Amusing Anecdotes About Him-A Carrier's Mistake.

About forty years ago several haulers were employed in carrying pig iron from Brymbo to Queen's ferry. Among the number was one William Griffiths, who is still alive. This man when going down Tinkerdale one day him. Among other questions, the weight have you on the cart?" what do you pay for gates?" "Eigh-teen pence." "How much does it cost Mr. Jerone Leonard, resides at Rusto keep the mare?" "Thirteen shillings a week." "How are you going to get up this hill?" asked the stranger. "Oh, I mun get me shuder, where his elder brother was an orchesand push up here." "I'll help you a tra leader in a variety theater. Leobit," said he, and at once put his shoulder to the cart and pushed up much in the habit, with a boy comthe hill well. When they reached the top the hauler said, "You an' me's been as good as a chain horse." "Well, head. The 8th Kansas volunteers, well," said the stranger, "I don't commanded by John A. Martin, now know how the horse's legs are, but governor of that state, were in Leavenmine ache very much, indeed. I suppose you can manage now?" "Yes, for departure to Kentucky and Tennethank you," said the hauler, and wishing him good-day they separated. As not return until the war was ended. soon as the stranger was gone a trades-man asked Griffiths if he knew who bury, and "John Brown Had a Little had been helping him. "No," said he, "he's a perfect stranger to me." "That was Mr. Gladstone," said the catch songs were exhausted. Young tradesman. "Mr. Gladstone," re- | Jerome heard his brother talking of sponded the hauler; "I dun know the need of a new war song, went to what he'll think o' me, then, for I his room and hammered out of an old never sir'd him, nor nothin'. I thought | cracked piano and two old Methodist he was some farmer."

ant villages, has its carriers. This man visits Chester once or twice a through which he passes. On one occasion he brought a barrel of beer from Chester for a farmer living in Moore lane, the entrance to which is close to one of Mr. Gladstone's lodges. Arriving at this spot he stopped his ow has a deputy postmaster whether horse and was wondering how he could manage to get the barrel lowered, for he was to leave it by the lodge, as the farmer had agreed to fetch it from there himself. At that moment up came Mr. Gladstone with his ax upon his shoulder. "Hey, old comrade," said he, come and give us a hand with this barrel." Without any hesitation the premier assisted him to lower it to the ground. "Now, old fellow," said the carrier, "if you'll come up into the village I'll pay for a helping him. "No," was the reply. "Why," said the villager, "that was Mr. Gladstone!" "What a fool I be," said the carrier; "but he's a good old chap. He helped me, and thou knows he done it so willing like."

Mr. Gladstone on one occasion visited one of his tenants with a bundle of comic papers under his arm, in which he and Mr. Disraell were severely caricatured. Handing them to the tenant he roguishly said: "Here I am; what do you think of me and my

friend?" At the Howarden flower show of 1884 the premier was seen arming about the castle grounds, where the show is annually held, a fat old carrier woman, sad! whom he humorously introduced to the visitors as "Lady Margaret." This notable personage, Margaret Hughes, the earlier woman, was at one of the feasts given in honor of W. H. Gladstone's marriage, and, as is usual at such gatherings, toasts were introduced. It fell to Margaret's lot to propose the premier's health. Springing to her feet, she, in very homely yet appropriate terms, made her proposition. Mr. Gladstone, responding, thanked them all for their good wishes, more especially "Lady Margaret," as he called her, the mention of which caused roars of laughter. The title has clung to her from that day to this, and letters are often addressed to her bearing that title. On one occasion she said to the premier: "Oh, sir, why do you not come and live with us always, where everybody thinks so much of you, instead of going up to London and bothering yourself with those fellows who will never let you alone? Why not settle down in your case, and great was the Astonishment beautiful house and enjoy yourself?" "Well," said Mr. Gladstone, "let me put you a question. Why should you

way I can." Mrs. Gladstone was going out for a walk. She had got a short distance from the castle when a party of visitors met her. "I say is the old gentleman at home?" said one of them. "Yes," said Mrs. Gladstone. "We want to see him," said he. "Follow was the reply. "I'll take you to him." She led the way to the front door and called out, "William, you're wanted." "By Golly," whispered one of them, "she must be his wife."-London Echo.

she answered, "that is my work and

An Incongruous Empire.

code of the principality of Bayreuth; 2,600 to the Austrian code, which is in force at Redwitz; 200 to the Solms lectors in eyery known island. In his statutes, and 100 to the code of Coburg. The country must be a paradise for lawyers.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Coll ction are hundreds of speciment you beat me. In fact, I am glad I am onettes were of the most intimate nation being wedded out and exported out. I was tired of public life, any lawyers.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Solution are hundreds of speciment out. I was tired of public life, any lawyers.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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Songs of the War.

