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BUILD WELL.

High on the granite wall the builders, toiling,
Heaved up the massive blocks and slabs to place,
With swart and streaming brows and straining sinews,
Under the Summer's blaze.

And higher yet, amid the chills of Autumn,
Tier upon tier and arch on arch arose;
And still crept upward, coldly wearily,
'Mid Winter's sifting snows.

From stage to stage upsprings the master builder,
Instructing, cheering, chiding here and there:
Scanning, with scrutiny severe and rigid,
Each lusty laborer's share.

Anon his voice to those most distant shouting
Through the hourse trumpet makes his orders swell:
Or utters words like these to rouse and hearten:
"Build well, my men, build well!

"The ropes are strong, and new and sound the pulleys;
The derrick's beams are equal to the strain;
Unerring are the level, line and plummet;
Let nought be done in vain!

"Build that these walls to coming generations
Your skill, your strength, your faithfulness shall tell,
That all may say, as storms and centuries test them:
The men of old built well!"

And ever thus speaks the great Master Builder
To us, where'er our 'journey-work' may be:
"What'er the toil, the season or the structure,
Build well—build worthily!"

—*S. H. Brown, in Our Continent.*

THE PRICE OF A PICTURE.

Snow, snow, snow! All the morning over that peaceful, little Irish town it had fallen steadily, uncompromisingly. It blotted out the fair, rolling landscape, the holly-bright hedges. Even that far-famed mountain, the Devil's Bit, wore two pretty, pearly caps.

Such a bitter storm! A keen easterly wind had set in. It was blowing fiercely, chilling one to the bone, dashing snow like sleet in one's teeth.

The little group gathered round the bright turf fire in the principal village store, elevated their hands and brows in dumb dismay.

"B'ys," cried a new-comer, "I've heern ez how Bennett is goin' to turn out the Widdy O'Neil. Bad scran to him," fervently.

"The Lord betune us an' all harrum! Shure, not *to-day*, Larry, boy—in this fearful storm?"

"I don't know," doubtfully. "He'd do it quick enough. Ah," with a sip of his potheen and a slow retrospective nod of the head, "it doesn't seem mor'n yistherday whin that same Widdy O'Neil was the Colleen Dhu, an' the purtiest slip of a girl in the three parishes. How the lads 'ud flock in to see her from Loughrea an' Rossthubber, proud as a King the wan of them she'd fling a smile to! Many the foine b'y's heart she sthole, an' whin he'd beg her to kape it, she'd just laugh an' shake her head. But one day who came up from Ballisthore to the fair but young O'Neil. Then she changed her ways a bit, an' no wondther! Sech a sthraight, rollicking young fellow as he wor, with hair broight as a *pikawn* an' eyes all blue an' fearless-loike."

He paused a moment, for fear his steaming glass should grow cold.

"Go on, asthore!" one of the women said.

"I'm thinkin'," rousing himself with a shake, "of one noight Sir Gaston gev a ball to his tenantry. He was younger an' better-lookin' than he is now, by eleven years. I stood be the dure an' looked on. He cam' down the long room a-scrapin' an' a-smirkin' in his foine black clothes and smart jewelry. Whin he wint sthraight up to the Colleen Dhu we looked at aich other, an' turned to watch 'em, meanin'-loike. We knew he'd been a-follerin' her mor'n a man of his sort should toller a peasant girl. I kin see her this minit ez she stood laughin' an' talkin' wid young O'Neil. She had on her best white muslin gown, an' a kerchief crossed, innocent-lookin', on her bosom. Her lips were smilin'. Her shinin' eyes were black ez sloes. Her cheeks were brighter 'n the holly-berries in her hair. He asked her for the honor of the first dance, an' the rich, plain-featured young London lady he was engaged to, a-sittin' at the end of the hall all the while. The Colleen turned to him, her head held ez high ez ye plaze. She was sorry, but she had promised it to Mr. O'Neil. Wid that his face got all angry and white-loike, but he laughed. 'Niver mind,' sez he, 'break it!' Ye should ha' seen how the Colleen Dhu drew herself up an' looked at him ez if she was Queen of England. 'I couldn't, Sir Gaston, an' I wouldn't if I could.' And wid that she slips her hand in O'Neil's an' walks away. He looked after them, his eyes glarin', his face white ez ashes. Be me faith I was proud of a Tipperary girl then."

They all knew the rest of the story.

