

The Rev. John Craig.

My wife lay dying. And I, who had called on the Most High from beside so many deathbeds, could pray no longer.

I married her in no carnal desire, but because I thought I and she together could serve God better than she and I apart. There was no beauty in her face, other than the soft light of kindness and health of soul. But all the children in the village loved her, and after she became my wife I know I did more good than I had done before.

Then there came a child of our own, to love and to rear in the fear of God. But it was taken away—and in that hour of common sorrow I learned to love Mary so that she became more beautiful to me than flowers. And still we did our work together in the village, I among the men and women she among the children.

Then she fell ill. I fought death fiercely, and prayed to God unceasingly. But she grew weaker always, and at last my wife lay dying.

All my prayers and my nursing, all the tears of people who loved her, could not cool her hot head—could not even make death easy to her.

I went into the empty church, where the cool light of the early morning shown through an opened blind, and the notes danced in a shaft of sunbeams over the table where the Bible lay. I threw the book on the floor, and standing on it I cried, "O Satan, I turn to thee, for God has failed me. I have much to offer thee—the record of a long service of the unjust God—a mind trained in turning men to God. Give me Mary's life, and I will devote my soul to thee. Only spare her, give her health, and let her still serve the God she loves, and whom henceforth I hate, and I will be thy servant forever."

I left the Bible lying there, open at the Twenty-third Psalm and torn by my heel, and went to Mary's room again.

"Hush," said her sister, "she is asleep—the doctor says it will save her life. Give thanks to God,—he is very good."

When she was quite well again, I told the people of the church that I was in the need of rest, and they gave me four months in which to recover my strength. I had a brother a missionary in the Fiji, and we thought it best to spend our vacation in going to visit him. We took passage in the bark Seawear, from San Francisco.

On the tenth night out from port I heard a great noise of tearing and crashing, and then a heavy shock threw us from our berths. I helped Mary up to the deck, and saw the mate standing there, cutting tobacco. It was bright moonlight.

"Well, parson, you brought us parson's luck," said the mate. "The rest is off in a boat with her bows stove in, but I'd as lief run here. The Dutch fool that run us down is a mile away by now, and showed no side-lights, cuss him."

He lit his pipe, and turned away to watch the water creeping up the sides of the vessel—almost up to the deck now.

"Mary," I said, "we have not long to live. Kiss me."

She put her arms around my neck and said, "John, I must tell you something before the end comes. You used to say I loved you more with mother-love than anything else. But, lately, since you have been ill, everything is changed with me. I love you now in a way that would have seemed wicked to me a year ago—and John, I am afraid I am not going to heaven. Something has gone wrong with me; I tell lies, and I think mean thoughts, and I have only pretended to say my prayers since I got well. I don't care—as long as you love me—I think it's because I worship you so that I have lost God. Don't turn from me—I know I am not good enough to die by your side, darling, but I love you—I love you."

The bark gave a sudden lurch by the bows, and we were in the sea. I saw Mary's face for a moment, but before I could swim to her she sank.

A boat from the German vessel picked me up. I am back in the village again, preaching and praying. And the mark of my heel is still on the Twenty-third Psalm.—The Overland.

Disordered Hearing.

The senses, in their normal action, never deceive; but they are all liable to disturbing influences of various kinds, which cause them to act abnormally. They may be painfully excited in sensibility, or the organs of sense may be so blunted as to become partly or wholly incapable of informing their usual functions. They may even give rise to sensations that are absolutely false. The eye may "see" bright lights, beautiful scenes, forms of familiar friends, or monsters of hideous shape seen as clearly as we see anything, and yet the apparent objects be wholly unreal.