Someone describes in a Philadelphia paper the methods of Frank Howard, popular singer and ballad composer. It is stated that after writing the words he will get together several members of the minstrel company with which he is connected, and they will all sing, suggest, and criticise while he embodies on the piano, till with his load of iron, was accosted by at last the melody thus hammered out a stranger, who chatted freely with is made to fit. The author of that m. Among other questions, the famous war song, "John Brown's anger asked how much he got per Body," describes in a letter to The for carrying the iron. "Six and Graphic a similar process in connecta-pence," said the earter. "What tion with that wonderful piece of passion and nonsense, patriotism and "About a ton and a half." "And brutality, high-wrought enthusiasm sel, Kan. He was a boy of 16 years nard was fond of music, and very panion, of thrumming off combination tunes from old melodies floating in his worth during June, 1861, preparing see, from which department they did Nigger," "One More River to Cross," "Canaan's Happy Land," and other camp-meeting tunes the stirring rhyth-Northrop, like most other import- mic melody with its "hallelujah" cherus we know as the John Brown song and music. He wrote two of the verses week, and carries all manner of goods | afterward so famous, and it was sung for the inhabitants of the districts on the boards that night. It set the soldiers wild, and so traveled from Leavenworth to Boston harbor, where isiness at the old stand.

> A DEPUTY P. M.—Bert. Thompson gets the appointment as postmaster not. The young man made his debut to the society of man, Sunday.

THE TRIBUNE has the very best faciles and workmen for doing Job Work Southwestern Nebrasica Wa guar green where in the union lines the favor of particular to the state of the sta the soldiery and the adaptive verdict of the people. Nothing ever replaced it. Mrs. Howe's "Battle Hymn" was pint of the best for thee." "No, thank sung by the camp-fire, but the rude you. You are welcome to my assist- and stirring "John Brown," first set ance," said Mr. Gladstone, and walk- echoing over a continent by the boy, ed away toward the castle smiling. A Jerome Leonard, held its place on the villager who was standing a little march and on the battlefield until the way off came up to the carrier and end, and still has power to stir and asked him if he knew who had been rouse with associations of "deering do."-New York Graphic.

American Fables.

A Woodchuck who had, at great Labor and many Back-Aches, managed to excavate a Hole for Himself in a Hillside, was resting and congratulating Himself when along came a Fox, who said:

"Ah-um! Just Fits me! I've been Looking for just such a Den for the last three months." "You don't mean to Steal my Home

away?" queried the Woodchuck. "Might makes Right in this Blizzard Country, and don't you Forget it!

Take yourself off, or I'll make you The Fox took Possession, and the Woodchuck withdrew, but next morning he passed that way to find the Fox fast in a Trap at the mouth of the Den. Some boys had Baited for Woodchuck

and caught a Fox. As they Appeared on the scene Reynard called out: "I am but a poor Fox, while you are Learned and Intelligent Human Beings. You have no right to Sacrifice me in this Manner !"

"Ah! Yes, but this is a Question of Might instead of Right!" was the Reply, as he was Knocked on the Head.

MORAL: It Ceases to be Funny when Both Sides begin to play the Same Game.