Of the ten happy years spent by the Colleen Dhu as O'Neil's wife, in their pretty rose-wreathed home, the rent of which was always too promptly paid for complaint; of her husband's death one year ago, and her desperate struggle since, to keep life into herself and children. This month the rent had not been forthcoming, and to-day within the cosy, straw-thatched cottage the bailiffs were at work.

"Not to day," she cried, shuddering and whitening, "not to day, alanna, in the cruel storm!"

But they went deafly on with their merciless task of despoiling her home. When the last stick had been flung into the wagon they pointed to the door.

"Go!" they said.

She staggered out into the white, bitter world, her baby in her arms, by her side her eldest son, a boy of ten. A quiet, silent lad he; dull and stupid the neighbors called him. A short distance from her little kingdom the woman paused. She looked back, her face all working with misery.

"Oh, my home! My old, happy home!"

That wailing cry smote the ear of a man standing a little way from her, a florid, prosperous-looking fellow, furclad from head to feet.

He laughed aloud. She turned and saw him. *He* would be merciful!

She flung herself down in the cold, wet snow. She held up two thin hands.

"Not to-day—to-morrow! We shall freeze, we shall die—not to-day!"

But the storm was kinder than the words he spoke, and she rose and shrunk away, till the snow, like a merciful vail, shut out her little straw-thatched home.

Time was twenty years older when one day all artistic London was thrilled and startled into admiration of a picture which had appeared in one of the exhibitions.

A wonderful piece of coloring, that! It was the terrible story of an eviction told on canvas. A home surrounded by bailiffs; a white, weary woman shrinking away, but looking longingly back; children shuddering to her side, fear and hunger in their faces. The central figure was that of a robust, prosperous, seal-clad man, who stood looking on with vindictive satisfaction. And over all the anguish and despair was the cold winter sky, the white, whirling snow-drifts.

It was a grand success. All London flocked to see it. It touched every heart. Men's faces paled as they gazed on the pictured misery, and many a one started as at the sudden sight of a familiar face.

"Why?" they would cry, pointing to the cruel, relentless face of the landlord, "that was surely drawn for our millionaire and politician now running for election, Sir Gaston Bennett!"

Rumor brought him the strange news. He went to see this idol of the critics. Those present noticed how he staggered back as though from a blow.

"The Colleen Dhu!" he whispered. Already the truth was spreading abroad. He *must* see the artist!

He sought him out—a reserved, quiet man. He caught his breath as they met. His lips shook nervously.

Her son!

The Colleen Dhu's pure, sweet face, her proud, dark eyes, all intensified, impassioned.

"I must have that picture," the great man said to him who as a boy had stood an apparently indifferent spectator to that terrible scene. "I *must* have it, I *must* destroy it; it will ruin me!"

Vain were all prayers, all pleadings. With the same proud scorn his mother years ago had spurned this man's degrading homage, her son today spurned his bribes. The reporters got hold of that story of the eviction. It spread like wildfire. It rang throughout the length and breadth of England. The man's political career was ruined, his social life blasted.

He flung himself at the artist's feet, terror-stricken.

"Your price—*any* price," he cried madly. "Name it—your price!"

But the son of the Colleen Dhu answered him, sternly, coldly:

"My price is greater than even Sir Gaston Bennett can pay—my mother's life!"—*K. Temple More, in Our Continent.*

Our Mannerless Boys.

In the times when there were no railroads, no steamboats, no electric lights and no photographs, boys in some old countries over the sea were taught on seeing one of their elders approaching to draw up by the roadside and bow as he passed. In our own country, a generation or two since, the boy, on entering the school room, was required to make his obeisance. Usually, it was an awkward bow. It was all that remained of the bow of old time, "old school" courtesy. Now this bow has gone altogether. It is dead—it is obsolete and with it, among a very large proportion of American boys, has departed almost every vestige of outward show of respect for their elders. By the unspoken sentiment prevalent among them courtesy and deference are deemed unmanly. The thing to do is to cock the hat over the eyes, elevate the cheap cigar to a corresponding tilt, spit, swear, talk slang, and talk it loudly. It never enters the head of the boy of the period to give up a seat to the elder. It is a matter to him unknown that there is a certain propriety in bating his breath and tone in the presence of his elders. He feels himself as good as anybody, as great and important as anybody, and at the age of twelve or fourteen he thinks he knows as much as anybody. And with regard to many species of knowledge not taught at home or in the schools he does know as much. There are now but two schools where manners are exacted from the stripling—the army, the navy, and to a certain extent the merchant marine. In the latter the traditions of the sea service require the boy to acknowledge the question or command of the officer by an "Aye, aye, sir!" On shore the boy, and especially the boy of business or of the office, hardly deigns a reply when spoken to.

