The Telegraph in Arctic Exploration.

It is suggested by Mr. James Gamble,

general superintendent Western Union

Telegraph Company at San Francisco,

that profitable use might be made of

the electric telegraph in Arctic explora-

tion. His plan would be to use light

steel wire—say No. 20 gauge—weighing

about twenty pounds to the mile. The

wire, coiled on reels, could be hauled

the snow or ice, paying it out as the ad-

vance exploring party went along. By

this means the party would keep in con-

for uneasiness about getting lost or be-

yond the means of rescue, as they would

be able at any moment to call for aid.

hesitate to push their explorations

to a distance far beyond what would be

considered safe in the absence of means

of telegraphic communication with the

main body. And should any accident

happen to the advance party of explo-

rers, or should they require a further

quantity of supplies, the line of wire

would serve to guide those going to the

rescue straight to the spot where the

explorers were camped. It would also

serve as a guide for their return, mate-

established a base of supplies at some

prevent several exploring parties being

sent out at the same time in different

directions, they reporting each night to

the central station the progress and

observations made during the day.

Directed in this way the practica-

could, from the telegraphic reports

wasted in vain endeavors to make way

over barriers of ice, be saved. As hard

as they went along. The generally ac

more than five or six feet in thickness,

rial. One main battery at the central

of its drawing qualities, and as long as plete the electric current. It would not

of telegraphy.

would not exceed \$1,000.

to a Republicon reporter.

Sterling Price, and at the battle of Lex-

ington, Mo., which occurred on the 21st

day of September, 1861, I lost both my

are welcome to do with it as you please.

Mouth Penmanship.

The Chatham Becond.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The least intelligent of guests, says asocial writer, are often the sharpest of

The Danes are said to be the most expert linguists, and remarkably quick and accurate telegraphists.

There are no Chinese in Brazil, and the coffee planters of Brazil are endeavoring to import a few as laborers.

on sledges, either by men or dogs, over A heavy wind blew down the new Methodist church and the Sisters'

Hospital at Lead City, Dakota. A milk-cart race for a pump will be stant communication with their base of one of the attractions at a forthcoming

supplies. They would have no cause entertainment .- New Orleans Picayune. Politics is a pasture lot in which the animal getting the best grass is sare to get the most mud and gravel. - Yonkers With this feeling of the certainty of re-

lief in case of accident, they would not Two men and a kitten are to pass the Atlantic in a boat fourteen feet long. Where is Bergh? He should protect the kitten.

> The Philadelphia Times man says that the cause of early decline in journalists is the amount of trash they have to see and hear."

> It is estimated that \$75,000 women in the City of New York, support themselves-and many of them their families

-by their own exertions. There is mourning in the house of rially lessening the chances of danger Peking. The Empress Dowager of the to life and loss of the party. Having East is dead ; the second Do vager Princentral point, there would be nothing to

cess is very ill, and the young Emperor has the measles. The English papers are lamenting that old hamlets and towns are passing out of existence, and the people rapidly

emigrating to the great centers of industry-the cities. The extensive cultivation of flowers bility of one route over another for perfumery purposes is about to be

started in California. In Europe it is sent in, be determined upon, and very remunerative; a good crop of lavenmuch time that would otherwise be der yielding \$1,500. A California millionaire, who has

rented one of the best cottages at a frozen ground, dry snow or ice is a per- fashionable seaside resort, was only a fect insulator, no poles to string the few years ago a street car conductor in wire would be required. It could be San Francisco. Did he make all this

Mme Gerster deserves to be chronithis is no doubt the cause of the gradual cepted theory of those familiar with the cled as a heroine. She stood on deck and deterioration of the quality of the Japan | Arctic regions is that the ice is seldom | coolly faced the kisses that 200 pursuing women thrust upon her and her baby as she sailed from New York, en route for

Queen Victoria, it is said, renews her wardrobe every three months, the castoff garments of royalty being sold. A quantity of this second-hand stuff is advertised for sale in New York, with station would be all that is required. guarantees that the articles are as re-

Vaccination in Smallpox.

might be advisable to have some of the Jenner's great discovery of vaccination for prevention of smallpox has not been wanting in opposition, and a few persons are still so stupid as to object to vaccination. These people, who refuse to be vaccinated themselves or allow their children to be, endanger not merely their own lives, but the lives of their neighbors. They furnish the fuel on which the flames feed, and render epidemics of smallpox possible. If vaccination were universal it would be as difficult to get up a smallpox pestilence as it is to start a great fire in those cities where all the buildings are practically fireproof.