THE WISE BEE. A Bee, which had long been noted for His Industry and Perseverance, one day Refused any Further Labor, and, though Advised and Admonished by his best Friends, he Buzzed himself out of the Neighborhood. Many and Dire were the Predictions made in his as he Reappeared one autumn morn-

ing, looking Better than ever before. "Just as Easy as Rolling Off a Log," not sell your horse and cart, and give he replied to their Queries of how he up troubling yourself about this going to and from Chester?" "Eh, but," Salary by Working-Bees to Travel Salary by Working-Bees to Travel Around and Complain of the Hives I think if I gave it up I should die."
"And the other," said Mr. Gladstone,
"is my work, and I must do it the best "And what furnished us and the Clover Sowed for

"And what would you have?" ask-

ed a Dozen Bees at once. "I Advocate that our Keepers shall step down and out, while we play the Piano and Wear Broadcloth." "But in that case who'll make the Honey?" softly asked one of the

MORAL: It will be Awfully Nice if any of us ever Live to see it .- Detroit Free Press.

A Large Butterfly Collection.

An interesting account is given at Johns Hopkins University of Herman Strecker, naturalist, of Reading, Pa. He is a stonecutter, a day laborer, but The union of Germany will never be known all over the world as an authorcomplete until the whole of the em- ity on butterflies. His scientific labors. pire becomes subject to one code of it is said, are done at night after his laws. It is almost impossible to say days work is over and on Sundays. how many codes are now in force in He makes his own drawings on stone, various parts of the country. In Ba- writes his own descriptive matter, sets varia alone there are no less than the type and does the printing himself. seven different jurisdictions. Of He has the largest collection of butter-the 3,515,000 inhabitants of the king- flies in the world. Two years ago he dom about 2,100,000 are subject to the published a catalogue of North Amer. not entitled to occupy that seat until tims of Bourbon hate, and in the France asked 3 per mille premium on Bavarian cobe; 641,000 to the code ican species of butterflies which is the the 4th of March next?" Napoleon, which is the law of the Pala- most complete ever issued, since it tinate; 450,000 to the code of the contains all the synonyms. In this bishopric of Wurzburg; 321,000 to the | publication he gives long lists of names

General Gordon's Views of Death.

"God knows what my anxiety was. Not for my life, for I died years ago to a l ties in this world and to all its comforts, honors and glories." It was on September 11, 1877, when on his expedition to Shaka, 560 miles southwest of Khartoum, with four companies of indifferent troops, to break the neck of slave raiding in its very den, that Gordon wrote these characteristic words, which may fitly be quoted at a time when there is too much reason to fear he has actually laid down his life for those whom he had vainly striven to save. They breathe precisely the spirit with which Gordon always regarded life and death. "God has given you," he says, writing to his friends, "ties and anchors to this earth, you have wives and families; I, thank God, have none of them, and am free. You are only called on at intervals to rely on your God; I am obliged continually to do so. I mean by this that you have only great trials, such as the illness of a child, when you feel yourself utterly weak, now and then. I am constantly in anxiety. The body rebels against this constant leaning on God; it is a heavy strain on it; it causes appetite to cease. Find me the man-and I will take him as my heip -who utterly despises money, name, glory, honorone who never wishes to see his home again, one who looks to God as the source of good and controller of evil, one who has a healthy body and an energetic spirit, and one who looks on death as a release from misery. If you can not find him, then leave me alone."

The instinctive clinging to live, which is natural to all men, Gordon seems to have overcome as completely as Ignatius Loyola, or John Wesley, or Cromwell's Puritans. When his poor Soudanese lambs pressed him on every side with their complaints, he wrote: "I must not complain if they have no thought of what I have already gone through. There is only one issue ramp it, and that is death, and I often feel stee wish it would come and relieve me." ne can hardly doubt that if Gordon calvas in fact stabbed as he, left the pal-

e he had so bravely held for twelve Fonths, he saw in the dagger an incasicument of deliverance. In every ference to death, it was with him a astreat "release." "I value my life as Indaught, and should only leave wearerr relegraph.

