TO A CAT.

Stately, kindly, lordly friend,
Condescend
Here to sit by me and turn
Glorious eyes that smile and burn—
Golden eyes, love's lustrous meed—
On the golden page I read.

All your wondrous wealth of hair,
Dark and fair,
Silken, shaggy, soft and bright
As the clouds and beams of night,
Pays my reverent hand's caress
Back with friendlier gentleness.

Dogs may fawn on all and some
As they come.
You, a friend of loftier mind,
Answer friends alone in kind.
Just your foot upon my hand
Softly bids it understand.

Morning round this silent, sweet
Garden seat
Sheds its wealth of gathering light,
Thrills the gradual clouds with might,
Changes woodland, orchard, heath,
Lawn and garden there beneath.

Fair and dim they gleamed below.
Now they glow
Deep as even your sunbright eyes—
Fair as even the wakening skies.
Can it not or can it be
Now that you give thanks to see?

May not you rejoice as I,
Seeing the sky
Change to heaven revealed and bid
Earth reveal the heaven it hid
All night long from stars and moon,
Now the sun sets all in tune?

What within you wakes with day
Who can say?
All too little may we tell,
Friends who like each other well,
What might haply, if we might,
Bid us read our lives aright.

—Athenæum.

HIS GLASS EYE.

He was tall, dark and to my taste altogether charming.

Last evening for the first time we walked in the winding alley of the park. The straight avenue which stretched itself under the windows of the house had been until now the only witness to our confidences. I loved dearly this avenue, with its great oak trees placed at regular distances apart, the benches for talking quite at one's ease, the green grass all around and beyond. When one wandered off a bit, the huge window panes seemed by the light of the setting sun great wide open eyes all smiling at our happiness.

"Walk along the avenue with M. de Valente, Angele," my mother had said to me at the beginning of our engagement. "The alleys of the park are altogether too damp."

And I walked along the avenue, gently resisting Raoul—he was named Raoul—who appeared to have, I do not know why, a marked preference for the covered alleys.

"Mamma says the alleys are damp. Had we not better remain here?"

That evening, however, my head was turned, and something tugged at my heart-strings—he was to leave the next day to hunt up some paper necessary for our marriage.

Eight days without seeing him! How could I live? And he, taking advantage of my trouble, made me turn into the damp alley, which, by the way, in spite of its bad reputation, seemed to me as dry as possible.

"My Angele, you are not going to forget me during these eight days?"

"Forget you! Ah!"

I would have lifted my hands to take heaven as a witness that such a thing could never happen if he had not held them tightly clasped in his own. It is not my habit to lose myself in sentimental protestations—my vivacity forbids it—and this time not more than at others did I play my nature false.

"Raoul, you love me, do you not? Well, then I wish to tell you all my faults. I shall be more tranquil if you know them beforehand. You would see them sooner or later, so listen. I am very willful. I will not yield to you—you may as well make up your mind to it. Then I am quick as gunpowder. I stamp my foot, I scream, I even cry at times. Happily all this passes quickly. Besides that, I am a coquette, like all women. You will not be jealous, I hope. And then, what else? I can't quite tell—a little gormand at times, not wicked, not deceitful—I find nothing else. So much, then, for the moral side. As for the physical, what can I have wrong there? You must know that also. Ah, one of my finger nails is not quite the same as the others—look, but it seems to me that isn't too ugly."

And releasing my hand I showed him a little pink nail, a little squarer than the others, a very innocent eccentricity of nature. Raoul laughed and wanted to kiss it, but I drew away my hand.

"I have also lost a wisdom tooth, which is lost forever, alas, so I can never be altogether wise. They took it out because it came too soon. Now, sir, it is your turn. Confess yourself."

Raoul, visibly embarassed, remained silent.