Disorders of hearing are the most common of all. Ringing, or tinkling, rumbling, roaring, or beating, as of an audible pulse, are heard in various disturbed states of the system. This is a frequent result of the misuse or overuse of drugs, as by the large dose of quinine taken in malaria. False noises may be heard, so distinct that the person does not once suspect their objective unreality. These hallucinations of sight and hearing combined. He says:

"I was broad awake; my eyes were closed, and yet I saw with perfect distinctness the whole scene going on in the theatre—Ducrow, performing his wonders of horsemanship, and the assembled multitude, among whom I recognized several intimate friends. When I opened my eyes the whole scene vanished; when I closed them, it instantly returned.

"But, though I could thus dissipate the spectacle, I found it impossible to

get rid of the accompanying music. This was the grand march in the opera of "Aladdin," which was performed by the orchestra with more superb and imposing effect, and with greater loudness, than I had ever heard it before."

The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal lately described a case, due simply to marked constipation of long standing. At first the voices were heard at night. They seemed to be the voices of three persons, who persisted in tormenting the patient with offensive talk.

At length they annoyed her by day as well as at night. They would sing, yell and quarrel among themselves, and at times command her to do things that frightened her. Sleep was impossible day or night. She was wholly relieved by a few days of careful treatment, which regulated the bowels and secured sound sleep.—Youths' Companion.

Women's Work and Pay.

It is not true, says the Dry Goods Chronicle, that steam power applied to sewing machines lessens the labor of the operatives. It merely increases production. When foot power was used, the operator could rest, in a measure, by working at a slower pace. With steam power no such latitude is possible. It is a continual drive to keep up. A half-hour is allowed for lunch. Occasionally three or four minutes are allowed absence by permission, from the room, but a minute over this time brings its fine.

The contractors for cheap work give out the finishing of coats by the dozen for four cents each. The finishing of a coat is understood to mean everything but the machine work. A mother and daughter, coat finishers, by working fourteen hours a day, were able to finish a dozen each. That is to say, twenty-eight hours labor earned ninety-six cents. This is a good record for such work.

Coat finishers, for such goods as are sold by the larger Broadway houses, receive eighteen to thirty-five cents. How neatly and carefully such work is done the weavers of these coats know. It would be very expert work that could finish more than two of these coats in an ordinary day's labor.

Coat finishing is done under contract. It is, perhaps, fair to the well-established houses to believe that they do not know the conditions under which it is done nor the prices paid. The contractor is indeed employed to spare them thought and annoyance in the matter. Here is a specimen case—seventeen men and women are huddled in a small room.

There is a roaring fire for their stoves. The room rocks with heat and the steaming odors from the workers. These, on account of the heat, are scarcely decently clad. The opportunities for breeding diseases and infecting the garments are limitless. It is not only the cheap shops which endanger the public health.

A woman, for making a pair of cheap trousers, receives nine cents each, the usual price. By working all day, and into the night she can make two pairs. On the eighteen cents a day she earns she supports herself and four little children, for she is a widow.

Fully one-third of the working women of this city are out of employment. From day to day they watch and follow the weary trail of the advertisements in the newspapers. Such are the changing conditions of labor that women who used to earn from \$15 to \$18 a week as leather curlers can now make but from \$10 to \$12 a week. The same rate of decrease is seen in other trades.

A Queer Family.

From the Van News.

There is no more peculiar family than the Gleen, two sisters and a brother, who live in Urbana Ohio. All are unmarried, and John the brother is a study. There were once three boys. The father were odd. He would never go in debt. Once he went to buy the boys a coat each, but his money gave out and he only got two. He told John the circumstances and said he would get him one next time. John got mad, said he need never wear him one, and that he would never wear one as long as his father lived. Going to his room, John remained fourteen years without a coat, and no one ever saw him out of that room. His meals were sent to him and he sat there and read and thought.

When the father died John came out, put on a coat and went to the funeral. The Gleen are Scotch-Irish. The coat-of-arms ornaments the silver, china and front door. The old man had money and bought largely of land, and the estate is one of the most valuable in Campaign County. After the father died, the children, none of whom ever married, although all had been carefully educated, decided to have the house frescoed. For ten months an artist worked at the house, and the walls and ceilings are covered with grotesque figures, serpents and animals.

