THE DRESSMAKER.

An Individual of the Female Persuasion of Uncertain Age and Migratory Habits.

Come, children, put away your playthings, and I will tell you about the dressmaker; a creation which you have all heard of, no doubt, but of which it is not possible you can be fully informed.

A dressmaker, then, is an individual of the female persuasion; age, uncertain; habits, migratory.

It is the custom of the dressmaker to roam about from house to house, ostensibly for the purpose of fitting dresses to her victims; but this is an error. The dressmaker was never known to be guilty of such an indiscretion. They who have spread the report have injured her grossly.

No; the dressmaker does not fit dresses. She has better business on her hands than any such trifling affair as that. Her mission is a high and ennobling one. All such commonplace matters as cutting and fitting dresses she relegates to the inferior intelligence of her customers.

But let me tell you just what the duties of the dressmaker are.

To-day she is engaged to spend the day with Mrs. Smith. Mrs. Smith receives the dressmaker with open arms and some twenty or thirty yards of silk. The dressmaker is kind enough to look at the silk, and kinder still to sit down and cut it into patches eminently suitable for insertion in a crazy quilt; in the meantime regaling Mrs. Smith with a full and accurate account of domestic economy as practiced at Mrs. Brown's.

While the dressmaker is engaged in this two-fold operation of dissecting Mrs. Smith's silk and Mrs. Brown's household affairs, Mrs. Smith is kept very busy. Listening to a recital of one's dear friend's eccentricities—always a delightful occupation—and superintending the preparation of dinner are quite a strain upon even the strongest constitutions.

But in process of time dinner is ready, the silk is divided and subdivided to the satisfaction of the dressmaker, and the whole story of Mrs. Brown's domestic economy has been told.

That is to say, it seemed to have been told. But the appearance of the several articles of food upon Mrs. Smith's table reminds the dressmaker that she has omitted some very important items, and straightway she proceeds to compare the respective bills of fare provided by her hostess and by Mrs. Brown, much to the disadvantage of the latter.

Dinner over, the dressmaker pins and bastes and ties upon Mrs. Smith all the pieces of silk, big and little, that come convenient; all the while, of course, entertaining her hostess with most improving conversation upon a variety of subjects, embracing almost everything under heaven, from the last novel up to the way Mrs. Gray's servant acted when Mrs. Gray's baby came down with the measles.

The afternoon is consumed in this way, and supper time and Mr. Smith come before the trying-on process is fairly completed. Mrs. Smith retires to make herself presentable, the dressmaker meanwhile gracefully flirting with the lord of the manor.

At the tea table, the dressmaker, now having an enlarged audience, repeats with additions and improvements, her essay on the comparative merits of the Smith and the Brown cuisine, and at the close of the meal the dressmaker retires from the field with the proud satisfaction that she has shed a radiance over the Smith household for one day at least, besides amply earning the five dollar gratuity for her distinguished services.

The dressmaker and the dress have no interest in one another from this moment, but during the ensuing three weeks that Mrs. Smith is engaged in sewing, ripping, re-sewing, undoing, rearranging and altering that dress, it is to be presumed that the dressmaker is ever present to her thoughts.

How pleasant it is thus to live in the memory of those whom you have benefited!

It is needless to follow the dressmaker on her mission of love and usefulness. To-morrow she will be irradiating the household and severing the silk of Mrs. Black. The only difference in the day's duties will be that, instead of Mrs. Brown's domestic affairs and Mrs. Brown's cookery, it will be Mrs. Smith's home economy and Mrs. Smith's cuisine which pass in review.

I think I have said enough, children, to show you that the dressmaker does not fit dresses much less make them. If you have any doubt about the truth of what I have told you, however, you would better ask your mammas, who are amply able to satisfy your uncertainity.—*Boston Transcript.*

VALUABLES IN TRUST.

The Precautions Taken by Safe Deposit Companies to Preserve Property Entrusted to Their Care.

With the approach of summer begins the accumulation in the vaults of the safe deposit companies of great piles of family silver-plate, jewelry and valuable property and papers which the householder about to depart on his vacation fears to leave at home, trusting to the vigilance of the police.

"We have now in our vaults," said Safe-Superintendent Clark, of the Fidelity Insurance, Trust and Safe Deposit Company, last week, "some four thousand packages, the value of which I could not begin to calculate, for I don't know what they are really worth. People who leave their property in our charge rarely assess them at their full value, so thoroughly do they feel convinced of their absolute safety. Lately we have added a new precaution in the shape of a shock for the possible sneak-thief."