Why Women Dress. If women dressed solely to please men they would spend precious little money on their raiment, for \$50 lady insisted that the girl did not look would go as far as \$250 goes now. as if she was dead. Doctors were No; the truth is that one of the cheif summoned, and they applied several incentives to dress among women is tests, which resulted in their declarathe desire to create envy in the breast | tion that lite was extinct.' of her fellow-woman. This passion varies with women, but few are without it. It is as naturacal to the sex as the horrow of rats or the dread of est joy in life, and gives the widest field for ingenuity and originality. That is the ruling passion in the female breast when on dress parade, any observer of the Kearny-street show on a pleasant afternoon will evidences of the breaking of the commandment against covetousness which abound on every hand. If it were not for this feeling, woman's dress would not be the expensive luxury it is to-day to husbands and take the rith out of the whole occupation of dress. There would be left, however, the natural desire of any unspoiled woman to adorn her person with pretty things. It may be seen in the little girl who is not yet able to talk, but who is as much a woman in ber instinct for color and softness of fabric as she will ever be. The boy cares nothing for such things any more than he does for a doll or a cradle. But the girl has the deftness of hand and the keenness of instinct for form and color which are hers by birthright, and which, if found in the

cisco Chronicle. Hints on Horse Breeding. Unhealthy or unsound animals

young man, are the result of long

and careful cultivation .- San Fran-

should never be used. Ill-tempered animals should never be used. Half-bred stallions of any breed should not be used

Avoid breeding in-and-in. Do not breed from mares and horses, which having bred, produced bad

Determine exactly in your own mind the character of the horse you wish to produce and never lose sight | European valor, and courtly dames

to procure the finest animals and blood that will suit your purpose. To breed half-bred horses, select a pure bred horse and a big half-bred

Avail of any opportunity that offers

mare, the better bred she is the more | ram did not hesitate to grasp the ax, valuable she will be. Select a neatly made, large, roomy. healthy, young, well shaped, sound,

well bred mare with a good temper and good action, or a tried mare that fully accepted the humble, menial has been successful. Select a pure bred stallion, compact,

well shaped, sound, healthy, vigorous, with good temper and good action.

The Last Gasp of a Humorist. The Hon. Tim Tarsney, who suc- to Alabama-an ideal sabreur. Erect ceeds Horr in the next congress, is in | in figure, handsome in feature, and the city. He is a modest young Irishman, with a beaming eye and a head full of brains. Be visited the house one day last week, and, during the the fortunes of Napoleon from Maren- England or elsewhere abroad. If so, a temporary absence of the corpulent Horr, occupied that gentleman's seat. When Mr. Horr returned he was as the highest emcomiums from the em-

in an apparently excited manner: "For heaven's sake, man! You are

Horr laughed and said:

A DREADFUL ROMANCE.

Going Crazy After Finding His Only Daughter Was Buried Alive.

"What life romances there are going on all around us." remarked one of Inspector Byrnes' men to a reporter he met in the Fifth Avenue hotel on Thursday.

"What brought out that romantic remark?" said the matter-of-fact inklinger.

"You saw that man I saluted as Charlie a moment ago?" said the de-

"Yes, You seemed very familiar." "We are. I arrested him a fortnight

"Arrested? What for?" "I thought he was working a bunko racket on a man he was always following and making up to, but I was mistaken. He is hired to follow the

"Hired to follow him? That's a very thin story." "It seems so, but it's true. Here he comes now. I'll introduce you

and let you hear the yarn." The stranger, a flashy young man. returned through the corridor arm in arm with a respectable old gentleman. The two separated at the clerk's desk, the old man taking his key and going

up-stairs to his room. Then the young fellow turned to the detective and was introduced to the newspaper man. "Well, my day's work is over, and

"Where did he take you?" "Into every undertaking establishment on the East side, ordering caskets and shrouds. He ordered at least fifty and I countermanded."

a tough one it's been. He's led me

the liveliest dance yet.'

"Why does he do that?" inquired the amazed reporter. "It's a crank he has," said the stanger. "He's sound on every other point but that. He's a wealthy old chap, who takes trips about the country, ordering caskets and shrouds in every city to be shipped to him at his

home in West Virginia." "What started this mania?" "Oh, a terrible affair. He had no mmediate relatives but an only daughter, a beautiful girl, aged 17. She was buried alive a month ago, and

ever since he has been a little off, as

"Buried aliye? How was that?" "She was taken ill, and the doctor prescribed morphia. She took an overdose, and apparently died. The father went nearly crazy with grief. The body was kept three days, and was viewed by all the neighbors. One

"Then they buried here?" "Yes, after four men had dragged

the father from the casket." "The night after the funeral the horned cattle. It furnishes the sweet- dogs of a farmer living near the churchyard kept up a continual howling, and on being let loose the next same date in 1884, and the commercial morning made direct for the young receipts at the western markets are lady's grave, and began digging at it with their paws. The old man was informed of this, and had the body readily see in the glances which are disinterred in the presence of his bestowed on striking costumes and neighbors and the village authorities. The body was taken out of the casket. It presented a frightful appearance.