The large sitting room represents a forest, and about the walls climb vines. From holes in the tree tops peep owls and squirrels, and birds are hid in the branches. Dogs owned by prominent citizens are frescoed about the house. At the head of the broad stairway is a life-sized mastiff owned by the family. Besides these queer-paintings there are panels inlaid with expensive woods, and altogether as elaborate as possible.

John got mad once about these decorations and shot himself in his room for four years, coming out to attend the funeral of the brother who had provoked him. Mary, the youngest sister, has charge of the house now. John is 65 years old, and bleached white by confinement.

Really Dangerous.

A Philadelphia physician warns people against examining the naked arc of the electric light with the naked eye lest they be attacked by blepharospasm, central scotomata, or chromatopsia, etc., accompanied by intense photoblastic laceration, and conjunctival congestion. There is also a risk that their eyes may be affected.—Boston Transcript.

THE FARM.

Observe the Condition of Calves.

Feed the calves carefully, says Orange Judd Farmer. With cheap corn the young things stand a good chance to be "crowded" this winter. "Black leg" is claiming victims all ready, to our knowledge, right in mid-winter, strange as it may seem. It is always safe to give the calves access to sulphur and saltpetre at all seasons of the year, if they are fed well, and no other plan pays. Better lose a light percentage of good ones by disease than to lose heavily on all by neglect in their growth.

The farmer who studies the details of his business, however, will have very slight losses from the disease suggested, if he makes use of the knowledge accessible to him.

Feeding Horses.

We have always been taught on the farm never to feed a horse when too warm or immediately after a hard day's work, says a writer in the Nebraska Farmer, but it occurs to me that there is much more to be said in horse feeding than this. Physiology tells us a man needs rest for a time after eating that the gastric juice may have time to flow. If we eat a hearty meal and at once go to work or exercise violently, the gastric juice does not flow properly and the food is not rightly digested. The same is true of the horse. Instead of being so extremely careful in feeding a horse at the end of a journey or at the close of his day's work when he has time, take more care and do not feed with grain just previous to a sharp drive or other violent exercise. There is a great danger to horses from over feeding in this way, which is not fully appreciated. It is not so great with farmers' horses whose work is more gradual and gives more time for digestion.

About Pigs.

Our improved modern pigs are the result of the infusion of Chinese and Siamese blood with the pigs of England and Ireland of 100 years ago. The Chester Whites and Poland Chinas of this country are not thoroughbred in the strict sense of the term, that is they do not always reproduce their ancestors. The Poland China breed is the best one for the practical farmer. In my experience in breeding swine I find it best to select good, clean-cut sows, with plenty of bone and constitution, bearing a little coarse in bone than too fine bred, and breed them to finely bred Berkshire, Essex or Yorkshire boars. The pigs will combine the fineness of the boar with the constitution of the sows. The farmer cannot afford to breed thoroughbreds for pork. The pigs bring most net profit when sold at eight or ten months old.

It is a great mistake to assume that pigs do not require good treatment. They as well repay warm and clean quarters, with pure water to drink, as any other animal. I teach my pigs to drink when two or three weeks old. It is very important to warm the milk up to the temperature of 95° to 100°, and to feed at least three times a day. If the feed is given but once a day the pigs are so hungry that they drink too fast, and indigestion results. It is best to feed four or five times a day.

I have largely substituted crushed oats and oilcake for bran. I commence to feed clover as soon as the pigs are weaned. It is important not to confine young pigs too closely but let them run sufficient for exercise. Many of the diseases of swine result from too close confinement, too much filth and improper food. I can tell by the looks of the meat when the hog has been properly fed. Quality depends largely upon feed. Our finest bred hogs, with improper food, would soon degenerate to the condition of scrubs.—Edward Burnett, before New York Institute.

Agricultural Notes.

Culbroot in cabbages is prevented by making the seed bed on new ground or ground not used for cabbage for several years.

All breeding and young growing stock should be fed very sparingly on corn; a mixed variety of feed for them is much the best.