"Do you have visits from sneak-thieves?"

"We have had some. For instance, you are coming to visit your property. As you enter the gate to the vaults you pass the gatekeeper, who recognizes you by the password. With you enters a well-dressed man who has just accosted you with some simple remark about the weather, to which you have replied in the same simple manner, and the gatekeeper, thinking he is a friend of yours, allows him to go by with you. While you are examining, say some coupon bonds, your supposed friend brushes a document on to the floor apparently accidentally. In your excess of politeness you pick it up without looking at it and ask him if it is his. He replies that it is, thanks you, walks off as if on other business and might escape from the building before you could give the alarm. But the gate is closed and can only be opened on the outside and only on receipt of the password. This gate is also one of our protections against mobs."

"Mobs?"

"Yes, indeed. An organized mob could break into the building as far as that point. But when that door is closed I can direct a current of electricity through its steel bars sufficient to kill a man instantly. By the time it was broken down our safe doors would be closed and bolted, and then we wouldn't care for any mob. What do people deposit with us? Oh, well, it would be difficult to say. We don't ask what are the contents of their trunks. We do not take furniture. I wish we did. I would like to make arrangements so that, when a family are going abroad or out of town, they should give us notice and we would undertake the packing and transporting to our vaults or warerooms of the complete house contents. Then when the family are coming back, they should let us know and we would replace everything as we found it. Of course it would be a great undertaking, but it is only a small increase of duty and responsibility after all. Perhaps it may be interesting to you to know that the findings on the desks, tables and floors during nineteen years amounted to nearly $6,000,000, all through the carelessness of safe-renters. With the exception of an inconsiderable amount of bonds, coupons and money, as well as a diamond necklace and a few watches, the whole of this large amount has been restored to its rightful owners."

"We receive for safe-keeping," said the Secretary of the Guarantee Company, "valuables of all descriptions, such as coupons, registered and other bonds, deeds, mortgages, coin, plate, bullion, jewelry, clothing and other personal effects, assuming all liabilities. And I can assure you that our deposits are of the most varied description. We have a most perfect system of identification by which it is almost impossible for any but the right owner to obtain possession of the property intrusted to our charge. We have first of all a guarantee delivered to the owner and a password known only to the owner or such person or persons as he may choose to tell it to. Then we have as complete a description as possible of the owner and we require him to sign his name.

"Here is an example in point. A short while ago a lady came here and asked for certain property. She produced the guarantee and gave the password. I thought I recognized the face, but still I did not feel altogether satisfied in my mind about it. I got our description book, and then put this singular question to her:

"'You are not so old now as you were when you deposited this property; can you explain this?'

"'Oh, yes,' she replied: it was my mother; but she is sick in bed, so she gave me the pass-word and asked me to do her business for her.'

"Of course that accounted for the strong likeness which had struck me at first. However, I had to tell her that unless she produced an order, correctly and fully filled out by her mother, I could not give her admission to the vault."

In both of these companies' buildings watchmen patrol night and day, fully armed, and the faithful performance of the duties is insured by detectors and electric time-clocks. In a thousand and one unlooked-for and unexpected places alarms, police calls and apparatus for severely punishing those imprudent enough to lay their hands where they should not be, are hidden. Fire is combatted on the principle that prevention is better than cure by a method of heating by steam generated by boilers under the street and isolated from the main buildings.—*Philadelphia Times.*

LOST HIS RAILROAD NERVE.

A Traveling Man Who Has Become Morbidly Fearful of an Accident.

A roving theatrical manager and a newspaper man were breakfasting at the Morton House one day last week, when the former remarked: "I am trying to get control of a house of my own, so that I can locate permanently. In fact, I have lost my railroad nerve."

"Your railroad nerve; what do you mean?"

"Just what I say. I have lost my railroad nerve. Up to about a year ago I felt almost as safe on a railway train as I did in a hotel, but since that time, for some cause or other, I have become morbidly apprehensive of railroad accidents, and now, when traveling, I fret and worry all the time. I can't rest in a sleeper any more. Many a time I have lain awake all night, and even if I do doze, the slightest out-of-the-way jar will startle and arouse me in the most unpleasant manner. If the train slackens its speed, I dread that we are too close to another, and I sometimes become so agitated that I leave my berth and walk the aisle for an hour at a time."