"The unfortunate girl had evidently made superhuman struggles to lift the | per cent of a crop of 169,000,000 bushlid of the casket after it had been lowered into the grave. In her frenzy at when the crop was less by 92,000,000 fathers. Remove this desire to out- her failure she must have lost her bushels. There has been a slightly shine other women and you would mind entirely, as her face was distig- freer use of wheat for bread, and a ured in every possible manner. Her little of the poorer quality has been long black hair had been plucked fed stock. The stock March 1, 1883, from her head, the lining was torn was 28.5 per cent of previous crop or from the sides of the casket, and the 143,000,000 bushels; and that of March pillows was in shreds. Her hands and 1, 1882, was 98,000,000 bushels. The arms were torn and bleeding. Her quality is reported above the average clothing consisted in part of a light | in every western state except Illinois, summer dress, which was literally Missouri and in nearly all the Atlantic torn from her body. Her lips were and Gulf coast states. bitten through."

"And that set the old man crazy?" "Mildly so, as you see," "I don't wonder at it. It was terriole; but why don't his relatives re-

strain him?" "That would make him worse. He is inoffensive, I am reliable, and they are quite willing I shall follow him about and set him straight."

"But doesn't ever he object to your presence?"

"No; we formed an attachment in Baltimore, and he doesn't suspect that I am anything more to him than a chance ucquaintance."-New York Star.

Illustrious Exiles.

Among the exiles who had sought this far away refuge from Bourbon persecution were military chieftians who had turned the tide of battle on some of the most sanguinary fields of who had figured in all the luxury and brilliance of the best days of the empire. Generals who, at the head of the superb soldiery of France, had done the bloody work of their imperial master at Austerlitz, Jena, and Wagthe plow, and the hoe, while bravehearted women, who had shone conspicuously in the brilliant courts of Josephine and Marie Antoinette, cheerduties of pioneer houswifery. Conspicuous among the settlers was Count Charles Lefebre-Desnonettes, who had been a major general of cavalry under Napoleon. He was in the full vigor of a perfect manhood when he came graceful in bearing, he possessed a magnetism of manner that was irrego to Waterloo with a zeal and fidelity that on more than one occasion won tonished to see Tarsney, and exclaimed | peror. After the overthrow of the colossal power of Napoleon. Desnon-

Napoleon was bidding adieu to his sorrowing officers at Fontainebleau, on the eve of his departure to Elba, he said: "I can not take leave of you all, but will embrace Gen. Desnonettes in behalf of you all." In his will Napoleon left him 150,000 francs. After Desnonettes had become established in pioneer home at Demopolis, he built a log cabin near his residence that he called his "sanctuary," and in its center he placed a bronze statue of Napoleon, while around the room hung flags, swords, pistols, and other trophies of battle. It was his habit to repair to this retreat at a certain hour of each day, there, perhaps, to live over in memory the glorious moments when, at the head of his charging squadrons, he had stricken terror to the hearts of the enemies of France. Among the actual settlers on the Tombigbee, a scarcely less notable personage than the Lefeore-Desnonettes was Col. Nicholas Raoul, who had accompanied Napoleon to Elba and had commanded the advance guard of two hundred grenadiers on his return. He, too, was in the prime of life when he came to Alabama-a large, finelooking man, with a decided military air and bearing, energetic in speech and action, and quick to resent the slightest affront. Tradition recounts more than one occasion when, in after years, he administered merited chastisement to burly American settlers who had presumed too far upon his forbearance. His wife accompanied him to his pioneer home, and she was one of the most beautiful and accomplished of the refugees. She was a Neapolitan by birth, and had been marchioness of Sinabaldı. When Murat was king of Naples, she was a maid of honor to Queen Caroline. In spite of his energy Raoul was unsuccessful and he was at last forced to earn a subsistence by keeping a ferry on Big Prairie creek about fourteen

Grain Statistics.