The business or office boy, if favored with companions, is not awed by age or appearance, and when questioned will sometimes give his answers in the most indifferent manner, while he continues his chaff with his companions or keeps on absorbed in the pages of the dime novel.

If employers would sometimes adopt the Haroun al Raschid fashion of disguising themselves and approaching their own office boy with some inquiry relative to their business, they might receive some useful hints. It is this impertinent, unmannerly and indifferent office boy or clerk who has spoiled more than one business transaction and prevented the growth of many a prospective fortune.

In fact, it may pay to cultivate and encourage manners and courtesy among our youth. One noted firm in this city seriously injured its business through the lack of a vigilant eye to observe the manner and bearing of its youthful officials towards customers.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

About Cats.

"You are accused," said the Austin Recorder to the culprit, "of having fired a gun twice within the city limits. Did you kill or cripple anybody?"

"No, sir."

"It is a very serious matter to fire off a gun in the city limits and not kill anybody. Don't you know you are liable to be punished very severely for such carelessness?"

"Yes, your Honor, but there are some very mitigating circumstances."

"What are they, and how many of them are there?"

"They are cats, your Honor, and from the noise they make I should think there were about a thousand of them."

"So you are troubled by cats?"

"Yes, your Honor, they worry me nearly to death, and I fired at them twice. That's how I came to violate the city ordinance."

Recorder (brightening up): "Come here, prisoner. I wish to consult with you confidentially. Tell me, how many did you kill?"

"Three with the first barrel, and two with the second."

"Splendid! Glorious! What size shot do you use when you violate the city ordinance by discharging fire-arms within the city limits?"

"I use duck shot; it fetches them every time."

"I am glad to hear that. I've been using a size smaller when I violated the city ordinance. Would you object to lending me your gun?"

"I will lend it to you with pleasure," replied the prisoner, "but your Honor must remember that you are liable to be severely punished if you shoot off a gun inside of the city limits, and do not kill anybody."

"You can go, but do not let it happen again."—*Texas Siftings.*

—A dummy engine ran over a deaf man in California recently. The deaf man couldn't hear, and the dummy couldn't speak. Hence the catastrophe.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Koordish Chief.

The flight of the Koordish Sheikh Obeidoullah is giving the Government great anxiety. Persia and Russia are both insisting that he be captured and "interned" in some safe place. The Sheikh is now safely at home in his mountains, where Turkish troops have never yet been without his permission. Although he has telegraphed to ask pardon of the Sultan for leaving Constantinople without the formalities incumbent upon a guest, he is likely to be disturbed soon. I understand that the commander of the Turkish garrisons in Mesopotamia has reported that he has not force enough to arrest the Sheikh, but that troops have been ordered forward from Van and Erzerum for this purpose. The importance of Sheikh Obeidoullah arises from his being a spiritual chief to many thousand Koords in both Persia and Turkey. He is known to be thoroughly restless under Turkish control. He believes in a future for the Koordish people, and believes that it is his mission to advance its interests. The glory of Saladin of the Crusades and of many other renowned Koords is to him a constant impulse to resist the gradual extinction of Koordish individuality which is being brought about by the Turkish policy of killing or exiling every Koord who attains education or influence. He has often declared that he has no evil intent toward the Armenian Christians; who have a common origin and a common destiny with their Koordish neighbors. Yet the Turkish Government knows very well that any disturbance of Koordistan just now would lead to a Russian intervention. It is therefore particularly anxious to get Obeidoullah safely away from his people.

Personally the Sheikh is a rather small man, with hands delicate as those of a woman, and an eye like that of an eagle. His face in repose is not prepossessing, but in conversation it lights up with a glow that makes one forget the traditions of his savage wars. Like most religious dignitaries in this country, he is extremely ignorant of modern science. Yet he is profoundly learned in all that strange philosophy which finds a favoring atmosphere in Mesopotamia. He is a most fascinating conversationalist, full of wise saws and quaint or humorous illustrations, and he can quote unerringly all the great Persian poets or Arabian theologians. Among his own people the Sheikh exercises a magnetic power which makes men cower beneath his gaze as if he was the arbiter of their destinies, which, indeed, to some extent he is.