"Go on. Have a bit of courage. You may be quite easy. I shall not scold. I do not know your faults, but it is quite certain you have some. In the first place, you are nearsighted, for you wear a monocle instead of an eyeglass, with which, it seems to me, you would see much better. Mamma says that glass causes you to make such fearful faces, but I don't think so. You please me as you are. However, take out the glass so that I can see how you look when your face isn't crooked."

I had seized with a little, gentle gesture the string of the monocle, when Raoul stopped my hand.

"No, my little Angele, leave it there. Without it I should no longer see you. I am nearsighted—very nearsighted, it is true, and I want to see you, Angele, for you are the joy of my eyes."

Then, before even I had time to think, he had taken me, drawn me to him and covered my eyes and my hair with kisses.

"Raoul, how naughty of you! Enough of that, if you please!"

"Why naughty? Are you not my fiancee, my darling little wife?"

"When I am your wife, it will be quite different. Let me go. I will not remain here—it is too dark under these trees."

I had succeeded in releasing myself and holding down my hair, which under those soft kisses was flying in all directions as if charged with electricity. I escaped by running to the avenue. There was no longer any question of making Raoul confess. Blushing violently, I was thinking of quite different matters.

The next day he was gone. What a frightful moment his departure when standing on the front steps I had turned away my head so as not to see Joannes gather up the reins, the horses pull together, the victoria sway—in a word, so as not to see they were taking him away from me.

Papa had gone with him to the station, while mamma and I breakfasted together. It was dismal in the extreme.

Mamma ate as usual, which I couldn't understand. As for myself, I ate only a very little, just enough to sustain me, and even that with difficulty. Every mouthful stuck in my throat.

In the midst of the breakfast Justine opened the door.

"Madame, M. de Valente has left his glass eye in his room. Shall it be sent to him?"

Had the heavens been opened to let fall on the table the sun and the moon I could not have felt a greater shock. The end of the world will perhaps be nothing to equal it. I repeated, with horror:

"His glass eye, Justine?"

"Yes, mademoiselle. It is on the wash-stand."

Mamma grew pale, but remained calm.

"Very well, Justine, you may leave the room. We will see if it is necessary to send it to him."

I had only two alternatives—either to faint away or burst into convulsive sobs. I chose the latter.

"Mamma, mamma, he has a glass eye! Good heavens, is it possible? How horrible! I shall never console myself! I shall die of grief!"

"Calm yourself, my child, calm yourself. It is ridiculous to put yourself in such a state. This gentleman has deceived us, that is all. I always thought he had rather a queer expression."

Mamma had risen, and I was sobbing on her breast.

"Why did he not tell me? I, who had avowed all my own defects—the nail, the wisdom tooth and the anger—all, everything! Dear me, how unhappy I am! And only last evening he had said, 'You are the joy of my eyes.' He should have said, 'You are the joy of my eye.' Ah, it is dreadful, dreadful!"

"Come, quiet down. Don't cry like that. I tell you it is ridiculous. Think no more about it. Try to calm yourself. How unfortunate it is that things have gone so far! Only eight days before the wedding and everything ready! Well, it is a good thing we found it out in time."

I hardly listened. One question burned in my throat.

"He has another eye to change with, mamma, and this one which he has used is probably put in water to cool."

Mamma was horribly worried. I knew nothing whatever about it. I have never known any one intimately who had a glass eye and do not care to know how they manage.

She continues a little monologue all to herself: "It is pleasant. All this trousseau, marked with a V. We never will find the same initial again, and my husband will listen to no one else. He was charmed with this gentleman at first sight. The references were perfect. The Jesuit fathers, his colonel and every one. That is so like a man—one can never count on them. A pretty discovery indeed! I always thought there was something extraordinary about him. The individual never pleased me, and I was quite right."

I had raised my head. The vision of the glass eye gazing at me from the depths of the wash basin still troubled me profoundly. But another vision came also to my memory.

I saw again my fiance, so good, so tender. I heard once again all our prospects for the future, all our plans made together, and suddenly it seemed to me to be last evening, and a rain of kisses was falling on my hair. I had not told mamma about these kisses, but I felt that I loved Raoul with his one eye, and that nothing would induce me to give him up. All my courage came back to me.