While the efficacy of previous vaccination with good virus is well known to be a preventive, the uses of vaccination after the disease has been contracted are less understood. Some years ago a Virginia physician, Dr. Alban S. Payne. conceived the idea of vaccinating a smallpox patient with the kine-pock. It took at once. The next day he repeated the vaccination, and that also took effect. And what was the effect upon the smallpox of having another similar disease in the system at the same time? The eruption was less extensive, but few pustules appeared, no scars were left, and in a surprisingly short time (three or four days) the patient was able to be about the room. In hundreds of cases where the system of daily vaccination was practiced by Dr. Payne, the duration of the disease was shortened, and no deaths occured. Why, one would ask, is not this simple life may be saved, pitting prevented, and suffering diminished? We should be glad to hear from other practitioners who have tried the method above described. - Scientific American.

A watchmaker in Newcastle, Pa., says Pittsburg paper, has completed a set

Fate of a Fast Young Man, (Written in the Illinois State Prison.)

It's curious-isn't it, Billy ?-The changes that twelve months may bring. Last year I was at Saratoga, As happy and rich as a king-I was raking in pools on the races, And feeing the waiters with "ten." And sipping mint-juleps by twilight :

And to-day I am here in the "Pen." "What led me to do it?" What always Leads men to destruction and crime? The prodigal son, whom you've read of, Has altered somewhat in his time. He spends his substance as freely As the biblical fellow of old : But when it is gone he fancies

The husks will turn into gold Champagne, a box at the opera, High steps while fortune is flush, The passionate kiss of women Whose cheeks have forgotten to blush-The old, old story, Billy, Of pleasures that end in tears-The froth that foams for an hour,

Last night, as I sat here and pondered On the end of my evil ways, There rose like a phantom before me The vision of boyhood days, I thought of my old home, Billy, Of the school-house that stood on the hill,

The dregs that are tasted for years.

Of the brook that flowed through the meadow-I can e'en hear it's music still. Again I thought of my mother-Of the mother who taught me to pray, Whose love was a precious treasure That I heedlessly cast away.

I saw again in my visions The fresh-lipped, careless boy, To whom the future was boundless, And the past but a mighty toy.

I thought of all this as I sat here-Of my ruined and wasted life-And the pangs of remorse were bitter-They pierced my heart like a knife.

It takes some courage, Billy, To laugh in the face of fate. When the yearning ambitions of manhood Are blasted at twenty-eight. -Jotiet (Ill.) Republican.

AT GRIGGSTOWN.

"Well, well, I wish you'd make haste trifle testily, to his deliberating wife and daughter.

They were loitering round the breakfast-table in the bright sunshine, discussing the relative merits of fashionable summer resorts—papa, partly pompous, gold sealed; mamma, tall, aristocratic, languid, with some wonderful fairy fabric of Valenciennes on her faded blonde head; Cordelia, a second edition

of mamma, and the beauty of the family. Mr. Worthington, who had worked his way from a country farm-house to a Madison Square mansion, though proud of his aristocratic wife and daughter, feebly resented this annual outlay, and was inclined to ill-temper accordingly.

"I suggest Newport," said Miss Worthington, whose emphasis on the pronoun seemed to seal the suggestion. "Or the Catskills," sighed mamma,

"No," coolly vetoed Cordelia, "we've done them so often. Now let me see." And heedless of irate papa's impatience, she fell to meditating. "What shall we do with Bert?" she questioned, carelessly looking up, as though Bert were a superfluous piece of furniture, scarcely worth the price of storage.