The question of the manner of the escape of the Sheikh from this city is still under investigation. The Russians say the English got him away; the English believe the Russians helped him off; while the Persians declare that the Turks sent him home on a mission hostile to Persia. He went by way of the Black Sea and the Caucasus. The Turks are hampered in their pursuit of the parties who got Sheikh Obeidoullah away by two circumstances: First, by the fact that he was brought here as the guest of the Sultan, and was never forbidden to leave the city; and, second, by the declaration of his followers here that his escape was miraculous, a fact that no Moslem dares publicly to deny. His servants still declare that they see him so constantly before their eyes that they are unable to say whether he is now bodily present with them or not, and no amount of cuffing over the ears will make them tell a different story. One of the higher grade of his disciples declares that one day he saw a large green dove fly from the window, and that on entering the Sheikh's room hastily to tell him of it he found no one, but the empty garments of the Sheikh lying in a heap near the open window. He was sure the green dove was the Sheikh himself. The only difficulty with this theory of his escape is that, although the Sheikh's clothing is there as proof, the Sheikh's field-glasses and quite a store of revolvers and ammunition must also be accounted for as having been conveyed away by the dove. Still, the people believe the story, and great prices are offered for bits of the Sheikh's clothes or clippings from his beard to use as external applications in cases of neuralgia.—*Constantinople Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

A Soldier's Sensations When Engaged in Battle.

Whenever you can find a soldier who under fire aims low and shoots to make every bullet wound or kill, you find fifty who are nervously throwing away ammunition, seeming to reason that the reports of their muskets will check or drive the enemy. And yet this nervousness need not be wondered at, for they are playing a game of life or death.

At Malvern Hill, seventeen soldiers, belonging to an Ohio regiment, took cover in a dry ditch, which answered admirably for a rifle-pit. A Georgia regiment charged this little band three times, and were three times driven back. The fire was low and rapid, and the loss in front of their guns was more than one hundred killed in ten minutes. Regiments have been engaged for an hour, without losing half that number. The fire of this seventeen was so continuous that McClellan forwarded a brigade to their support, believing that an entire regiment had been cut off.

At Mine Run the writer was just in the rear of a New York regiment which was suddenly attacked. A single company of Confederates cut off from the regiment, and dodging around about to rejoin it, suddenly debouched into a field and found itself face to face with the Union regiment. Fighting commenced at once. A regiment fought a company, both lying down for cover. I lay so near a third sergeant that I could touch his heels and I watched his fire. Every time he pulled the trigger he elevated the muzzle of his gun at an angle of forty-five degrees instead of depressing it for the enemy lying down. I saw him repeat this operation fourteen different times. The man in front of him fired as many bullets plump into a stump in his front and the man on the other side shot into the ground about ten feet away. Others must have been wasting bullets about the same way, but the little company was shooting to kill. In that ten minutes of fighting the New Yorkers suffered a loss of thirty-six killed and wounded, and then a bayonet charge doubled them back and opened a gap for the little band's escape. I walked over the ground and found one dead and one wounded Confederate. Not a gun, blanket, knapsack or canteen had been left behind.

Any soldier will no doubt fight better under cover than he will in the open field, but cover does not always insure good fighting. At Pitsburg Landing five thousand Union soldiers skulked under the river bank, safe from the enemy's fire, and many of them threw their guns into the river rather than fire a shot. Again, at Yellow Tavern, five of Custer's men, dismounted and lying behind a fence, held five companies of cavalry at bay for twenty minutes, and killed twenty-four men, and this without getting a scratch in return.

At Mine Run a Union regiment went into the fight with sixty rounds of ammunition per man, making a total of perhaps four thousand bullets. This regiment was placed to act as a check to any advance of the enemy in a certain direction. They did not see thirty Confederates during the whole day, and yet it was twice more supplied with ammunition. It fired away at least twelve thousand bullets, and yet only killed two Rebel skirmishers.

One cool man will do more execution with his musket than thirty men firing at random. One must have a will strong enough to crowd down all emotion, and oblige his hands to cease trembling at the word. Out of every regiment, not more than one hundred men are fighters. These shoot to kill. The others shoot at random, and kill only by accident. Thirty cartridges would last a good fighter for all day's fight. The ordinary soldier would fire out his sixty in an hour and a half, and like enough have his eyes shut half the time when he pulled the trigger. A member of the Second Michigan Infantry hit the case pretty well at Blackburn Ford. When the skirmishing began he counted his cartridges, and said:

"Just sixty of 'em, and I'll fire three a minute, and have these fellers licked in just twenty minutes to a tick!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

New Arithmetical Problems.