"Mamma, I am sure he lost that eye in some honorable, magnificent way. It is a wound of which he should be proud—in saving some one perhaps from a fire, in sacrificing himself, it is certain—he is so good, he has such noble sentiments. I quite understand he would dislike confessing it."

"What do you say? Are you quite crazy? Do you think I am going to allow you to marry this man with such an infirmity? You, beautiful as you are and only 17, and with your fortune too? No, a thousand times no, my child. Do not forge yourself a romance of devotion and sacrifice—it is perfectly useless. I will never consent to your marriage with a man with one eye. Should he lose the other, he would be quite blind, and how agreeable that would be!"

"But, mamma, I will be his faithful dog. I will lead him, I will take care of him and will love him in spite of his infirmity, in spite of everything which interferes to separate us!"

I was in an extraordinary state of exaltation. My sobs began again harder than ever and did not promise soon to stop, when Justine re-entered the room, her honest face showing every expression of astonishment and stupefaction.

"It isn't possible that mademoiselle can put herself in such a state because M. de Valente has forgotten his eye. At all events, he can buy another if he needs it before this evening, and he won't throw himself in the river because he hasn't that thing in his face."

And Justine showed me, hanging delicately at the end of her fingers, Raoul's monocle that I knew so well, with its round glass encircled with tortoise shell, which seemed to me for the moment like a luminous halo. My emotion forbade my speaking. Mamma, however, went quickly toward Justine.

"Is that what you call a glass eye, Justine?"

"Certainly, madame. It seems to me that's the name for it. In any case, it doesn't suit M. Raoul, and mademoiselle would do well to give him spectacles when they are married. It is strange that men of the present day think it pretty to look with one eye—like that. It must be very difficult to keep it in place. I should never know how." And Justine, with a comical grimace, stretching her mouth and turning up her nose, tried to introduce the monocle underneath her right eyebrow. I could contain myself no longer. My tears and sobs turned to idiotic laughter, I was so content—so happy!

It is now 25 years since all that happened.

Raoul has been an excellent husband, quite as unendurable as that order of individuals always is. He has worn spectacles now for a long time, and when he wishes to see anything looks with his two eyes. The monocle is buried in a bureau drawer. I keep it as a relic of tears and laughter and shall will it to my grandchildren if God gives me any. My daughters are engaged, and I have already told them that the alleys of the park are cold and damp in the evening. Each one has his turn in this world. Life passes, and very soon there will be nothing left of our household but my fiance's glass eye.—Translated From the French For Short Stories.

The Tropical Nose.

Dr. William C. Braislin shows that in negroes the nasal canals are wider, shorter and less deep than in other races, and thereby less protection is afforded the lungs. The author believes that the African nose, being adapted to a tropical climate, is not suited for the colder climates, and that in this lies the greater susceptibility of the negro to consumption and other diseases depending upon irritating qualities in the atmosphere.—Science.

A PHILOSOPHER.

Rathburn sat in the little library of the home of his friend whose daughter he was to marry. He laid down a volume of Schopenhauer's essays and mused, "People who live in such security and comfort as I enjoy have little opportunity to put philosophy into practice."

He rose and entered the drawing room, where he saw a young man who had just been shown in.

"Why, Escott," he said, hastening forward to shake hands with the youth. "I thought you were in London."

"The house called me back," explained the young man, whose face wore a pensive expression.

"You don't look exactly well, my boy."

Escott smiled and sat down.

"I've been bothered some," the youth said embarrassedly. Then in an outburst of candor he added: "You see, before I went away I thought I was soon to marry. We didn't have her father's consent, but we thought that would be all right. Well, her father wanted to marry her off to some friend of his—she didn't even tell me his name—and she decided to please her father."

"Do I know her?"

"It would hardly be right to tell you who she is, although you are an old friend of mine. You might misjudge her."