Cows at pasture after the first severe frost want something more than damaged grass. Grain will come in play as well as in midwinter.

The sheep shed should be open up on the south side to admit the sunlight and to allow of the escape of the effluvia from the manure under them, but it should be protected by a board fence high enough to shelter them from the wind when lying down.

Many breeders are engaged on the problem of creating a new sheep, says a writer in the New York Tribune, and it will be satisfactorily elucidated in due time. Breeding for wool and mutton can be combined as well as breeding for weight and quality of carcass and quantity of eggs, which have been so much improved in the last few years.

The old-fashioned practice of wintering calves at the straw stack, with only an occasional feed of cornstalks or hay, is wasteful. Young stock, well fed, will show more gain for their feed than when older. We do not believe in feeding straw mainly for any purpose, but the latter is left in the stable, and the latter is unventilated, there is not only waste of ammonia, but the horse's health is injured. Many horses are made blind

from wastage of ammonia in their stables.

Heavier carcasses and these forced into prime condition at the earliest possible age, and covered with more pounds of wool, will prove a surer road out of present depressions than will be found in convention resolutions, be they ever so pertinent, or defenses against foreign competition, even though placed at figures dictated by the most sanguine advocates of high tariff.

Calves are good milkers for themselves, but they do not milk for the good of the cow. A skillful milker after the calf has done its best get a little. This is the "stripping," and the richest milk the cow secretes. Leave this in the bag, and the cow begins to dry off. The first milk of a new milch cow is good for nothing except to feed the calf. Yet few calves need what a good, well-fed cow will secrete. Yet all this should be milked out clean.

Mr. Douglas, inventor of the Douglas mixture, gives in Poultry Yard the following formula, which he considers an improvement upon the famous mixture: Two ounces sulphate of iron, half ounce diluted sulphuric acid, put in a jug, stirred with a piece of wood, after which hot water is added to dissolve, the whole being stirred until dissolved; when cold put into a quart bottle or jug and fill up with water. Dose, a teaspoonful to a quart of water.

There is more or less dust in all hay, and this if taken into the lungs is very injurious to horses fed on it. Clover hay and that of timothy cut in the bloom are especially liable to be dusty, and often give horses the heaves when fed on either of these. Slightly wetting the hay will prevent this injury. The better way is to cut the hay, slightly moisten it, and throw on it a little corn and oats ground together, taking care not to give more than will be eaten clean at each feed. Between meals the rack may be filled with fresh straw, which the horse will pick over, and which may then be used for bedding.

Why Women Get Short of Breath.

In order to ascertain the influence of tight clothing upon the action of the heart during exercise, a dozen young women consented this summer to run 540 yards in their loose gymnasium garments, and then to run the same distance with corsets on. The running time was two minutes and thirty seconds for each person at each trial, and in order that there should be no cardiac excitement or depression following the first test, the second trial was made the following day. Before beginning the running the average heart impulse was eighty-four beats to the minute after running the above named distance, the heart impulse was 152 beats to the minute, the average natural waist girth being twenty-five inches. The next day corsets were worn during the exercise, and the average girth of waist was reduced to twenty-four inches. The same distance was run in the same time by all, and immediately afterward the average heart impulse was found to be 162 beats per minute. When I state that I should feel myself justified in advising an athlete not to enter a running or rowing race whose heart impulse was 160 beats per minute after a little exercise, even though there were not the slightest evidence of disease, one can form some idea of the wear and tear on this important organ, and the physiological loss entailed upon the system in women who force it to labor for over half their lives under such a disadvantage as the tight corset imposes.—Dr. D. A. Sargent, in Scribner's.

A Photographer's Experience.