The length of a certain bean blower is one-third the length of a boy who is four feet high when he stands on a block five inches thick. What is the length of the blower?

A human body weighing 160 pounds falls fifty-five feet per second. How long will it take a baby weighing thirteen pounds to fall down a pair of stairs fourteen feet high?

Six men put in their capital to start a co-operative store. What was left after the manager got into Canada was valued at $250, and this represented one-fifth of what each man put in. How much did the manager get away with?

The average cost of curing a sore throat is thirty-seven cents, and the number of sore throats in this country averages 21,000,000 per year. How much could America spend for going to the circus if our throats were brass-lined?

There are twenty-four newspaper reporters in Louisville, and each one kills an average of 150 cockroaches per day. How many victims would they number in 365 days?

A young man about to be married figures that $8 per week will support the family in luxury and erect a five-story building out of the savings of three years. How many days after his marriage before he will tumble to bean soup?

It costs a political candidate $25 per head to retain thirty loafers to slug him through a convention and $150 for incidental expenses. How much is he out altogether, and in case he is left how long will it take him to make himself good by hoeing corn at $1 per day?

In a particular field are ninety-seven watermelons, and it is softly approached by five colored men in search of a woodchuck. How many times does ninety-seven go into five?

James and Henry go fishing and agree to divide. James has two nibbles and a bite from a dog, and Henry gets two ducklings and loses a twelve shilling hat. What is the share of each?

One person out of every five in the United States has one or more corns, and the cost of effecting a cure is $1.30. What is the number of corn-victims, and what would be the cost of placing every person on a sound footing?

Every man who has arrived at the age of forty years has lost at least ten umbrellas worth $1 each. Estimating the number of losers at 11,000,000, and granting that one third of them have stolen seven umbrellas worth ten shillings each, what do you make the total loss?—*Detroit Free Press.*

Girls' Clothing.

The quaint and picturesque styles for girls' dresses seen during the summer will prevail throughout the demi season. The guimpe dresses of cotton satine, of Turkey red calico and Scotch ginghams for general use, and those of white pique, nainsook, colored surah and lace for nicer wear, are made sufficiently warm for the autumn months by the addition of the long cloth pelisses of tan-color or rifle green so much in use for large girls and misses, and the bright red, green or electric blue cloth sacques in favor for very small children. Colors will be more used as the season advances than they have been for years. White dresses will not be abandoned, but they will be covered with a dark coat, and the hat will match the coat in color. All shades of light brown, such as almond, biscuit, tan and drab, will be used for pelisses of cloth that will be braided in placques and wheel patterns with soutache of a darker shade. The French models for these coats lap on the chest, but tall open below the waist; some of them have cross seams at the waist lines and all have plaits in the back of the skirt. The large collar, cuffs and hip pockets are covered with braid. Rich green and garnet cloth garments are similarly made. Cloth will also be used for the odd little jackets that are worn by children one year old and upward, and the caprice is to have this of the bright red cloth now called Arabi red, but which is precisely the same shade as the more familiarly known Turkey red. This straight sacque reaches nearly to the edge of the dress skirt, is single-breasted, with the broad French back that has but one seam; the narrow form that makes it fit to the figure belongs to the front rather than the back, and it falls directly under the arms. The edges are stitched, and there is a small turned-over collar; curved pockets are on the sides. It is buttoned down the front closely, and its conspicuous ornament is three loops across the front, with a plaque at each end made of braid of a contrasting color. For instance, the red cloth sacque has black braid loops and plaques, while those of green or blue cloth have red braid. This fancy for bright red will also be carried out in the cashmere guimpe dresses, in cloth for plaited walking coats, in Mother Hubbard wraps, and, it is said, in gay velvet suits for both boys and girls. The red fez, the Turkish turban of red cashmere, and the red Tam o' Shanter cap of thick worsteds are also in great favor, and the Chinese or Orient hat of felt with the brim rolled upward all around is also liked in this vivid red shade.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—A cat-fish caught at Cummings, Ga., was covered with long fine hair, from six inches to a foot long. The fish weighed about twenty-six pounds and excited great interest.