"You should conquer your fears," said the newspaper man. "When I step on a train I consider that my fate is in the hands of others—that worry or fret will not avail one particle to help me in case of trouble—and I sleep almost as well in a Pullman or a Wagner as I do in my own bed."

"I have tried to reason myself out of my fears," was the response, "but I can't. I know I have only got to die once, and that I must die some time. Honestly, though I am not at all disposed to go off the hooks just yet, the fear of instant death is not so much what haunts me as the dread of accident that would deprive me of a limb or otherwise cripple me permanently. Did you ever see a one-armed or one-legged theatrical manager or agent? We have hard enough times to get along with all our limbs and faculties. To deprive me of a leg or an arm would be to take away my means of living and cause me to resort to some other that would perhaps make me a semi-mendicant. That is what I fear, and it is that which has deprived me of my railroad nerve. I will make almost any sacrifice that will enable me to locate and regain my former buoyancy of spirits. Even as I talk with you now I fret because I have to take the train for Boston to-day, and I won't feel easy in my mind till I get to the end of my journey, and not then, for I know I have to come back again."

"Are your fears shared by many other managers or actors?"

"Indeed they are, but few of them care to acknowledge it. I know lots of drummers, too, who feel just as I do. Stand in front of a ticket office before the departure of a through train, especially at night, and watch the men buy accident insurance tickets, and you will be surprised to find how many there are who, like me, have lost their railroad nerve. A year ago I hadn't a gray hair in my head. Now there are plenty of them. Still, if circumstances compel, I will be on the road next season, with only one consoling thought, and that is that perhaps after all I may never get a scratch, while some one who never gave the matter a thought, or who would laugh at it if he did, may be killed by a derailment or a collision within a year. It is strange though, considering how much they travel, how few actors get hurt, and I don't believe one in a thousand ever buys an accident ticket. They are too superstitious, and feel that if they were to insure they would be certain to 'beat the game', and have to die to do it."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Making a Barrel Hammock.

The season for hammocks will soon be here, and I will tell you how to make a comfortable, inexpensive one. Bring your old flour barrel from the cellar or store-room, knock it to pieces, clean and paint the staves. (I like red.) Procure a rope four times in length each place where it is to be suspended, and in size a little larger than a clothes line. Now halve the rope, double each piece in the middle, and commencing two yards or so from the end, weave it over and under each stave about three inches from the end of each one, which will bring the rope crossed between each; do both sides the same and your hammock is complete. One end of the rope should be fastened up higher than the other. At first this may not seem firm, but when there is any weight on it the rope becomes "taut," as the sailors says, consequently there will be no openings.—*Good Cheer.*

THE EXCHANGE FIEND.

A Creature Whose Staying Qualities Are Unappreciated Except by Editors.

There is an ancient oriental legend to the effect that once upon a time a modest looking dromedary stuck his head into the sanctum of a daily newspaper and requested to be allowed to glance over the exchanges. The accommodating and gentlemanly editor said: "Certainly, with pleasure," and the result was that in a short time the dromedary was polishing the sacred editorial tripod and had both hoofs on the table, going through the exchanges. When the editor intimated that he felt cramped, the dromedary replied, humorously, that perhaps the editor would feel more untrammeled if he were on the outside.

The moral of this simple little legend is that the proper time to sit down on the exchange fiend is at the opeing of the campaign, or else he will be as hard to remove from position as a firmly established mother-in-law.

It is a fact that nobody outside of a newspaper office can understand or appreciate the staying qualities of an exchange fiend. Those who begin the performance with an overture to the effect that they know newspaper men are always busy, hence they will stay but a moment, are the ones that resemble a French clock, they never go. The exchange fiend is always a brilliant conversationalist. Different editors have different campaign plans. Some editors hang up big signs in front of their desks, such as: "Go Hire a Hall and Tell Us All About It." Others have a picture of a death's head and the legend underneath: "This Man Was Talked to Death." An exchange fiend will read over these admonitions, laugh and say: "You have hit 'em off to a T."

If the editor has only one chair, the fiend will sit down on the editor's desk, or even on the editor himself.

Other people dread the power of the press. Not so the exchange fiend. He has the audacity of the flea that takes his breakfast off the lion's lip. He never realizes his danger.