"Leave her at home with Miss Mills," said her mother, promptly. A child like that should not neglect her studies for amusement."

As papa stood on the hearth-rug, fuming, there was the ripple of a light laugh without the caken doors of the breakfast-room; then a quick rush down leap-a rapid turn of the handle, and startling all, flushed, panting, laughing, a slim young figure burst into the room. "Bertha !"

Mamma's voice was stern with dignifled reproof.

"Beg pardon, all! I thought breakfast was over. Hector and I were having a run in the yard, you know. How he barked! Did you hear him, Cordelia? And when I went up stairs, there

"We are not interested in the exploits of your canine companion," interrupted her elder sister's smooth tones. "We were discussing something more important."

"Oh!" Bertie said, apologetically, feeling slightly crushed, and still stand-

The keen sunshine showed the two cool morning wind; her eyes were shining; her cheeks as bright as wild pop-

delia, rising, at last.

irrepressible. "Why don't you go to "Griggstown!" scornfully. "Where

And she condescended to look at her to Bertie. younger sister as she said it.

the place where Cousin Samantha lives.

Way out in the country somewhere." "What a lucid explanation!" sneeringly. "'Way out in the country somewhere!' Well, we do not purpose spending the summer in a common farm-

house, with boors for associates-" "Cordelia!"-the fresh, young voice rang out in indignant reproof-"you ought to be ashamed of yourself! If it is a common farm-house, it was good enough for papa, and ought to surely be good enough for us. Boors! I just wish some of your languid nonentities from the Æsthetic Club were half such thorough gentlemen-that's all!"

"Bravo, Bert! You're your father's daughter, every inch of you!" cried Caleb Worthington's voice, in ringing approval. "It's the jolliest old place under the sun, if it is a common farmhouse, and I'll take you down there this June. See if I don't !"

And, surprised into forgetting his pomposity, he caught his favorite in his arms and gave her a sounding kiss.

"Will you? Do you mean it?" "Mean it? Blest if I don't! But I the room, "what made you take up the cudgels for the Griggstown boys? Was it," quizzically pinching a warm, velvet cheek-"was it because of the lad I introduced to you down in my office last September? A deuced fine fellow, eh? Were you thinking of him, Miss Diplo-

But, blushing furiously, Bert shook her head with suspiciously emphatic decision, and slipping from her father's

arm, ran out of the room. So, when city aristocrats were crowding to the green gloom of forest soli- versus Newport! Dear me!" tudes, or the crush and glitter of a fashionable watering-place, the names of Mrs. and Miss Worthington appeared upon the hotel register of the Ocean House, Newport.

And, the same day, Caleb Worthington took a long, glorious holiday, and straggling, world-forgotten little place,

And in the long, scented summer days that followed, the girl grew to love everything animate and inanimate round Poppy Farm.

One evening, she loitered in the great sloping gardens before the verandahed. green-shuttered house. Such gardens! Not the painfully regular Dutch diagrams we city folks boast-prim, concise, box-hedged-but whole sheets of

color, fragrant, luxuriant, bloomful. A gentleman passing, young, goodlooking, gray-clad, paused suddenly outside the low, rustic fence. A moment more, and he had vaulted over and was standing, bareleaded, at Bertie's side.

not forgotten?" "Mr. Carlyn!" She held out a little, tanned hand, a

ribly behindhand in my visits to Poppy keys, bears and tumbling gymnasts. Farm, I intend now to take advantage Sugar candy and various kinds of sweetnight, as she sat in the shadow of the Sometimes a man carries small kitchen

scornful words: "I suppose you'll have some country admirers in that almost mythical stairs—the last three cleared with a Griggstown, but don't lose your heart, Bertie. They're all the same, these rustic beaux-awkward, blushing,

> stupid." And then she thought of Reuben Carlyn's easy, courteous manner, his

quiet, gentlemanly grace. "And if Mr. Carlyn is a common country farmer, Mr. Moon," said Bertie, coolly, apostrophizing the placid, smiling face in the sky above her, "I-well, I don't really dislike common country

farmers, that's all!" And, three days later, she wrote Cordelia a long, recrossed letter, saying she was going to marry a Griggstown boy and live in Griggstown forever.