We were in one of the wildest spots on the mountains, a seemingly endless field of ledge and boulder all around, snow mountains and rocky peaks only in the panorama, all signs of valley or glen, tree or river far below. I had a moment to reflect on what I was beholding, and carefully adjusting the glass again on those rare creatures, closely watched them. Our leader crawled up to my side, and as the quarry showed signs of alarm I attempted to take a picture, but I was now so excited that I took a slide out of one plate-holder before putting the cap on, and that ruined piece of glass now lies among the rocks to amuse the conies and ptarmigan, while the slide which I had placed on the camera was whirled far away by the strong wind. Even so experienced a hunter as my companion lost his head as the big-horn were trotting away, and exclaimed: "Take them quick!" Then, as they stopped once more and looked at us, he called himself bad names, saying: "I might have known they would stop again, and that there was no need of haste." But lo! what did those sheep do but turn around and walk deliberately toward us, until they were within about one hundred feet. We were fairly trembling with excitement, and I first took off the cap without pulling the slide. When I made this blunder they were all facing us, standing on granite pedestals a little elevated above the general level, and in line with the broad snow-field on the cliffs back of them, which showed them in relief with startling clearness. The next moment I succeeded in capturing the picture, and then the animals decided to trot off, and we saw them no more. Hunters talk of the excitement which a nice experience when he shoots at his first buck, but I could have shot those three big-horn without being one-half as nervous as when trying to photograph them.—Scribner's Magazine.

And He Still Has Hope

"I have been shipwrecked, been baked in a railroad accident and fired out of a foundry window by a boiler explosion. I was shot in the neck at Gettysburg, suffered starvation in Libby prison, fell overboard from a transport off Charleston, and left four of my fingers in the mouth of a shark. I had my right arm broken in two places in a New York riot, and stood on a barrel with a halter around my neck in a Southern town at the outbreak of the great rebellion under sunrise to sunset. I was buried under the ruins of a building in San Francisco during an earthquake and dug out after fifty hours imprisonment. I have been shot at three times, twice by lunatics and once by a highwayman. I was buried two days by a gas explosion in a mine, narrowly escaped lynching last year in Arizona, through mistakendentity. And though I am over fifty, and have nearly lost the use of my right leg, have just had, as I understand, all my property, on which there was no insurance, destroyed by fire in a Western town; and the doctor in New York to whom I went last week for an examination assures me that I will soon be ridden from her matism; nevertheless," he added cheerfully, "while I undoubtedly have met some obstacles in the past, I still refuse to believe that luck is against me."—Daylighty Land.

HOUSEHOLD.

Wash for the Face.

Ladies mostly use soap and water, but others have adopted more expensive methods. Helen of Troy is said to have bathed in wine and milk, and Catherine of Russia in strawberry juice. Simplicity is now the order of the day, and a raw potato is recommended as an excellent application. The method of application is to wash the face first, and then rub the face and neck with the raw potato. Cut a paring off the potato before using it again, so as always to have a fresh surface at each time of washing.—Chicago Ledger.

Earache.

Earache in any form is said to be quickly relieved by filling the ear with chloroform vapor from an uncorked bottle; vapor only, not the liquid.

One who has suffered offers the following cure for earache: Wet a good-sized piece of cotton wadding with very strong essence of peppermint and press it lightly into the ear, leaving plenty of cotton outside for a purchase in removing the cotton in about twenty-four hours after when it will have become stiff and thick with the wax that caused the pain. Tie up the ear lightly when the cotton is put in and again after it is removed. That ear may never ache again. If the earache proceed from abscess of any kind the peppermint may afford relief and hasten a discharge.

Why Women Get Short of Breath.

In order to ascertain the influence of tight clothing upon the action of the heart during exercise, a dozen young women consented this summer to run 540 yards in their loose gymnasium garments, and then to run the same distance with corsets on. The running time was two minutes and thirty seconds for each person at each trial, and in order that there should be no cardiac excitement or depression following the first test, the second trial was made the following day. Before beginning the running the average heart impulse was eighty-four beats to the minute after running the above named distance, the heart impulse was 152 beats to the minute, the average natural waist girth being twenty-five inches. The next day corsets were worn during the exercise, and the average girth of waist was reduced to twenty-four inches. The same distance was run in the same time by all, and immediately afterward the average heart impulse was found to be 162 beats per minute. When I state that I should feel myself justified in advising an athlete not to enter a running or rowing race whose heart impulse was 160 beats per minute after a little exercise, even though there were not the slightest evidence of disease, one can form some idea of the wear and tear on this important organ, and the physiological loss entailed upon the system in women who force it to labor for over half their lives under such a disadvantage as the tight corset imposes.—Dr. D. A. Sargent, in Scribner's.