"Not at all," replied Rathburn, congratulating himself on the occasion to apply some of his philosophy at last, if only in another case.

"She may have been quite right. Her obligations to her father may outweigh her duty to you. The multitude magnifies the importance of love. The love of man for woman, or vice versa, is not by any means the highest or most meritorious thing that can engage a human being's thoughts. There are other and loftier things than love. A man who resigns himself entirely to love is not worth taking seriously. I wouldn't give much for a person who couldn't overthrow a disappointment in love."

"I know all that," said the younger man gloomily. He rose and paced the room, stopped and heaved a sigh. Presently he resumed:

"A man is a fool, I admit, who overestimates love. Yet it is every man's prerogative to make that kind of a fool of himself at some period of his life. As far as I know, though, you have escaped."

Rathburn laughed guiltily. "No, I have not. I've been caught at last. But my being a fool doesn't prevent me from knowing that I'm one. I do think a great deal of love at the present moment. In fact, I'm going to marry."

"Congratulations, old fellow! Who is she?"

Rathburn pointed to a portrait. Escott looked first as if he doubted the correctness of his vision. Then he stared in open mouthed astonishment.

"Are you surprised?" asked the elder man.

"Why—yes—I never imagined that you were the one."

It was now Rathburn's turn to be astonished. But he speedily controlled himself. When he spoke a moment later, it was with quietness and coherency.

"My dear boy, neither did I imagine it. So she loves you? I half suspected there was some one. That gives you the privilege of being the fool in this case, and me the opportunity of acting the philosopher. I love her, I acknowledge. But even at this moment I see clearly that there are greater things in this life than love, and I know that I shall outgrow this little experience. She belongs to you. But I'd rather you'd tell her I said so. I'll see her father." And he started toward the door.

"My dear friend," murmured Escott, in whom gratitude was too great to find adequate expression on the instant.

"H'sh!" replied Rathburn, motioning toward the doorway curtains at the rear of the drawing room. Escott looked. The girl stood there. She had evidently heard Rathburn's speech of renunciation, for she dropped her tearful, smiling eyes and stood waiting for Escott to approach her. A moment later the two young people were vaguely conscious of the closing of the outer door.

Rathburn, walking down the street, forced his breath to a regular and temperate pace and compelled every other feeling to give way to a pardonable pride in having proved the practical efficacy of philosophy in the small affairs of this little life.—New York Press.

Miss Merrifield's Mistake.

Miss Merrifield accepted the offer of Mr. Brook's escort from Mrs. Symonds' reception. Miss Merrifield adored Mr. Brooks and more than half suspected that Mr. Brooks adored her. In fact, she hoped for a declaration that very night.

Just as the pair stepped on the porch Mr. Brooks was called back by the hostess. A moment later Mr. Enfield passed through the door, and seeing Miss Merrifield apparently unattended silently offered her his arm. She, supposing him to be Mr. Brooks, took it eagerly, and they started up the street together. Mr. Brooks followed, muttering curses on the fickleness of woman.

A little before reaching the house of Miss Merrifield Mr. Brooks, still walking behind, saw the young lady break away from her escort, rush frantically up the steps and disappear within doors, and his soul rejoiced at these signs of a quarrel. Somehow the whole thing leaked out the next morning, and before night the friends of all the parties knew exactly what had happened.

It seems that Mr. Enfield, piqued at being called Mr. Brooks by his absent-minded companion, had said, "Please, Miss Merrifield, don't call me Mr. Brooks," at which she, confident the declaration had arrived at last, had murmured, "What shall I call you, dear?" And then the cruel disallusion had come, "Why, call me Mr. Enfield, of course."

Miss Merrifield is reported to have gone south.—Harper's Magazine.

A Sensitive Tenor.

Roger, the celebrated French tenor, was exceedingly proud of his profession and was apt to take offense at the least slight, whether intended or not. On one occasion he was engaged for the sum of £60 to sing at the house of a rich financier, who thought it the correct thing to have the principal singers of the day at his house parties.