And Cordelia replied frigidly that they had always known she (Bertie) would disgrace the family.

wife pet?" Reuben questioned, eagerly. "Mind? Of course I mind, sir! But troublesome boy-By-the-way, when shall I see the farm?"

"Pack up, Bertie; we must be home as soon as mamma. Our pleasant holiday is over. Don't look so forlorn, little one -- Carlyn's coming up, too."

the city. The carriage rolled through the fashoniable thoroughfares and stopped before a great stone mansion. Lights gleamed from within, lace curtains fluttered at the windows.

"Why, don't you know-really? It's father following, up the steps and into the long, lighted parlor.

A little, silver-haired old lady, in a dark, rustling silk, came briskly forward. "Welcome, my dear! Don't you know

me? I'm Reuben's mother." And then, as in a dream, Bertie saw her father shaking hands with the diminutive person in black, and Reuben kissing her heartily.

Then, as Caleb Worthington caught burst into a shout of laughter.

"It is all right, Bert; but what a conthe son of my old friend, Jim Carlyn. He was badly smitten that day in my office, and got up the romantic notion of winning you for love. He's done it, my girl—he's done it!"

"And aren't you a farmer?" Reuben laughed, and caught the little,

ondering face in his white hands. "I'm a Griggstown boy, was born and lived there, and own a nice place down there to-day; but this is my only farm-

house, little woman. Are you sorry?" "And now you've had a glimpse of your domain, hurry up, Bert, for mamsay, Bert," as the others upliftedly left ma's expecting us at home!" cried Mr. Worthington.

> And Bertie laughed-a little, happy, hysterical laugh-and hid her face on lover's breast.

> "Oh, I'm so glad! You naughty papa. Then, womanlike: "What will Cordelia But Bertie, so happy in her beautiful

home and her husband's royal love, rebellious resignation: "It is kismet! That child to win the catch of the season! It was Griggstown

Japanese Girls and Boys.

Children and their games are an im portant feature in the street life of Japan. The girls, dressed in their prettiest robes, play battledore and and decide " said Mr. Worthington, a carried Bertie off to his native town-a shuttlecock, while the boys fly wonderful kites, made of tough paper pasted on light bamboo frames, and decorated with dragons, warriors, and storm hobgoblins. Across the top of the kites is stretched a thin ribbon of whalebone, which vibrates in the wind, making a peculiar humming sound. They also race on stilts, and have wrestlingmatches. Once a year they celebrate the "Feast of Flags." Outside the houses in which boys reside bamboo poles are erected, from which are suspended large fishes made of paper. The girls have their "Feast of Dolls" on the third day of the third month. During the week preceding this holiday the shops of Tokio are filled with dolls and richlydressed figures. This "Feast of Dolls" is a great gala-day for the girls. They "Miss Worthington, may I hope I am | bring out all their dolls and gorgeously dressed images, which are quite numerous in respectable families, having been kept from one generation to another. hot glow kindling under the big straw The images range from a few inches to a foot in height, and represent court 'I have been absent from Griggstown nobles and ladies, with the Mikado and some time," he said, looking quizzically his household, in full costume. Then at the bright, changeful face under the there are the street story-tellers, who shadowy hat; "but Mrs. Dent and I are the delight of the children; street are very old friends. So, being ter- theatricals, traveling shows with monof the weather and atone for my neglect." meats are sold by pedlers, who are Somehow, Bertie fell to thinking that eagerly sought after by the little folks. dangling his gold seals and inwardly rosy chintz curtains, of Cordelia's last utensils on the end of a pole, and serves out tiny griddle-cakes to the children, who watch him cook the cakes, and smack their lips in anticipation of the feast. A showman will put a piece of water, and, as the children look on in wonder, the dissolving camphor gum sends the duck from side to side, as though it were alive. The boys, in addition to these sports, delight in fish-

It Cured Him.

ing, and seize every opportunity for in-

dulging in this time-honored pastime.