There was once a Texas newspaper man who ran short of material to write up and who thought it would be a joke to encourage an exchange fiend, just to see how far he would go, and then write it up. So when the exchange fiend walked in, the editor did not go, as usual, and get "Webster's Unabridged," and impressively lay it on the exchanges along with four or five paper weights, to keep the papers from blowing away by the breeze that was not blowing. On the contrary, he told the fiend to help himself. The fiend began to look 'sassy right off. You could see his cheek harden. He removed his hat, coat, vest, cravat and boots, as if he was going in swimming. Then he went to the editorial coat that was hanging on the rack and hunted for a cigar. In doing so he came across several letters and postal cards. He was considerate enough to read them, holding the borrowed cigar in his mouth all the time. It was evident that the exchange fiend did not require much encouragement, so the editor determined to give him a little sarcasm.

"If there is anything you want that you don't see, just ask for it," said the editor.

The fiend took a puff of the cigar and said:

"Cussed poor cigar. Where did they give them to you? I want to steer clear of that place. By the way, there are some New York papers that I want you to get. Have 'em put on your exchange list. I'll give you a list of the papers I want."

The fiend was perfectly serious; so was the editor, who rallied and remarked with a sneer:

"Don't you want me to turn over the Post-office key to you? Perhaps you would like to open the money-order letters?"

"You do need a business manager, but I fancy you would hardly be able to pay me my price to take hold of your business department."

It became still more evident that this fiend did not require much more encouragement to feel perfectly at ease. Once more the editor's face was wreathed in scorn, as he said:

"I am going to have a telephone put up between this office and your residence, so you will be able to spend some of your time at home."

"This is good enough for me right here, if you will fill a side basket, and have some more pegs to hang clothes on," replied the demon, tearing the wrappers off the exchanges.

The amusing feature of this conversation is that it actually took place. It is a peculiarity of the newspaper bore that he is perfectly honest in believing that he is the only visitor to the office who is not a bore, hence any hint you may give him to clear out is taken as the spirit of banter, as if it were pleasantly and not seriously meant for him at all.—*Alex Sweet, in Arkansaw Traveler.*

THE HERBALIST.

A Very Flourishing Professional Wanderer in Great Britain.

The conservatism of our country folk, in the matter of medicine, comprises, it may be said, almost all their conservatism. They are beginning to regard ghosts and bogles as stuff and nonsense; they have learned to be moderate in their estimation of the Londoner, regarding him as neither a very marvelous nor a very terrible being; they have forgotten their old customs to a very great extent, and their old songs entirely; but to a wonderful extent they believe in the efficacy of the remedies handed down almost unchanged from the days when the monks were the sole depositaries of medical and surgical knowledge. Our simple-gatherer is, therefore, a sort of doctor in his way. He believes firmly that apoplexy, paralysis, gout, and rheumatism are to be alleviated by use of wall-flowers; that the canterbury bell or throat wort is good for swellings or inflammation of the throat; that golden rod stops blood-flow; that Jesuit's bark cures ague; that the "golden water," made from lilies of the valley, is good to strengthen the limbs of children; that red valerian, peony and columbine are invaluable—peony in especial hastening the growth of children's teeth, its dried roots being tied round their necks. He can tell us all about the carminative hot and cold seeds, the opening roots, the emollient herbs, the capillary herbs, the sudorific woods, the cordial flowers, the vast list of flowers and roots which cure diseases of corresponding form—such as nettle-tea for nettle-rash, worm root for lunacy, liver-wort for liver complaints, saffron flowers for scarlet fever. He works hard, early and late; for his occupation necessitates a good deal of trespassing. Long before the woodman has shouldered his ax and started for the copses, the gatherer of simples may be seen creeping along the banks of sedgy streams, or knee deep in the grass and flowers of pleasant fields, or drooping along hedgeways, or pushing his way through thick undergrowth, always in a shamefaced sort of way, for his chief enemy, the keeper, can not be persuaded that a man carrying a stout stick and a basket is not after rabbits or any other marketable creature that comes handy.
—*All the Year Round.*

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—Jelly cake: Two eggs, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, three teaspoonful of baking powder.—*Boston Globe.*

TRADE IN THE LONG AGO.

The Habits and Customs of Western People Forty Years Ago.