Roger sang his first song magnificently, but not the slightest attention was paid him, the guests talking their loudest. Presently the host thought that it was about time for another song and sent for Roger, but he could not be found and was seen no more. On the following day Mr. Plutus was surprised to receive from Roger notes to the amount of £80 with the following words:

"I have the honor to return the £60 which I received for singing at your party, and I beg to add £20 more to make up for having so greatly disturbed the conversation of your guests."—London Tit-Bits.

ANOTHER VICTIM.

An Aged Michigan Woman Loses $12,000 on the Moss Grown Gold Brick Swindle.

With eyes brimful of happy anticipation an aged woman presented two "kings" of bright metal to the chief weigher at the mint. She believed that the two lumps of metal were gold worth $30,000, and when informed that they were but copper and zinc, worth $2 or $3, she turned away with a heavy heart and sought the train to bear her back to her home in Jackson, Mich. She had paid $12,000 for the stuff and had journeyed all the way east to realize upon it.

The story of the unfortunate woman's loss was told to the mint officials. She was Mrs. Harriet Morgan, who resides in Jackson, and with her were her son-in-law, Charles Helleg, and Dr. Blanchard, the family physician. Some 13 years ago Mrs. Morgan, who is quite wealthy, had advanced to a nephew $6,000 to start a business. He was profuse in his expressions of gratitude and promised that as business prospered with him he would return the loan with ample interest. The nephew went away, and his aunt heard nothing of him until recently. She had about abandoned hope of securing the return of her loan, when one day a stranger came to her with the announcement that he represented her nephew. The latter had prospered well in gold mining, and as an evidence of his success had sent her two gold bricks or "kings." These weighed fully 85 pounds and were worth $30,000. These the nephew desired to present to his aunt in return for her loan and another small payment. Mrs. Morgan, delighted, paid the stranger $6,000 and received the "kings," which she guarded carefully.—Philadelphia Record.

STATESMEN WORRIED.

A Great Question Which Is Agitating the British House of Commons.

The great question whether waiters ought to be tipped is just now agitating the house of commons a good deal more than the fight with the lords over the employers' liability and parish councils bills, of which, truth to tell, everybody is getting a bit tired. But the tip question affects the private pockets of the honorable members, and their interest in it is consequently keen. It has always been the rule in the commons that the waiters in the dining rooms should not receive tips because living wages are paid to them, but of late years tipping has pretty generally prevailed, and the men learned to expect tips as much as though they were common cafe waiters. A goodly proportion of the members, however, refused to countenance the system, with the result that they have of late found themselves neglected. Recently there have been so many complaints that the kitchen committee solemnly appointed a subcommittee to inquire, and the result was the issuing of an order prohibiting waiters from receiving tips and granting to each waiter an increase of a shilling a day. The waiters calmly pocket the shilling, but continue to take the tips whenever they get a chance, and it has become a question what shall be done with the honorable and right honorable gentlemen who thus defy committees and subcommittees.—New York Sun's London Letter.

A SNEEZING BEE.

Red Pepper Was Thrown on a Hot Stove With the Regulation Results.

Some one threw red pepper upon a large stove in Tappen's billiard rooms at Patchogue, N. Y. The pepper started the habitues to sneezing, and they sneezed loud and long. The odor of the burning pepper soon drove everybody from the room.

The fumes rapidly spread through the building. The Order of Foresters was holding a meeting in the large hall on an upper floor. The members began to sneeze. They sneezed hard. The chaplain of the society tried to maintain the dignity of his position, but he, too, soon joined in the sneezing bee.

The assembly marched down stairs sneezing at every step. They were soon joined on the street by lawyers, doctors, editors, printers and business men, who had been driven out of their rooms in the building. The fumes were so strong that passersby had to walk on the opposite side of Ocean avenue.

