she, when I tried to thank her.

"Would you?" said I. "But it isn't everybody that would have done it for me, Kate!"

So I asked her to marry me, and she said yes. And I took a little cottage on the edge of the Swampscott woods, and furnished it as well as I could, with a red carpet, cheesecloth curtains at the windows, a real Connecticut clock, and a set of walnut chairs that I made myself, with seats of rushes, woven in by old Billy, the Indian, who carried his baskets and mats around the country, and Mrs. Perkins, the parson's wife, made us a wedding cake, and so we were married. Pretty soon I found out that Kate was pining a little.

"What is it, sweetheart?" said I. "Remember, it was a contract between us that we were to have no secrets from each other! Are you not perfectly happy?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" cried Kate, hiding her face on my shoulder. "But it's my mother, Mark. She's getting old, and if I could only go East to see her, just once before the Lord takes her away!"

It was then I felt the sting of my poverty most. If I had only been a rich man to have handed her out a check, and said: "Go at once!" I think I could have been quite happy.

"Never mind, sweetheart," said I stroking down her hair. "We'll lay up a few dollars from month to month, and you shall go out and see her before she dies!"

And with that little Kate was forced to be content. But there was a hungry homesick look upon her face which went to my heart to see.

"If I was rich!" I kept saying to myself. "Oh, if I was only rich!"

One stormy autumn night we were belated on the road, for the wind was terrible, shaking the century old pines and oaks, as if they were nothing more than tall swamp grasses, and driving through the ravines with a shriek and a howl like a whole pack of hungry wolves. And the heavy rains had raised she streams so that we were compelled to go carefully and slowly over the bridges and keep a long look ahead for fear of accidents.

I was standing at my post, in front of the second passenger car, stamping my feet on the platform to keep them warm, and hoping little Kate would not be perturbed at my long absence, when the news agent came chuckling out:

"We're to stop at Stumpville station," said he.

"Nonsense," said I, "I know better. This train never stops short of Waukensha city, least of all when we are running to make up for lost time, as we are to-night."

"Oh, but this is an exceptional occasion," said Johnny Mills (which was the news agent's name.) "We're going to put an old woman off. She has lost her ticket, she says. More likely she never had one. Goes on as though she had her pocket picked."

"It's most a pity, isn't it, to put one off to-night?" said I. "Least of all at such a lonely place as Stumpville station, where there are only two houses and a blacksmith shop."

"Yes, I know," said Mills, adjusting the newspapers that he carried in a rubber case under his arm. "But the superintendent of the road has got out a new set of instructions, and he's that particular that Jones wouldn't dare overlook a case like this. There's been so many confidence games played on the road lately."

"Which is the one?" said I, turning to look at the end window of the car which was at the rear.

"Don't you see? The old party at the back of the two fat women in the red shawls. She's haranguing Jones now."

"I see," said I. It was a little old woman in a black silk poke bonnet, a respectable cloth cloak, bordered with ancient fur, and a long, green veil, who was earnestly talking and gesticulating with the conductor. But he shook his head and passed on, and she sank back in a helpless little heap behind the green veil, and I could see her take a small handkerchief from a small basket and put it piteously to her eyes.

"It's too bad," said I. "Jones might remember that he once had—if he hasn't now—a mother of his own."

"And lose his place on the road," said Mills. "No, no, old fellow, all that sort of thing does very well to talk about, but it don't work in real life."

So he went into the next car, and the signal to slack up came presently. I turned to Mr. Jones, the conductor, who just then stepped out on the platform.

"Is it for that old lady?" said I. He answered, "Yes." Said I, "how far did she want to go?" "To Swampscott," said he.

"You needn't stop, Mr. Jones," said I, "I'll pay her fare."

"You!" he echoed.

"Yes, I," said I. "I'll take her to my own house until she can telegraph to her friends or something. My wife will be good to her, I know, for the sake of her own old mother out east!"

"Just as you please," said Mr. Jones.

"But when you've been on the road as long as I have, you'll find that this sort of thing doesn't answer."

"I hope I shall never be on the road too long to forget my Christian charity," I answered, a little nettled. And I took out my worn pocket-book and handed over the money.

We did not stop at Stumpville station after all, but put on more steam and ran as fast as it was safe to drive our engine—and when, a little past midnight, we reached Swampscott, when we were due at 7:30, Pierre Rene, the Frenchman, came on board to relieve me, and I helped my old lady off the train, flat basket, travelling bag and all.