When I was a boy of about nine, servant of my father's put a pipe into my mouth, assuring me that to smoke would make a man of me. I puffed away most vigorously, and perserved till I became sick and fell on the floor. I have never smoked since. In much the same way I was cured of hero worship. When I was a college youth I ventured one day to call on a man of some eminence to whom I had been inwhen there is no other way of satisfying a troduced. He received me with smiles and compliments, and as I left his who lived near, and I overheard the polite gentleman I had left call his servant to administer to him the most terrible scolding I had ever listened to in my life for letting in that stupid, impudent stripling. This cured me of hero worship and of interviewing great men. Since that date I have at times gone to a distinguished man's house with letters of introduction, and turned at the door for fear of what might come.

A NEVADA STORY.

The Strange Tree That Got Mad and Made A gentleman of this place has a tree which is a species of acacia. It was grown from a seed brought from Australia. The tree is now a sapling some eight feet in height, and it is in full foliage and growing rapidly. It is leguminous and very distinctly shows the characteristics of the mimosa, or sensiight of Bertie's bewildered face, he tive plant. Regularly every evening, about the time the "chickens go to roost," the tree goes to roost. The leaves spiracy it was, to-be-sure! Reuben's fold together, and the ends of the tender twigs coil themselves up like the tail of a well-conditioned pig. After one of the twigs has been stroked or handled the leaves move uneasily and are in a sort of mild commotion for a minute or more. All this was known about the tree, but it was only yesterday that it was discovered that the tree had in it much more of life and feeling than it had ever before been credited with. The tree being in quite a small pot, one which it was fast outgrowing, it was thought best to give it one of much larger size. Yesterday afternoon the tree was transferred to its new quarters. It resented the operation of its removal to the best of its ability. Arriving at his residence about the time the tree had been transplanted, the gentleman found the house in a grand commotion. On asking what was up, he was told that they had transplanted the tree according to orders and the operation had "made it very mad." Hardly had it been placed in its new quarters before could not hear Cordelia's murmur of the leaves began to stand up in all directions like the hair on the tail of an angry cat, and soon the whole plant was in a quiver. This could have been endured, but at the same time it gave out an odor must pungent and sicken ing-just such a smell as is given off by rattlesnakes and many other kinds of snakes in summer when teased. This

odor so filled the house and was so sick-

ing that it was found necessary to open

the doors and windows. It was fully an

hour before the plant calmed down and

folded its leaves in peace. It would

probably not have given up the fight

even then had it not been that its time

for going to roost had arrived. It is

probably needless to add that the whole

household now stand in not a little awe

of the plant as being a thing more ani-

mal (or reptile) than vegetable.- I'ir-

ginia City Enterprise. History of Glass. In the year 676 A. D., "Messengers were sent out," according to Bede, from Wearmouth, England, to Gaul, France to fetch makers of glass (artificers?) "who were at this time unknown in England, that they might glaze the windows of the church, with the cloisters and dining-rooms." Bede adds that "they taught the English nation their handicraft, which was well adapted for inclosing the lanterns of the church and for the vessels required for various uses.' About this time, Archbishop Wilfred of York "filled with glass" the windows of the cathedral, previously "open to the weather," and "such glass," says one, "as permitted the sun to shine through," from which it may be inferred that glass was made that was impenetrable to the sun's rays. It was recorded, in connection with this cathedral, that "great astonishment was excited, and supersti tious agency suspected, when the moon and stars were seen through a material which excluded the inclemency of the weather." Still, the adoption of glass was slow; for in 1214 Robert de Linde say, abbot of Peterborough, employed glass "in beautifying thirty of the wincamphor on the tiny model of a duck dows of his monastery, previously stuffed which he floats on a shallow dish of with straw to keep out the wind and rain," and for some generations later the domestic windows of England were not furnished with glass, but lattice. When glass windows were first introduced they were not fixtures, but were regarded as movable chattels. In 1599 Lord Coke in the common pleas, adjudged that "glass annexed to window frames by nails, or in any other manner, could not be removed, for without glass it was no perfect house."