Poultices For the Complexion.

What won't girls try in the attempt to achieve beauty? A young woman of Pittsburg, who has enough good looks, if she only knew it, to make her way in the world, has been trying all sorts of queer and quack recipes for beauty, according to the Dispatch of that city. In particular she has set her heart and mind and her hands upon making her flesh soft and velvety, a quality which can no more be acquired by nostrums than by act of Congress. But with perseverance worthy of a better cause, this damsel has been toiling off and on to give her cheeks and neck and hands the velvety softness of the peach.

Generally, I have been able to detect the course of some ridiculous treatment by the greater or less resemblance her skin bore to that of the leopard, who, sensible beast that he is, rejoices in his spots. The last experiment, I only know by hearsay, has frightened Mademoiselle so badly that I guess she'll hereafter leave her complexion and her epidermis alone.

In the strictest confidence I may tell you that the last experiment was a beautifully simple thing. Before retiring for the night Mademoiselle applied to her face, neck and hands, poultices of bread and milk. She slept all night through—how she did it I don't know—with the sloppy embraces upon her.

In the morning she arose and ran to the glass the first thing to see the wonders worked by the poultices. There were wonders, indeed! But not what she expected. Her skin had shrivelled up; it looked like a piece of corrugated canvas, or zinc roofing painted white. In fact she reminded herself of She after the final passage through the fountain of fire.

But, unlike She, she recovered her pristine looks. And she has fore-sworn poultices forever. Beware thou also in time.

Hints for the House.

The yolk of an egg is good to keep flatirons smooth and clean.

An excellent furniture polish is of equal parts of shellac varnish, linseed oil and spirits of wine.

Ceilings that have been smoked with a kerosene lamp should be washed off with flannel cloth tied over a broom or brush. Then cut off a thick piece of stale bread and rub down with this. Begin at the top and go straight down.

To clean the children's teeth when tartar has been allowed to form up on them take finely powdered pumice-stone and a little, clean, soft, pine

stick, to rub with. Dip the pine stick into water and then in the powdered pumice, and rub the teeth gently. Afterward wash them with soap and water, using a tooth-brush.

Colored goods, too, should not be put into very hot water, and soda should be dreaded for them. They should neither be starched with hot starch, nor ironed with a hot iron. After washing, they should be rinsed in cold water, in which a good handful of salt or a little alum has been dissolved. They should not be dried in the sun.

To polish a piano carefully wash the piano with castile soap and lukewarm water, using a soft linen handkerchief, then rub hard with a dry one, then take two thirds sweet oil and one-third turpentine, shaken well together, and rub on with soft linen. Afterwards rub twice over with a dry one.

Borax water will instantly remove all soils and stains from the hand, and heal all scratches and chafes. To make it put crude borax into a large bottle and fill with water. When the borax is dissolved add more to the water until at last the water can absorb no more, and a residuum remains at the bottom of the bottle. To the water in which the hands are to be washed pour from this bottle enough to make it very soft. It is very cleansing and healthy. By its use the hands will be kept in excellent condition.

A Wall of Water.

In March last two German officials landed in the southwest coast of the big island of New Britain to explore the island. They had gone there from Finchhaven, in neighboring New Guinea, with a considerable force of natives. No tidings whatever have been heard of them since, according to the New York Sun. Search parties sent out from Finchhaven have sought them in vain, and there is no longer any doubt that they fell victims to a remarkable phenomenon that occurred two or three days after they reached the island.