The joke will cost Tappen the use of his rooms, as the owner of the building has notified him to vacate within 10 days. Tappen, it is said, will prosecute the perpetrator of the joke if discovered.—New York Times.

A Murderer's Light Sentence.

During the cholera scare in Vienna some months ago a rule was made forbidding persons visiting restaurants to squeeze small rolls on the tables to test their freshness. One day an army captain went to one table after another, handling the bread before he selected a roll. A master baker, also a visitor, spoke to him about it. The captain gave a haughty answer, waited for the baker outside and stabbed him. The victim died instantly.

The baker's death caused a great commotion. The funeral was attended by many thousands and proved that the people's sympathies were with him. Now the officer has been sentenced to six months' arrest in barracks, and he will be permitted to keep his rank when he has finished his term. One cannot help wondering what the sentence might have been had the baker stabbed the officer.—Vienna Letter.

Prince Henry's Yacht.

Prince Henry of Battenberg is bitten by the yacht racing mania, and Mr. Watson, the well known designer of the Valkyrie and the Britannia, has received orders to "create" a fast running craft for Prince Henry which will break the record of all former occasions. Hanson, who is building this coming wonder, has received orders to push forward with the work as quickly as possible, which looks as if Prince Henry was anxious to measure swords, or ships rather, with foemen worthy of his steel, or planks.—Paris Herald.

BILLY GREGG.

Reginald Babbington Tompkins lives down Crystal palace way in the great metropolis of London. There is no harm in that, for many good and estimable people live within sight of the great glass house—the proximity of which seems to make them chary about throwing stones. Consequently Tompkins was loth to tell Billy Gregg just what he thought of him.

Billy looked upon the wine when it was red (in a Burgundy bottle) and white (in a bottle of champagne). The color did not matter to Billy so long as the wine was sound and old. Youth and age never get along so hilariously as when the young man about town and old wine from the cellar meet.

So the wicked Billy Gregg went on his way rejoicing, aided by the lampposts and cautioned by the police, until one night a new world burst upon him. The new world was peopled principally by animated nature—monkeys and baboons such as never were harbored by the Zoo; but the chief inhabitants, besides Billy himself, were snakes.

When Billy emerged from this zoological horror, he determined to reform. He resolved to proceed with caution. He did not go so far as to abjure liquor altogether—he felt that was asking too much of his system—but he resolved to drink methodically, and he began to drink secretly, which is a dangerous thing for a man.

Tompkins called upon him in his chambers one day and saw at a glance how things were going. So he invited Billy to come down and visit him from Saturday to Monday in the virtuous precincts of the Crystal palace.

Tompkins was wise and said nothing of reform to Gregg, but he prepared a little surprise for him.

Billy said that his nerves had somehow gone wrong, and that he would be glad of a day or two of quiet with the grateful and comforting sight of the Crystal palace before his eyes.

Now, it happens that in the grounds of the Crystal palace and in an unfrequented part of them, for the crowd as a general thing haunts the immediate vicinity of the huge building itself, there is a lake with numerous islands and a quiet shady walk around its borders. This lake is situated in a wooded dell in the low grounds as far as possible from the big building. It is a quiet spot of soothing natural beauty, but art has added a peculiar horror to it.

On the islands, and by the margin of the lake, and here and there in the water have been placed huge reproductions in some waterproof material of the antediluvian animals which scientists, doubtless suffering from the strong drinks of former days, have imagined the earth to have been populated with. No sane man believes that such creatures ever existed on any planet called into being by an allwise Providence.

The punishment fits the crime, and the names are as horrible as the animals themselves. There is the anoplotherium, the iguanadon, the palaeotherium and other uncanny appellations.

Long, giraffelike necks project up into the air from great bloated bodies. Winged sea serpents stand erect in the water. Huge elephantlike creatures, with bodies like balloons and ears like wings of satan, clamber up over the islands. Ghastly nightmares meet one at every turn along the walk that fringes the margin of the lake. A ghost haunted graveyard at midnight is a cheerful, enlivening spot compared with that lake at any time in the 24 hours.