"Am I to be put off after all?" said she, with a scared look around her.

"Cheer up, ma'am," said I, "You are all right. Now, then—look out for the step! Here we are."

Where am I?" said the old lady.

"At Swampscott, ma'am," said I.

"And you are the kind man who paid my fare?" said she. "But my daughter and her husband will repay you when—"

"All right, ma'am;" said I. "And now, if you'll just take my arm, we'll be home in a quarter of an hour."

"But," said she, "why can't I go directly to my destination?"

"It's middling late, ma'am," said I, "and houses don't stand shoulder to shoulder in Swamtscott. My nearest neighbor is a mile and a-half away. But never fear, ma'am, I've a wife that will be glad to bid you welcome for the sake of her own mother."

She murmured a few words of thanks, but she was old and weary, and the path was rough and uneven, in the very teeth of keen November blast—and walking wasn't an easy task. Presently, we came to the little cottage on the edge of the Swampscott woods, where the light glowed warmly through the Turkey red curtains.

"Oh, Mark, dearest, how late you are?" cried Kate, making haste to open the door. "Come in, quick, out of the wind. Supper is all ready, and—but who is that with you?"

In a hurried whisper I told her all.

"Did I do right, Kate?" said I.

"Right of course you did," said she. "Ask her to come in at once. And I'll put another cup and saucer on the table."

Tenderly I assisted the chilled and weary old lady across the threshold.

"Here's my wife," said I. "And here's a cup of smoking hot coffee and some of Katie's own biscuits and chicken pie! You'll be all right when the cold is out of your joints a bit!"

"You are very, very welcome," said Kate brightly, as she advanced to untie our visitor's veil and loosen the folds of her cloak. But, all of a sudden, I heard a cry, "Mother, oh, mother!"

"Hold on, Kate!" said I, with the coffee-pot still in my hand, as I had been lifting it from the fire. "This is never—"

"But it is, Mark!" cried out Kate breathlessly. "It's mother; my own mother! Oh, help me, dearest, quickly; she has fainted away!"

But she was all right again, presently, sitting by the fire with her feet on one of the warm cushions, which Kate had knit with wooden needles, and drinking hot coffee. It was all true. The unfortunate passenger whose pocket had been picked on the train, and to whose rescue I had come, was no other than my Kate's own mother, who had determined to risk the perils of a journey to the far West to see her child once again.

And she has been with us ever since, the dearest old mother-in-law that ever a man had, the comfort of our household, and the guardian angel of little Kate and the baby, when I am away on my long trips.

And little Kate declares now that she is "perfectly happy!" God bless her—may she never be otherwise.

How Gun Barrels are Made.

St. Nicholas.—The beautiful waved lines and curious flower like figures that appear upon the surface of the barrels are really the lines of welding, showing that two different kinds of metals, iron and steel, are intimately blended in making the finest and strongest barrels. The process of thus welding and blending steel and iron is a very interesting one. Flat bars, or ribbons, of steel and iron are alternatively arranged together and then twisted into a cable.

Several of the cables are then welded together, and shaped into a long flat bar which is next spirally coiled around a hollow cylinder, called a mandrel; after which the edges of these spiral bars are heated and firmly welded. The spiral coil is now put upon what is called a welding mandrel, is again heated and carefully hammered into the shape of a gun-barrel. Next comes the cold hammering, by which the pores are securely closed. The last or finishing operation is to turn the barrel on a lathe to exactly its shape and size. By all the twistings and weldings and hammerings, the metals are so blended that the mass has somewhat the consistency and toughness of woven steel and iron.

A barrel thus made is very hard to burst. But the finishing of the inside of the barrel is an operation requiring very great care and skill. What is called a cylinder-bored barrel is where the bore or hole through the barrel is made of uniform size from end to end. A choke bore is one that is a little smaller at the muzzle end than it is at the breach end. There are various ways of "choking" gun-barrels, but the object of all methods is to make the gun throw its shot close together with even and regular distribution and with great force. There are several kinds of metallic combinations that gun-makers use, the principal of which are called Damascus, Bernard and laminated steel. The Damascus barrels are generally considered the best.

Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland calls for the abolition of the "ladies' window" in post offices. She says it is an agency of demoralization, because it enables young ladies to carry on correspondence that would not be tolerated by their families if the letters were delivered at their homes.

Eradicating a Habit.

From Youth's Companion.