Times-Democrat.

miles from Demopolis .- New Orleans

The report of the consumption and distribution of corn and wheat from statistical returns from the department of agriculture, shows that 371 per cent of the last crop remains in farmers' hands, against 33 per cent on the first of March, 1884. The supply in farmers' hands last March was 512,000,000 bushels; the remainder now is 75,000,-000 bushels. The stock in the middle states is 39,000,000, against 22,000,000 last March. In the south the proportion is the same as last year, 41.6 per cent, but the quantity is 145,000,000 bushels, against 138,000.000 bushels. The proportion in the west is 36.7 instead 30.7, and the quantity amounts to 490,000,000 bushels, or 144,000,000 bushels more than the stock last March. Two years ago the remaining stock at the same date was 158,000,000 bushels, or 36.3 per cent of a crop of 1,617,000,000 bushels. The amount shipped is a few millions less than last year. Exports equal 28,000,000 bushels, against 32,000,000 bushels the also less, the dull eastern crop reducing slightly the demand, notwithstanding the reduction in price. The proportion in merchantable corn is very large, 87 per cent, against an average of 80 per cent for a period of years and 60 per cent for the last year. Wheat reported in farmers' hands is about 33 els more than the stock last March,

A Tough Turkey-or Story.

C. S. Brownell & Co., a Chicago commission firm, received on Thursday a consignment of several barrels of dressed turkeys. A porter in the employ of the house was directed to open a barrel of the Thanksgiving birds, and proceeded to do so. He knocked in the head of the barrel, when he noticed a movement among the deceased poultry. Before he could notice the cause a large and plump gobbler stepped out of the barrel and ran wildly around the store, seemingly abashed at his own nakedness. The bird actually hadn't a feather on his body, and looked a very ghost of a Thanksgiving dinner. For a moment the porter was fairly "paralyzed," but seeing that there was nothing supernatural in the event, he pursued Mr. Gobbler and put an end to his existence by cutting off his head. The turkey had been killed, or it was supposed to have been killed, in the country and shipped when the mercury was serveral degrees below zero. At this temperature the poultry must have remained exposed for at least thirtysix hours. It is supposed that the man who slaughtered the turkeys failed to reach Mr. Gobbler's jugular vein, and he survived the plucking and the terrible cold, only to meet his death by the knife of an assassin. - Chicago Inter Ocean.

No Specie Payments in France. The Bank of France nominally keeps up the fiction that it does not refuse to pay gold on demand; but whenever bullion dealers approach it with a demand for a large sum, the question is sistible in its charm. He had followed asked whether it is for remittance to premium is clapped on just high enough to prohibit withdrawals for the purpose mentioned. "Early this week," says the Pall Mall Gazette, February 13, "when the exchange on Lonettes was marked for one of the vic- don had risen to 25.371, the Bank of month of May, 1816, he was condemn- gold, which destroyed the profit on its Tarsney began to explain, when Mr. | ed to death, without trial, by the se- | remittance, and caused those engaged cond court-martial of the First military to buy checks, or short bills on Lon-"I was only joking, my boy. You division; but in the meantime he had don instead. After all, this is pracmay sit there as long as you please: I found a safe refuge in the United | tically a refusal to sell gold, and what welcome you. To tell the truth, I have | States. The personal relations that | we get from France is only in driblets, no hard feelings toward you because existed between Napoleon and Des- the full-weighted gold coins in circulashared the same carriage, and when | yields a profit on the operation."

FACT AND FANCY.

During the recent ice-jam in Chesapeake bay millions of ducks were crowded into small open spaces of water. This afforded sportsmen and pothunters fine opportunities for killing them, and great numbers were slaugtered. One man is reported to have killed thirty-two at a single shot.