A Marine Monster. Captain Larsen of the bark Honor, which arrived at Galveston, reports that while about half-way between Madeira and St. Vegas, Canary Islands, he passed one of the most remarkable fish he ever saw. This marine monster is described as being about forty feet in length, with four large fins, or wings, arranged in a row down its back. These fins varied in length, according to the reckoning of presence I was ready to proclaim him the | Captain Larsen, from eighteen to twenmost gentlemanly man I had ever met ty-two feet, and in width from six to with; but after I went out I lingered at nine feet. At the time of its being the door a moment to determine whether sighted the fish was about a quarter of I should call on another great man a mile to windward of the vessel, and was lashing the water with its tail and wings, evidently in combat with some other monster.

> "What is the meaning of a backbiter?" asked a gentleman at a Sunday-school examination. This was a puzzler. It went down the class until it came to a simple urchic, who said : "Perhaps it's

Gould is the richest man in the world.

annatural shades are not very pernicious, being nothing worse, as a general rule, than indigo and gypsum, but they certainly add nothing to the value of tea leaves for drinking purposes, while they add considerably to their cost. There is therefore nothing to be said in favor of the practice, except that dealers in America prefer teas of that description. Their doing so is probably explained by the fact that in teas so colored coarse paid out on the snow or ice by the party money on the road? teas exported to America during recent years. The adulteration will probably so that by boring through it with a comcontinue as long as consumers in Amer- mon drill or through the frozen ground, Bologna. ica continue to buy teas only according there would be no difficulty in obtainto the appearance of the leaf, regardless ing a good ground connection to com-

ADULTERATED TEA.

The D.co:tion that American People Drink

Daily.

Consul Stahel writes from Hiogo,

Japan, a report on the tea trade of 1880,

which contains the following interest-

ing passage on the subject of coloring

the teas of Japan, which may be novel

I avail myself of this occasion to call

the attention of the Department and of

American consumers of tea to the fact

that most of the teas shipped from Japan

to the United States are now artificially

colored. Formerly this was not the

case. In the early years of the trade,

say from 1859 to 1869, the manipulation

of Japan teas by the exporter was con-

fined to a simple refining, which was

necessary in order to cure the leaf suffi-

ciently to enable it to endure transpor-

tation through the tropics, and to retain

its qualities while in store. This pro-

cess alone required large establishments,

a considerable plant, and important out-

lays for labor and fuel. But the Japan

teas were then shipped in their natural

condition, and honestly called "un-

colored." About 1870, however, con-

sumers began to call for a higher color,

than any natural process would furnish,

and alothugh the demand was long

resisted by the shippers in Japan, and

at some loss to themselves, yet ulti-

mately it prevailed, and for years past

artificial coloring has been the rule, so

that Japan teas, which are naturally of

a blackish-green color, are now made to

resemble the bluish-gray or grayish-

blue teas shipped from China as "Green

The materials used to produce these

reading to American tea consumers:

the simple secret of making the infusion | be necessary to carry any battery mateis so little understood in our country. To the Japanese, who value tea for its fragrance and delicacy, and who are For a distance of 100 to 150 miles tel- presented. careful to draw these qualities from the ephones could be used, dispensing with eaf by the use of pure water and nice practical telegraph operators. Still, it vessels, the colored article which is prepared for America seems an abomination; and they naturally conclude that the quality of the leaf that is to be subected to such treatment is not important, Hence the continual deterioration of the crop which has this season

been more apparent than ever before. I am happy to say that the American demand for the uncolored teas, known cluding cost of reels, winding, etc. as "basket-fired," has latterly increased; and it would be as advantageous to the consumer in the United States, as I know it would gratify most shippers in Japan, if this inclination to return to nonest uncolored teas were to become general-for it would certainly result in greater discrimination in the picking and preparation of the leaf in Japan, would afford better teas at lower prices. would restrict the supply to good teas only, and would revive the favor which Japanese teas formerly enjoyed in the American market, as compared with the highly colored teas of China.