The habits and customs of the people forty years ago in the West were quite different from the *style* of this modern age. In the matter of clothing and house-furnishing the difference was very great and consequently the assortments of the dry-goods merchant have undergone a corresponding change since that early period. In this age of rapid transit and fast mails it does not take long for Eastern fashions and styles to become familiar in the West, and there is but little difference between the well-dressed lady of the East, and the stylishly attired Western woman. The same similarity of clothing is also noticeable for men's wear fashions East and West so closely correspond.

Forty years ago the spinning wheel was in vogue in almost every Western farm-house, and the women folks spun the wool from their home-clip fleeces. It was then taken to the nearest "fulling mill," carded and woven into cloth for men's wear, and a sort of flannel or linsey for women's wear. For summer clothing, garments made from flax were worn, homespun and homemade, of a grayish color. These who are familiar with the customs of the West forty years ago will at once recall the flax clothing worn by men, whose usual summer attire was a pair of linen pantaloons and a pair of broad saddle-girth suspenders, flax shirt, straw hat and stogy shoes or boots.

Nos. 9, 10 and 11 were the favorite sizes for boots and shoes. During the summer period young men and boys mostly went barefoot, and in consequence, they had a *broad understanding*, which the smaller sizes of shoes in this more fashionable age would not accommodate. The overcoat of that period was very different from the modern style and fit of this later date. The cloth was heavy and serviceable, homespun, and fulled at the mill, leaving it a sort of light drab color. It was made long, and over the shoulder was a layer of from three to four capes, the bottom one being the longest, and the succeeding ones gradually tapering off. Bright brass buttons, about the size of the ordinary silver quarter dollar, were the only decoration. The lining was of homemade flannel or linsey. There were no braids, nor silk serges, nor fancy sleeve linings, such as are used at the present day. Ordinary brown sheeting or a common glazed muslin were good enough at that time for sleeve-linings.

The gentleman of that period wore broadcloth. The fancy suitings of cassimeres, worsteds and silk mixtures now so common were then unknown in the West. The intermediate grade between the homespun and broadcloth was Kentucky jeans of a blue and also a butternut color. Black and blue were the favorite shades in broadcloth. The well-dressed man had a Sunday and holiday suit of black broadcloth for coat and trousers and for vest, black satin. Shirt and square bosom, with high standing collar and high black stock or black silk neck handkerchief. A high black-silk hat, broad brim, or a drab color fur beaver of similar shape, and a pair of well-blacked calfskin boots and behold the well-dressed man half a century ago.

Do you not see him as your memory travels backward, as with shining black from head to foot he seemed as grand as an Emperor to your boyish eyes? And then for party dress or fine summer wear, a blue broadcloth coat with high stiff collar, swallow-tail skirts and bright brass buttons. The vest and trousers of plain India nankin gold-brown color and a ruffled shirt-bosom. How stately and dignified as with hat in hand the gentleman of the "long ago" appeared in the parlor, and with perfect ease of manner greeted the assembled guests.

The broadcloths which the merchant kept in that early period have given place to cassimeres and worsteds of modern date; the black satin for vests, the black silk cravats, the India nankins, the frill shirt-bosoms, have all disappeared. The modern merchant sells shirts, ties, scarfs and clothing ready-made, and there are but few calls in country stores for Irish linens. —*Justice.*

MR. POTTS' DEAL IN PORK.

The Inability of the Average Female Mind to Comprehend Commercial Terms.

"I think, my dear, March pork is a good purchase," said Mr. Potts, taking another pancake and skimming over the morning paper.

"I guess we don't need any, thank you," said Mrs. Potts. "If you see any good October butter anywhere, you might send up a jar."

"You don't understand me, my dear. I mean a little speculation. Let me show you how it works. Now, I buy 250 barrels of pork at $12.37½ a barrel."

"Heavens and earth, Mr. Potts, where are you going to put it all?"

"Don't be so fast, wife. I don't ever see the pork myself, or have anything to do with it."

"I thought you just said you were going to send up 250 barrels."

"No, I didn't. The pork I am going to buy is way off in Chicago."

"How do you know whether it is good or not, then?"

"Dear me, wife; what do I care whether it is good or bad? I merely go long."

"You mean you go long minding your own business?"

"No, no. That's a technical phrase. Let me explain it to you. You see, when I go long, the bucket-shop goes short."

"Short?"

"Short, Mrs. Potts."

"Short of pork? Why don't they get some more, dear."