The Fate of Explorers.

From Singapore we learn that Mr. Witti (formerly an officer in the Austrian army), an explorer in the service of the British North Borneo Company, has been treacherously murdered by "head hunters," who also killed several of his native attendants. Mr. Witti had, it seems, been making his way to the head of the Sibuco River. This region may be considered at present quite beyond the active administration of the British Borneo Company. The Governor was not aware that Mr. Witti intended to make so long and hazardous a journey.

At the same time, Mr. Witti being an experienced traveler, a brave man, and on good terms with the natives generally, there was no reason to fear that he might not go through the very heart of the country without molestation. He had made, it seems, an important trip, and was, it is believed, on his way to Kimanis. Near the head of the Sibuco River he would be on the frontier of Dutch Borneo, and in a region where Mr. Carl Bock found the natives unusually savage and unfriendly. Witti had a party of seventeen men. He divided them. Some nine or ten were told off to attend to the boats. They were navigating a river, and Witti had bought boats from the natives. The other men remained to push on ahead in company with the explorer.

The natives had shown no disposition to hostility. The local chiefs (the tribes are, no doubt, the Muruts, though one account says they are Tandjoeing Dyaks) had hospitably entertained Witti, which is generally a guarantee of friendship. While his little party were preparing to move forward, Witti sat down to make some notes in his diary. Suddenly, from an ambush in the river, some three hundred natives, armed with poisoned arrows and spears, rushed in upon Witti and his man. Three of the latter fell almost immediately. Witti defended himself with his revolver and killed two of his assailants. The rest crowded upon him, however, and speared him to death. The others of the party had already run away, one of them, who was carrying Witti's Winchester rifle, taking it off in his flight. From a hiding place they saw one of the attacking party decapitate Witti, while others cut off the lower limbs of his dead attendants, fling them, with the explorer's head, into a boat, and make off with their bleeding trophies down stream. They also carried off Witti's papers and dispatch-box.

The event has created a sensation at Singapore and at Labuan. A police party, of the Borneo Company, has been, or is about to be, dispatched to the scene of the massacre, with a view to a complete investigation of the affair and the punishment of the Muruts. The head of the Sibuco River is on the confines of the British North Borneo Company's territory, occupied by tribes of an entirely different character to those among whom Mr. Frank Hatton, another scientific explorer, is at work in the northern regions around about Kini Bolu. He and his party, including an Australian engineer, have been well received. They found the company's flag flying at several somewhat remote points, and, so far as the real work of the company goes, it is moving on satisfactorily.

Mr. Witti must have had the dangers of his expedition in his mind at the outset. It is quite likely, from what is known of his adventurous spirit, that he had resolved to accomplish a great achievement even at the risk of his life, for, prior to setting out, he made his will and left behind him full instructions as to the distribution of his property. He was known to the Geographical Society of London, whose "Journal of Transactions" contains several of his contributions to the geographical history of Borneo. The commercial civilization of North Borneo is of great importance to trading interests in the eastern seas, and it will be necessary in the interests of Borneo and adjacent islands to make an example of the murderers—*London Telegraph.*

An Expensive Kiss.

When William Schmidt gets out of the Work house it will be a long time before he will again kiss another man's wife. William tried the experiment on Friday. It was good as far as it lasted, but it was the afterclap that William didn't relish. He'll have no more of it in future, for William is a sensible young man, and knows when he has enough. It happened in this way: On last Friday, Schmidt, who is a painter—and, by the way, has a young wife and child of his own—went to the residence of Mrs. Myra Howard, on the Lower River road, for the purpose of brightening up the window-sills. Mrs. Howard's worser half was not at home, and, indeed, no one else save the lady herself. The fact led William to remark to her that it was strange that she was not afraid to stay in such an out-of-the-way place all by her lonely self. Mrs. Howard responded that not a coward drop of blood flowed in her veins, or words to the same import. William and she enjoyed quite a little conversation while he was at work on the windows, and finally William asked her if she had five cents she could loan him. Mrs. Howard replied that she had the five cents in her pocket, and that it was going to stay there. William vowed he'd have the money, and then followed a playful chase through the kitchen and into the sitting-room. It was there that Mrs. Howard sat down, and the gay knight of the paint-brush, in his exuberance, sat down in her lap, and, throwing his arms around her, he implanted a kiss upon her lips, under the impression that that was a fitting ending to such a tremendous joke.