*Of black teas the Japanese have made but few this season, owing to the demand for greens in the first half of 1880. They have learned, however, to make them, and are likely to resume the production of these teas now that the production of green teas have proven to be excessive, and that dependence alone on the American market for an outlet for their teas has resulted in disappointment.—Chicago Tribune.

Recent Post-Office Rules. Feather beds are non-mailable. Eggs must be sent when new. A pair of onions will go for two scents. Ink bottles must be corked when sent

Over three pounds of real estate are Parties are compelled to lick their

An arrangement has been perfected by which letters without postage will be immediately forwarded—to the dead letter office.

When letters are received bearing no direction, the parties for whom they are intended will please signify the fact to The New York Sun intimates that Jay the postmaster, that he may at once

own postage stamps and envelopes; the postmaster cannot be compelled to do

Parties are earnestly requested not to closed, as large sums are frequently lost

Nitro-glycerine must be forwarded at risk of sender. If it should blow up in the postmaster's hands he cannot be held responsible.

Yours very respectfully, R. L. LLOYD." When a Cincinnati man speaks of the

At twenty pounds to the mile 100 miles of wire would only weigh 2,000

party possessed of a practical knowledge pounds. It could be wound on reels in size easy to handle. The cost of steel wire of that guage is about twenty cents a pound, so that the total expense, in-Says the St. Louis Republican: The way in which one-half of the human anatomy can be trained to perform the functions of another which has been lost or disabled, has seldom had a better

illustration than in the case of Mr. R. L. Lloyd, of Dalton, Mo., who has schooled his mouth to do the legitimate work of his hands in writing. The writing thus executed is of the best quality, that which in other men would be called the "hand," being free and flowing with each letter formed after the most approved pattern. Mr. Lloyd is a merchant in Dalton, dealing with a wholesale firm in this city. The following letter written to them, which Deputy Sheriff Thomas Vermillion keeps as a curiosity, was recently shown by him "DALTON, Mo .- Gentlemen :- Your bill of goods of the 9th inst., at hand, for which receive thanks. On your bill you make comments upon my crippled condition, and express regret that I am in that condition of helplessness, for which I am thankful. You also say that you think some public mention of precaution always taken, if by its means it would not be inappropriate. In answer, though not desiring to bring myself into notoriety, I will make this statement as a gratification to my friends: I was a member of Captain Hi. Bledsoe's battery, under the command of General

A Watch in a Shirt Stud,

of three gold shirt studs, in one of arms while loading red-hot shot. I have which is a watch that keeps excellent since then attempted to perform all my time, the dial being three-eighths of an duties in life and bear with patience my inch in diameter. The three studs are "affliction" with "never give up the send postal cards with money orders in- ship" for my motto. It is true that I connected by a strip of silver inside the write with my mouth-was forced to shirt-bosom, and the watch contained learn to write thus in order to conduct in the middle one is wound up by turnmy business properly. If this letter ing the stud above, and the hands are set by turning the one below. But percan be of use to you or any others, you haps the most remarkable thing about the lilliputian machine is that it works with a pendulum, like a clock, and the pendulum will act with ease and accuproduction of his pen, you never know racy in whatever position the timepiece whether he is a literary "feller" or a is placed, even if it be turned upside

was Hector behind me, and..."

faces - Cordelia's regular-featured, pale, proud-lipped, with light-blue eyes, and masses of dim-gold hair coiled smoothly behind her head; and Bertie's-well, not exactly pretty, but infinitely more charming than that of the acknowledged beauty of the family. Her long, thick hair was blown into loose waves by the

"It shall be Newport," decided Cor-"Going to Newport?" cried Bertie, the

ing with her back against the door. "You don't mind being a farmer's

> "Soon, my darling." Caleb Worthington chuckled and laughed as he read Cordelia's letter.

It was evening when the trio reached

Reuben sprang out and held his hand