"Good Lord, wife, the whole thing is plain as day. Here I go to a bucket-shop and buy 250 barrels of pork; that, don't you see, makes them bears and me a bull."

"Don't you know any better, Mr. Potts, than to talk like that before your own children? I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself, sir. You get worse and worse every day."

"You don't know what you are talking about, Mrs. Potts. When I buy 250 or 500 barrels of pork it shows I feel like a bull."

"I should think you'd feel like an idiot."

"I buy 250 barrels of pork, as I said before, Mrs. Potts, and cover it with margins."

"What kind of margins?"

"Oh, five-cent margins to begin with."

"I shouldn't think margins as cheap as that would be good for anything. You'd better let me go and pick them out for you, Mr. Potts. Men never know about such things."

"I buy 250 barrels of pork, Mrs. Potts, and hold on to it until March."

"I thought you said you wouldn't have any to hold on to."

"As I said before, Mrs. Potts, I buy 250 barrels of pork and hold on to it till March comes, and then pork, according to my way of thinking, will be worth a dollar or two more a barrel than I gave for it, and I'll be anywhere from $250 to $500 ahead. What do you think of that, Mrs. Potts?"

"Where is the $500 coming from!"

"From my deal."

"What deal?"

"The deal I just told you about."

"I haven't heard a word about a deal, Mr. Potts. I guess you are out of your head, this morning. I don't know what has got into you lately."—*Lowell Courier*.

ABOUT CABINETS.

The Changes in the Constitutional Advisers of Former Presidents.

Washington served eight years. He had three Secretaries of State, two Secretaries of the Treasury, three Secretaries of War, three Postmasters-General, three Attorneys-General.

John Adams served for four years. He had two Secretaries of State, two Secretaries of the Treasury, three Secretaries of War, three Secretaries of the Navy, and two Attorneys-General.

Jefferson served for eight years. He had two Secretaries of War, two Postmasters-General, and four Attorneys-General.

Madison served for eight years. He had two Secretaries of State, four Secretaries of the Treasury, four Secretaries of War, two Secretaries of the Navy, two Postmasters-General, and three Attorneys-General.

Monroe served eight years, with three Secretaries of the Navy, two Postmasters-General.

John Quincy Adams served for four years. He had two Secretaries of War.

Jackson served for eight years. He had four Secretaries of State, four Secretaries of the Treasury, two Secretaries of War, three Secretaries of the Navy, two Postmasters-General, and three Attorneys-General.

Van Buren served for four years. He had two Secretaries of the Navy, two Postmasters-General, and three Attorneys-General.

Harrison died a mouth after his inauguration, March 4, 1841.

Tyler served for nearly four years as the constitutional successor of Harrison. He had four Secretaries of State four Secretaries of the Treasury, three Secretaries of War, three Secretaries of the Navy, two Postmasters-General, and three Attorneys-General.

Polked served four years. He had two Secretaries of the Navy and three Attorneys General.

Taylor died in sixteen months, with no changes.

Fillmore served the remainder of Taylor's term as his constitutional successor. He had two Secretaries of State, two Secretaries of the Navy and two Postmasters-General.

Pierce served for four years with an unchanged Cabinet throughout his term.

Buchanan served for four years. He had two Secretaries of State, three Secretaries of the Treasury, two Secretaries of War, three Postmasters-General and two Attorneys-General.

Lincoln served for four years and a few weeks. He had three Secretaries of the Treasury, two Secretaries of War, two Secretaries of the Interior, two Postmasters-General and two Attorneys-General.

Johnson served nearly four years as the constitutional successor of Lincoln He had four Secretaries of War, two Secretaries of the Interior, two Postmasters-General and three Attorneys-General.

Grant served for eight years. He had two Secretaries of State, four Secretaries of the Treasury, four Secretaries of War, two Secretaries of the Navy, three Secretaries of the Interior, three Postmasters-General and five Attorneys-General.

Hayes had two Secretaries of War, two Secretaries of the Navy and two Postmasters General.

Garfield held office little more than six months, and made no changes. Arthur, as the constitutional successor of Garfield, served the remainder of the latter's term. He had two Secretaries of State, four Secretaries of the Treasury, two Secretaries of the Navy, two Secretaries of the Interior, three Postmasters-General and two Attorneys-General.

The common law through all these administrations, from the foundation of the Government down to the present time, has been change, resulting from political or from personal causes.—*Washington Cor. N. Y. Sun.*

THE TURCOMAN.