On Saturday afternoon Tompkins warmly welcomed his friend Gregg and took him down the shady paths that led to the margin of the lake.

Gregg did not care much for country walks. They were not in his line, but he accompanied his friend uncomplainingly.

"What I like about this," said Tompkins, "is the refreshing quiet and rest. Five days out of the six in these parts of the grounds you meet nobody; nothing meets the eye but the sylvan"—

Gregg nervously clutched his arm.

"For mercy's sake," he cried, "what's that?"

"What's what?" asked Tompkins, looking calmly at his friend.

"What is that coming out of the water?"

Tompkins gazed serenely around, and looked at his friend with a certain surprise upon his brow.

"I see nothing," he said. "What was it? A rat perhaps."

"No, no," gasped Gregg, drawing his hand across his eyes. "It was not a rat. It was nothing. My imagination perhaps."

"Your nerves are overstrained," said the innocent Tompkins. "You have been working too hard."

"That's it; that's it," assented Gregg, with a tremor in his voice.

"Well, as I was saying," continued Tompkins, "the sylvan beauty of this spot makes it a favorite ramble of mine, especially in the evening. It has a soothing and calming effect, especially after a man has put in a hard day's work. A restful scene like this, the smooth water in the evening light, the twitter of the birds, the sight of some gentle hare or pretty squirrel on the"——

Billy Gregg suddenly put his hands on the shoulders of his friend, and his body swayed to and fro.

"For heaven's sake," he cried, "look at that island and tell me what you see. What is that creature with a body like Somerset House and ears like Battersea park, climbing up out of the water? You don't mean to tell me there is nothing there?"

Tompkins looked at his friend with well assumed amazement on his face.

"Gregg," he said, "there is something the matter with you. You are not in the usual state of health. Does not your own good sense show you that there can be no such animal as you describe?"

"I know it, I know it. Tompkins," he cried suddenly, clinging to his friend, "I have lied to you. I admit it. I've had 'em before, but never in this shape. Tompkins, I have been drinking too much. Take me home with you and write out a cast iron pledge, and I'll sign it 16 times. Call in all your friends to witness it, but for God's sake let us get out of this quiet, peaceful, sylvan retreat."

Gregg's reform has been so comblete that he now lives at Brixton, but he breathes hard when anybody mentions the Crystal palace in his hearing.—Luke Sharp in Detroit Free Press.

An Enemy of Sewers.

The eucalyptus tree is the greatest destroyer of a sewerage system known to the municipalities. The fibrous roots will penetrate the smallest possible opening at the pipe connections, and once into the sewer pipe will grow and expand until the sewer is entirely choked up, and in a number of cities it has been found that the pipes have been broken. The planting of trees of this variety should be discouraged. In some cities ordinances have been passed compelling property owners to cut down all trees of the gum variety for the protection of the sanitary condition.—Modesto News.

A Discussion on Free Coal.

The rabid editor of a free trade paper in Dover, N. H., lately told a workingman that free coal would be a great benefit to him. The discussion which followed was in the main as follows:

Laborer—You have admitted that the present depression is largely due to the uncertainty and delay in tariff legislation.

Editor—Certainly. Every one admits that.

Laborer—How much do you think I would be benefited by free coal?

Editor—Coal from the British provinces can be delivered here at a good profit at $4 per ton, and you now pay $6.50 per ton, and you could save $2.50 per ton with coal on the free list.

Laborer—I understood you that the tariff raised the price of an article just the amount of the duty. How, then, will the repeal of a 75 cent duty on a ton of coal reduce the price $2.50 per ton?

Editor—Oh, that will be the result of competition, and the Pennsylvania miners cannot compete with the miners of Nova Scotia.

Laborer—What will become of the Pennsylvania miners?

Editor—Of course the mines will be closed until the miners will work cheap enough so that they can also sell coal at $4 a ton.