The passage of the new penal code in the Minnesota legislature recalls the fact that the last hanging in Minnesota was in 1855. This was when Minnesota was a territory. Heretofore the passage of a death sentence was left to the option of the court, but no udge has ever exercised that privi-

The fact that three members of the new cabinet are named William has ed a curious newspaper man to look up the Williams in all the cabinets ever made in the nation. Among his discoveries was that the interior department is the only one which has never been presided over by a Will-

The North Carolina house of representatives has adopted the following lesign for a new state flag: A white par and a red bar run horizontally, the red bar above the white. Near the staff the color is blue to a depth of one-third of the flag, in the center of this blue portion is the coat of arms of

the state in gold. While the Salvation army was holding a revival in Troy someone shouted "Fire!" A policeman tried to stem the panic that ensued, but was power-less to do so, and prayers were changed to curses as the excited crowd rushed for the doors. Several persons were trampled upon and badly injured. Finally the policeman started up "We're at the Fountain Drinking." The salvationists joined in the song. and the panic was arrested.

"Ah, my dear Mrs Parvenue, did you go to Italy?" "Oh! yes," was the reply, "we all were over it and saw everything." "Did you see the vatican?" "Yes, we were there, but t was erupting fearful that day, throwing up lava and smoke and stuff, and they concluded that it would not be safe to go up to the top. It was a fine spectacle from the conservatory of the hotel, and I enjoyed it quite as much as if I had been right on the

spot." One of the most remarkable oils yet discovered is that found in the Arengo oil basin in Wyoming territory. In a shaft put down on the east side of Bath creek to a depth of twelve feet,. oil flows in exceptionally high specific gravity. It is, when first exposed, of a brownish color, and can be cut with a knife like soft butter. It gradually turns black on exposure. It has little odor when it first comes from the shaft, though what escapes on the south side of the adjoining ridge has a slight pungency, which it loses on

exposure. Mrs. Snobberly, whose husband made a great deal of money very suddenly by a rise in oil, puts on a great deal of style. At a recent banquet, at her house on Fifth avenue, New York, she hired Herr Baenkelsaenger, a celebrated violinist, for the evening. His first piece was the Swedish Wedling March, which is very slow. After listening for a few moments, old Snobberly became very indignant, and said in a very audible tone of voice: Them musicians are just like all other loafers. When they are paid by the job, you bet they take their time

Cars in all stages of dismantled wreck are constantly to be seen propped up on a moveable platform on the op floor of the big New York Third avenue surface road car stables. Workmen are busy all days with hammers and paint-pots building the cars up again and making them look new. 'They will be just as good as new, too," the railway president said, "and nobody but an expert could tell the difference. With good treatment and care a street-car will last nearly a quarter of a century. If they're neg-lected they get all broken up in less than a year.'

Some years since Rev. Dr. Benton was rector of the parish church in Eltham, Kent. One day he took for his text, "Who art thou?" After having read this he paused, as was his custom, to give the audience time to think upon the words. Just then a military officer entered, and walking down the aisle, supposed the question was addressed to him. "I am, sir, Sergt. McDuffie, of the 16th regiment of foot, and recruiting officer here," replied the man, giving the salute. The congregation, of course, roared, and the clergyman had trouble in collecting his thoughts.

One of the tricks of a French prestidigitateur is a surprising illusion. A wedding-ring borrowed from a lady is hammered into a bar by some volunteer assistant among the audience. The conjuror borrows a programme, rolls it into a cornucopia-shaped receptacle for the ring, and without the use of the left hand crumples the paper into a ball, which the volunteer holds tight, full in view of the audience. When he is directed to open it he finds that the crumpled ball of paper consists of five sealed envelopes, one within the other, and with the perfect wedding-ring in the smallest and innermost.

The following claims of superiority over steam traction are made for electricity as a railway motor: Absence of smoke and cinders; it obviates all danger from explosion; it does away with the necessity for heavy locomotives and for tenders, and allows of lighter bridges and tracks; the rails are not worn out so fast, as a perfect rotary motion is communicated to the driving wheels, and there is no pounding or jumping of the motor; no obstruction can throw the train from the track, as the current is neutralized by the obstruction itself, and the train comes to a stop before the obstruction is reached. A broken rail or an open drawbridge would break the current, so that the train could not reach the point of danger; by a proper arrangement of connections it would be impossible for any train to proceed to a section already occupied by another train, and collisions would be impossi-