How the Asiatic Rover Appears on His Native Steppes.

Any traveler who has crossed the wild upland region lately occupied by Russia on the border of Afghanistan, and has seen the Turcoman camps and Afghan villages with which it is studded, has surveyed at one glance the past and the present Central Asia. The fortress-like Afghan hamlet, with its huge gray mud wall and narrow, sinister loop-holes, behind which the low, flat-roofed earthen hovels huddle so closely together as barely to leave passage room between them, represents the marauding shepherd of the East in his more advanced stage of fixed residence in one spot, but still retaining enough of his guerilla nature to regard every stranger as an enemy and to build every house like a fort. The light Turcoman tent of felt and saplings, set up or pulled down in a few moments, typifies the same man in his original character as a wandering herdsman, flying from his enemy or pouncing upon him with equal suddenness, swooping off with his booty into the desert like one of his own vultures, ever occupied with the duties of finding grass and water for the flocks and herds that formed his whole possessions, and of anticipating any foe who wished to cut his throat by cutting the latter's throat first.

But despite all these bandit qualities the Turcoman at home is not a bad fellow by any means. Drawing bridle on the crest of one of those long, low swells that break at times the gray unending sameness of the vast plains of Central Asia, you see below you a tiny stream, sharply outlined against the surrounding desert by the dark belt of undergrowth fringing it. On the bank stand a dozen or more huge, pointed, dark gray objects very much like gigantic "dunce-caps," around which a number of sheep and cattle are feeding. A shrill cry from a tall figure among them brings out of the tents a half score of gaunt, sinewy fellows in soiled, white tunics and high caps of black sheepskin, handling menacingly the spears and guns which they have snatched up.

The Turcoman "Beg," or Chief (for such he is), greets you with a guttural "Kosh ameleid" (you are welcome) more reassuring than the short curved saber within reach of his hand, which shows by its notches that it has once done a thrifty business. But its master is now a tolerably peaceable subject of Russia, converted by that persuasive strategy which might give a hint to the invaders of the Soudan: "We never wasted time in pursuing them, but beset the water-courses whither they must repair sooner or later, and then we had them at our mercy." He kindly offers you a seat on a newly flayed and still bloody sheepskin and hands you an earthen jar of milk and a wooden spoon, licking the latter clean as a special compliment. Should you arrive on the day of unwonted plenty, which results from a camel's death by age or disease, you may preface with the blue, stringy meat a bowl of "brick-tea" with salt for sugar and rancid fat for cream. The Chief's little brown girls, who crowd around you to play with your sash tassels and the fringe of your turban, wear a small brass coin imbedded in the skin of the forehead, a Turcoman lady's traditional ornament ever since Isaiah denounced its Hebrew counterpart. But with all this hospitality you will do wisely not to prolong your call, as every Turcoman tent swarms with "indigenous creepers" not classified by any botanist. —*N. Y. Times.*

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—There is a Congregational Church in Massachusetts nearly two hundred and fifty years old, and it has recently installed its twelfth pastor.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Ulm Cathedral, one of the largest sacred edifices in Germany, will be completed after having been unfinished for over four hundred years. It was begun in 1377 and finished in 1464, except the tower, which are now being erected according to the ancient design.

—In Western New York, says the *Standard of the Cross*, there is a town of 5,000 inhabitants, 2,500 of whom are Protestants, having four Protestant churches, whose entire membership is only eighty. There are 1,200 children, of whom only 200 are in Sunday-schools.

—The authorities of the Knox Memorial Presbyterian Church, Montreal, have tested the weekly envelope system and pronounce it a success. The total avails reached $5,476, out of which $200 were appropriated to the Sunday school and $1,299 for missionary objects.

—Prof. Fay, of Tufts College recently asked three hundred and fifty college professors their opinion as to the proper modern language equivalent for the Greek required for admission to college. Sixty-seven per cent., as between German and French, advocated German, on account of its superior disciplinary value.

—Nassau Hall at Princeton College was so named at the request of Governor Belcher, in honor of His Majesty William III., who belonged to the House of Nassau; hence the origin of the Princetonians' colors of orange and black. Around this old building clusters all that is of historic interest with regard to the growth of Princeton College.