Laborer—Then the new tariff is intended to reduce wages?

Editor—Oh, no indeed, that is not the object, though no doubt the wages will be incidentally reduced at first in many directions.

Laborer—I use half a ton of coal a month, and you say that with free coal I could save $2.50 on a ton or $1.25 per month on my coal bill. Now, my wages have been reduced 28, per cent and you have admitted that the agitation of the tariff question caused the depression which reduced them. You have also admitted that incidentally the proposed tariff itself would reduce wages. Before reduction my wages amounted to $3 per day. Now please explain how I am benefited by saving $1.25 a month on my coal bill while I lose $21.84 a month on my wages. I can hardly see where the saving comes in.

Editor—It is evident that you and I do not think alike on the tariff question. Good night, sir.

This conversation took place in the presence of several witnesses and illustrates fairly well the effects of the proposed Wilson tariff on labor.

Farmers and Free Trade.

English agriculturists are not satisfied with their experience of free trade. A correspondent in the Mark Lane Express of Jan. 8, Mr. James Hunt, 12 Hampton Park, Bristol, wrote:

"If we are to compare nation with nation, we can give proofs that American protectionist artisans are earning and saving more money than English free traders are."

The writer concludes his communication with the following significant parallel:

A FALSE PROPHET.

Some of Cobden's assertions that converted Peel and Gladstone:	Proofs of false prophecy:
Land would not be driven out of cultivation by the repeal of the corn laws.	Nearly 2,500,000 acres have been driven out.
Land owners have nothing to fear from free trade in corn.	Rents and agricultural land values have fallen from 30 to 50 per cent.
In a country growing in population and advancing in prosperity land always increases in value and without any help from the owners.	If all the land in cultivation 20 years ago was worth £50 an acre and has fallen 40 per cent, that is a loss of £20 an acre.
The land of England would produce 25,000,000 quarters of wheat per annum.	In 1862 we grew 17,000,000 quarters, in 1892 about 7,000,000.
We should always have a natural protection of 10s. 6d. per quarter on wheat in the shape of carriage from abroad.	Freights for wheat are now below 2s. a quarter, and it has been carried free, as ballast.
We might as well doubt that the sun would rise on the morrow as doubt that in 10 years every civilized nation on earth would have followed our free trade example.	Not a single nation on earth has followed our example, and all are heavily taxing our goods in return for a free market here.

Free Trade In the South.

The late Henry W. Grady very tersely described the effects of free trade: I attended a funeral in Pickens county, Ga., of a poor man. They buried him in the midst of a marble quarry. They cut through solid marble to make his grave, yet the little tombstone they put above him was from Vermont. They buried him in the heart of a pine forest, and yet the pine coffin was imported from Cincinnati. They buried him within touch of an iron mine, and yet the nails in his coffin and the iron in the shovel that dug his grave were imported from Pittsburg. They buried him by the side of the best sheep grazing country on the earth, and yet the wool in the coffin bands and the coffin bands themselves were brought from the north. The south did not furnish a thing for that funeral but the corpse and the hole in the ground.

There they put him away, and the clods rattled down on his coffin, and they buried him in a New York coat, and a Boston pair of shoes, and a pair of breeches from Chicago, and a shirt from Cincinnati, leaving him nothing to carry into the next world with him to remind him of the country in which he lived, for which he fought for four years, but the chill of blood in his veins and the marrow in his bones.

Cutlers Get It In the Neck.

The total imports of cutlery during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1893, were valued at $1,156,000, and this, too, when the American manufacturers of cutlery received from 63 to 96 per cent ad valorem protection, or an average of 80 per cent. The Wilson bill proposes to reduce this protection to 45 per cent, thus openly increasing by 35 per cent the business of the foreign manufacturers. This means a loss of 35 per cent to wage earners engaged in making cutlery, unless they can induce all good Americans to buy nothing but the American goods through a patriotic interest for American industries.