On the morning of March 13 a sound was heard at Finchhaven as of distant thunder. A few minutes a sea reeled from the shores in an unheard-of manner, and revealed to view, six feet above its surface, a reef at the harbor entrance that had never been seen above water before. Then the sea came back, enormous waves dashing far up on the land and deluging a part of the little settlement. A while after fine ashes began to sift over the coast, and the German colonist knew there had been a volcanic outburst northeast of them.

Two days later the vessel Otilie, sent from Finchhaven, reached the south coast of New Britain, eighty miles away. The captain could not at first recognize the coast, though he had seen it often. The aspect of Vulcan island off the west end of the big island, had entirely altered. The top of it had disappeared, and it is supposed that a volcanic eruption blew it into the sea, and that this was one of the causes of the mighty wave that spread ruin along the south of New Britain.

This wave, judging from its effects, is believed to have been about forty feet high. All the villages that lined the beach had entirely disappeared. For ten or twelve miles along the coast a belt of timber about three-quarters of a mile wide had been swept away. Where the force of the wave began to abate the bodies of a few natives were found lodged in the branches of trees twenty to thirty feet from the ground. Here and there on the land were heaped great fragments of coral rock and trees, and thousands of dead fish strewn the ground. Many of the natives were killed, and others had their limbs broken by being swept off their feet and dashed against trees.

It is a noteworthy fact that the natives who saw the wave approaching thought it was caused by the evil spirit in the volcano of Akaka, and extracted it with showers of stones and clubs just before it engulfed them. The German explorers, it is supposed, had not yet entered inland, and they were overwhelmed in the common destruction. The great wave which overwhelmed many thousands of people after the eruption at Krakatau is said to have traveled several times around the world. It is probable that this enormous wave at New Britain extended its effects in a slight measure to every ocean.

That Fool Husband of Mine.

As a general rule it will be found that the majority of the office-seekers are men who have been failures in everything else they have undertaken, and therefore take it for granted that the country owes them a living. Probably the most of them absolutely believe that because they have been failures in the ordinary occupations of life they have thereby proved their ability to fill any office which will enable them to handle money from the public treasury. They are ready to take anything. With equal confidence they will accept consulships, Indian agencies, collectorships, postoffices, surveyorships, land offices, receiverships, appraiserships, offices in the treasury or any other department. If they can't have one they express their willingness to take another. The constituent of the Iowa congressman who called upon him the other day in search of "the government job" of minister to Japan, the duties of which he did not know thought he was sure "the job" would suit him, does not present an exaggerated case. Unfortunately there is no restraint that can be placed upon them, though now and then a case occurs like that in the experience of Ben Butterworth, who received a letter from an office-seeker's wife in Cincinnati beginning: "Send that fool husband of mine home. We have no coal to burn and next to nothing to eat."

AN UNLUCKY OPAL.

Story of a Connecticut Man Whose Wife Wore a Borrowed Ring.

"About four weeks ago a gentleman was stopping with us from Mexico, says the Bridgeport (Conn.) Farmer. "He had with him a very handsome ring. In the center of the setting is a large opal, surrounded by diamonds of a smaller size, but making a beautiful and glistening ornament. The ring was his mother's. It was left to him at her death, and ever since it fell to him he has had business troubles and general bad luck. He was talking about it one evening to his wife and myself.

We all laughed, and she in a joking way said: "Oh, I wouldn't be afraid of bad luck if I had such a ring as that." He replied that he could not think of parting with the opal, as it had been his mother's, but if his wife would like to wear it for a short time he would lend it to her. I don't believe in borrowed plumes, but as he said that he should be in New York for a few weeks attending to some business matters before returning to Mexico, and as he would really like to leave the opal with some one for safety, it was decided to leave it here in Bridgeport. We are all friends together, and did not think of the ring other than to place it in a bureau drawer.