—The educational statistics of Rome show that, whereas in 1876 120,000 of the 180,000 inhabitants could neither read nor write, there are now 12,000 pupils in the recently established Government schools, 20,000 in the Catholic, with a large additional number in those of Protestant denominations. Rome is therefore being rapidly deprived, by the ruthless hand of education, of one of her chief attractions to the curious tourist—an ignorant and debased lower class.—*Current.*

—The old chained Bible was recently replaced in the position it originally occupied on Cranmer's desk in Canterbury Cathedral. The Bishop of Dover officiated, and said it gave him great pleasure to replace the volume in the position in which it was chained in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, at the time when Bibles of the same edition were placed in cathedrals and Deans' houses throughout the country. The book had been temporarily removed pending repairs to the ancient fane.

—A colored Baptist Church in New Bedford, having advertised for a minister, received word from one in New York State that he would be on hand Saturday night. A committee was at the station to meet him, and was astonished to find him a white man. The stranger, who had not supposed that his future parishioners were colored, was equally astonished. He preached for them on Sunday, however, and was sent away with the proceeds of a collection.—*Worcester (Mass.) Spy.*

WIT AND WISDOM.

—The great difference between virtue and vice is this—for virtue you have a price to receive; for vice you have a price to pay.

"Pa, they ain't going to have lamp-posts any longer." "Why not?" "'Cause they are long enough now."—*Boston Beacon.*

—Mr. Isaacs (whose son has fallen over the railing into the pit): "Jakey, Jakey, come up so quick vot you can. Dey sharge a dollar und a halef down dere."—*Chicago Rambler.*

—Though reason is not to be relied upon as universally sufficient to direct us what to do, yet it is generally to be relied upon and obeyed when it tells us what we ought not to do.—*Detroit Post.*

—"Can I make a trade with you for your daughter?" "Well, I don't know but you might. You'd make a pretty good son-in-law, I guess. I always like to get something to boot when I make a trade."—*Boston Times.*

—"Yes, sir, I desire to buy a house in the country," said the broker. "I am sure mine will suit you," answered his caller. "It has a beautiful situation right on the margin of the lake, and—" "That's enough. I don't want it. I will not buy anything on margins these times," emphatically said the broker.—*Chicago News.*

—Strive to be happy.

This life is not all sunshine,
Nor is it yet all showers;
But storms and calms alternate
As thorns among the flowers.
And while we seek the roses
The thorns full oft we scan;
Still let us, though they wound us,
Be happy as we can.

—If a man meets you with a pleasant face, you will be apt to show a pleasant face to him; and if he receives you with a sour face yours will probably be sour also whenever you see him. In short, a man is like a looking-glass which shows to the pleasant-faced man a pleasant face, and a sour face to the sour-faced man.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—Minks—Yes, sir, I have oatmeal on my table every morning. I consider it the most wholesome, most—— Jinks—But see here, Minks, don't you know that oatmeal is the principal dish in Scotland, and that country is a nation of dyspeptics? "O, it's not the oatmeal that causes dyspepsia over there." "What is it?" "The bagpipes."—*Philadelphia Call.*

—There used to be an old gentleman who lived up in one of the parishes of Louisiana who was noted for his tremendous deportment and punctuality. Arriving in New Orleans for the first time he accosted a young man-about-town, who was standing on the corner of the street: "I wish, my young friend," said he, taking out his watch, "to go to the St. Charles Hotel." "Well," said the gilded youth, "you may go, but don't stay but half an hour."

President Pierce.

President Pierce's coachman, in a recent conversation with the Washington correspondent of the Cleveland *Leader*, said: "President Pierce was a fine man, and a good-looking one, too. The White House stables were then about where the fountain is now, and I can see Pierce at this moment as he used to walk down to the stable of a morning with his whip in his hand. He would come in and pat the horses and say: 'Well, Thomas, will you saddle my horse for me, please?' and then he would stroll away to look at the garden which then lay between the White House and the Treasury, while his horse was being prepared for him. President Pierce was a fine horseman, and he liked the saddle. He had a beautiful horse, but she was blind as a stone wall, though no one knew it. President Pierce was a kind master. He was so common like, and he would talk to you as well as to the diplomats who came in royal liveries. He had a fine stable. There were eight horses and several carriages. Some of his horses were given him, and I think his coach also. He sold the coach at the close of his Administration, and gave the money to one of the city asylums. President Pierce's livery was navy blue with silver buttons."

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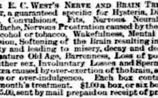

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