A man can, if he will, eradicate a deep-rooted habit. For years the Rev. Dr. Storrs, of Brooklyn, read his sermons. He would have continued a "reader" had not new circumstances ordered him, if he wished to hold his audience, to preach not only without a manuscript, but without notes.

He uprooted the inveterate habit, and his eloquent discourses are now delivered without even a scrap of paper appearing on the pulpit-cushion. Though carefully prepared, they are unwritten. The change required a remarkable mental feat.

Until he visited London, General Grant was known as the shy man, from whom no ovation had ever extorted more than two or three words. When a Washington crowd congratulated him on his nomination to the presidency, he told them he was "entirely unaccustomed to public speaking, and without the desire to cultivate the power."

But at the great dinner-party in the Guildhall, which welcomed him to London, the shy, silent man put appropriate thoughts into such felicitous language as to win the approval of scholars and orators.

During his tour around the world, his public acknowledgment of the honors paid to him were terse, epigrammatic, witty and wise. His intimate friends were astonished at the transformation, and one of them, Gen. Badeau, after hearing the general's speech in London, recalled a scene in Missouri.

General Grant was travelling by railroad, and whenever the train stopped, a crowd of people surrounded it, anxious to see and hear, as a woman put it, "the man that lets the women do all the talking."

During one of these halts, the general's youngest son, Jesse, then a boy of seven years, came out on the platform.

"A speech! a speech!" shouted the crowd; but the father remained silent.

"Papa, why don't you speak to them!" asked the boy. Then, as his father remained mute, Jessie cried out, "I can make a speech, if papa can't."

"A speech from Jesse!" shouted the crowd. There was a hush, as the little fellow began reciting:

"The boy stood on the burning deck."

One hot day, when General Grant and his family were out in the lawn before their house, Jesse mounted a haystack, saying, "I'll show you how papa makes a speech."

All of them laughed as Jesse made a bow, which his father never did, and began:

"Ladies and Gentleman, I am very glad to see you. I thank you very much. Good-night!"

Grant blushed, and the others laughed; he did not relish the imitation; it was too close.

Bismarck's Narrow Escape.

London Figaro.

According to private correspondence from Berlin, Prince Bismarck has been considerably troubled of late by the effect of the bullet wound he received so many years ago from the revolver of a would-be assassin. Many people have forgotten even the circumstance that the great German Chancellor was so murderously attacked by the youth Blind, but as a matter of fact five shots were discharged at him, and it was simply owing to the sturdy way in which he grasped his assailant's arm that only one of them took effect. This bullet glanced off one of the Chancellor's lower ribs, and a bony excrescence which developed in consequence still marks the place. As it turned out, too, Bismarck's risk was by no means at an end when he grappled with and seized his assailant. A military guard hurried up hearing the Chancellor's shouts, and the impulse of the foremost of these stalwart Prussian grenadiers on seeing a comparatively feeble stripling being held and seemingly maltreated by a ponderous man with a bald head—for Bismarck's hat had fallen off—was to club his rifle and bring it down on the latter's bare pate. Luckily for Germany, however, the Chancellor warded his impending fate by shouting out, "Hold on, I am Bismarck!" on which, as the latter himself tells the story, the soldier dropped his weapon in a much greater fright than that of his escaped victim.

Living from Hand to Mouth.

From the Cleveland Leader.

One startling fact brought out by the great miners' strike in the Schuylkill valley is the strictly hand-to-mouth system of fuel distribution in great centres of population. The stock of coal on hand in cities near the mines is utterly inadequate to supply the needs of manufactories and other large consumers for more than a few weeks in advance. Of course, at points more remote, especially such as receive their coal mainly by routes like the great lakes, which are closed a large part of the year, the accumulation of fuel is quite extensive at certain seasons in particular. Taking the country as a whole, however, in view of the ease with which stocks of coal may be carried without loss or injury, the margin protecting consumers from the consequences of a stoppage of work in the mines is very small. A total cessation of mining in all parts of the United States would very speedily be followed by terrible distress and business stagnation. In fact, the world, even yet, comes far nearer living from hand to mouth, in the necessaries such as food and fuel, than we are apt to think. Eternal industry is the price of protection from cold and hunger.

According to "The Musical Courier," the number of pianos manufactured in this country in 1887 has been 52,000, requiring 4,576,000 keys, as many hammers, 200,000 casters, over 12,000,000 tuning-pins, and some 1,500,000 brass agraffes.