"A few evenings after he had gone we were invited to play whist. My wife had several diamond rings, but thought the big opal would look rather stunning at a card table, so she wore it; from that moment our luck changed. In getting out of a carriage she tore her dress. At the whist table she took hardly a trick. Somebody changed hats with me in the dressing-room, and when we got home we found two children sick, and that the third had fallen downstairs and received quite severe injuries. The next morning one of the servants left us. Money matters began to get involved with us. I could not get hold of enough money to meet pressing demands upon me, on account of being disappointed in payments that had been promised. One of our relatives died. Bills came in embarrassingly fast. Our water pipes got out of order, and all sorts of discouraging and unpleasant things were arising to annoy us. At last my wife said: "I really believe in this trouble we have had in the last four weeks has come about on account of that opal ring."

"Saturday our friend came up to pass Sunday with us before his return to Mexico. We gave him his opal and told him our troubles. 'Well,' said he, 'I have had great luck in New York. Ever since I left here four weeks ago I have been making money. Every thing I touched panned out large profits.' Then we all laughed and said: 'What nonsense!' but it certainly was very funny."

"On Monday he, with his opal, bade us good-bye at eight o'clock in the morning. Now watch what followed. At 8:30 the postman left a letter with a check in it for \$50. At ten o'clock I was paid \$50 in cash, which I no more expected than I expected to be shot. Before night we had a new servant. The children brought a statement from their indisposition, and our household matters began to run smoothly. On Tuesday morning at eleven o'clock another \$50 in cash was handed to me unexpectedly, and the same mail brought a check for \$100 more. But the climax was reached when the evening mail brought a statement from a New York attorney that an estate had been divided up, and that my wife's portion was \$16,200. Inclosed was a statement, also a receipt and all the papers to sign before a notary public. She signed the papers, and is going to New York to get the funds. I am not superstitious, but certainly does look as if the opal had something to do with it. Don't you think so?"

Feminine Arithmetic.

A publisher, writes Arlo Bates in the Book Buyer, told me the other day a bit of business experience which is mildly diverting. A young woman brought him a manuscript which, after due consideration, he expressed himself willing to publish in a paper, fifty cents series, paying the usual ten per cent royalty. The young woman expressed herself willing to accept this offer, although she frankly said that she had hoped for better terms.

"But," she added, thoughtfully, "if it costs much to make the book, I should not think twenty-five cents would leave you a great deal of profit." "Twenty-five cents?" repeated the publisher, not at all understanding.

"Why," explained she, "there are five of us girls who wrote this together. Ten per cent of fifty cents is five, and five times five is twenty-five. If it takes a quarter of a dollar to pay us five girls our royalty, that leaves you just the same amount."

The natives of the proposition so amused the publisher that he declares he was tempted to leave the error unexplained. He said, however: "But of course you can see that we shall not lose so much as we should if there had been ten of you, for then we should have to make the book for nothing and lose the book and the copyright besides. Really, though, I fear you will be obliged to do with a cent apiece." And his proposition was rejected with indignation, the amusing part of the story being that the lady who conducted the negotiations declared if there were only one author ten per cent would do, but that anybody could see that it would not amount to any thing divided among five people.

French Journalistic Enterprise.

There seems to be considerable enterprise among the French, judging by the following incident, told by a French reporter. There had been a fearful murder in the country, and the editor sent me down to form a theory, and, if possible, get ahead of the police in arresting the murderer. Three days later I returned and reported progress, and three officers armed themselves and set off with me, and about eleven o'clock we reached the spot where the suspicious-looking person had been in the habit of loitering about. Suddenly, as we turned a corner, we almost ran against a pale and haggard-looking man, answering the description I had received. "That's the man!" I cried. The wretch started to run, but was instantly secured, bound and dragged to the station. The commissaire questioned him—and led him to his home. He was the man. "Well, when you found you had been instrumental in causing the arrest of an innocent man, what did you do then?" "Secured him as a subscriber to the paper, of course."—Texas Sitings.

We are none of us perfect in this world, but a good many of us are good enough at ourselves in the class sometimes, and cheerfully think that we are pretty near it.—Somerville Journal.