When the lady took a rolling pin with which she had been kneading bread, or something of the sort, and cracked William over the head, that young man thought the joke was going too far. When the claret flowed from his proboscis, he began to wish he had kissed a woman who hadn't so much muscle; and when at last the husband had him arrested on a warrant charging him with assault and battery, he wished he'd kissed a woman who hadn't any husband to kick about such a little trifle as that.

Mrs. Howard told her story in the Police Court yesterday morning. She is not bad-looking, by any means, though in size she would make one and a half of the young man. She spoke without much embarrassment. She wore a handsomely embroidered black mantilla, a white lace tie, and a jaunty round hat. She averred that William had held her hands while embracing her. This William denied. In disposing of the case, Judge Higley remarked that it was the first of the kind that had ever been brought before him. He fined the young man $100, and gave him thirty days in the Work-house.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

—A New York female pickpocket is so pretty that one of her victims refused to make complaint.

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PITH AND POINT.

—"The baking-powder war" is the heading of an advertisement in some of our exchanges. Another Yeastern difficulty, it is presumed.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Said Brown, looking about the establishment: "I don't see Belcher around. How do you get along without him? You told me he was your right-hand man." "So he was," replied the storekeeper, "but now he is left."—*Boston Transcript.*

—A medical journal explains how to make a "dropper"—an arrangement to drop medicine out of a bottle. The quickest and most emphatic dropper we ever saw was a young man who entered a blacksmith shop and picked up a horse-shoe that had just come out of the forge. He dropped it with so much dropableness, so to speak, that it made him perspire—and swear.—*The Judge.*

—The New York *Graphic* prints pictures of "the great diamonds of the world." There are about thirty of these precious stones, and the most surprising thing about them is the fact that not a single one of them is owned by an editor. Newspaper men never did care much for jewelry, anyhow.

—"Oh, I've just had such a scare!" exclaimed a prim and pale housewife: "I feel as if I should faint." "Why, what's the matter?" was asked. "Well," she replied, "you may not believe it, but as sure as I live that new girl deliberately opened the parlor shutters and the sun was shining right in."

—"Have you ever before been punished by the law?" asked an Austin Justice of a colored culprit. "Yes, I called a man a liar, and I had to pay a fine." "Is that the only time you have come in conflict with the law?" "Now dat yer speaks ob hit, Jedge, I bleeves I was in de penitentiary for ten yeahs, ef I disremember myself"—*Texas Siftings.*

—A society drama was presented at the theater at Salt Lake City recently, but when in the third act the husband began to rave and tear around because his wife had run away with another man, the audience with one accord rose from their seats and exclaimed: "The idea of making all this fuss about one woman!" and left the place in disgust.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—The firm, steadfast character of Massachusetts men is seen also in things material. Look at the weathercock, for instance. This, elsewhere the symbol of instability and fickleness, is here transformed into stability itself. When the thing gets turned toward the rising sun, its fixity of purpose, its staying power, its rigid inflexibility, is simply sublime. It knows no north, no south, no west.—*Boston Transcript.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Of the 229 asteroids now known, forty-one were discovered by Dr. Peters and thirty-six by Dr. Palisa.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A pistol manufacturer of Springfield, Mass., has a daily income of $2,000 from his business and investments, and, though he began life a poor man, expects to leave each of his four children a millionaire.

—"Tripolite" is the name given to a new building material which is intended to be a substitute for lime, cement, and plaster, under certain circumstances. It is composed of sulphate of lime, coke and oxide of iron in some form or other.

—California is making great efforts to develop her extensive petroleum deposits. During 1881 her production was trebled. Large quantities of machinery have been purchased and some of the most expert Pennsylvania drillers have been engaged. There is said to be no doubt that there are immense oil deposits in the State.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—A patent has been taken out in Germany for an engine, the piston of which is driven backward and forward by small charges of gunpowder supplied at each end by an automatic arrangement. The ignition is effected by the motion of the piston, which draws in a flame of gas or spirit, the access being regulated by side valves, which also open outlets for the escape of the gases of combustion.

—A new method of reducing corn to meal is now in operation at the West, which, it is said, seems likely to supersede the old-fashioned mill-stones. The corn passes over a series of cylinders provided with fine steel points, revolving rapidly against fixed knives, each set finer than the one preceding. The meal produced is exceedingly fine, there is claimed a saving of fifty per cent of power, and the machinery is said to be less expensive than burr-st