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H. A. LONDON,

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I'll Not Confer With Sorrow.

I'll not confer with sorrow
Till tomorrow;
But joy shall have her way
This very day.

No, eglantine and cresses
For her tresses!—
Let care, the beggar, wait
Outside the gate.

Tears if you will—but after
Mirth and laughter.
Then, folded hands on breast
And endless rest.

—[Thomas B. Aldrich, in Independent.

THE OLD SILVER WATCH

Charles Eames stepped into the office of his friend Bowles, editor of the Glenville Courant.

"How are you, Eames?" asked the editor.

"I ought to feel happy, I suppose," said the young man, a little ruefully, "for I've just received notice of a legacy."

"Indeed, I congratulate you."

"Wait till you hear what it is."

"Well, what is it?"

"My aunt Martha has just died, leaving fifty thousand dollars."

"To you? I congratulate you heartily."

"No; she leaves it to a public institution. She leaves me only her silver watch, which she has carried for forty years."

"How is that?"

"She didn't approve of my becoming an artist. She wished me to be a merchant. If I had consulted her wishes, I should, doubtless, have been her sole heir. This small legacy is meant more as an aggravation than anything else."

"But you can make your own way."

"I can earn a scanty living at present. I hope to do better by and by. But you know my admiration for Mary Brooks—If I had been Aunt Martha's sole heir, I could have gained her father's consent to our marriage. Now it is hopeless."

"I am not so sure of that. This legacy may help you."

"An old watch? You are joking."

"Not if you will strictly observe my directions."

"What are they?"

"Simply this: Agree for one calendar month not to mention or convey the least idea of the nature of your aunt's legacy. I will manage the rest."

"I don't at all know what you mean, Bowles," said the young artist; "but I am in your hands."

"That is all I wish. Now remember to express surprise at nothing; but let matters take their course."

"Very well."

In the next issue of the Glenville Courant, this young artist was surprised to read the following paragraph:—

"We are gratified to record a piece of good luck which has just befallen our esteemed fellow-citizen, the promising young artist, Charles Eames. By the will of an aunt recently deceased, he comes into possession of a piece of property which has been in the family for many years. Miss Eames is reported to have left fifty thousand dollars."

"Really," thought the young man, "anybody would naturally suppose from this paragraph that I had inherited my aunt's entire property."

He put on his hat and walked down the street. He met Ezekiel Brooks, president of the Glenville National Bank.

Mr. Brooks beamed with cordiality.

"My dear sir, permit me to congratulate you," he said.

"You have read the Courant?" said Eames.

"Yes; and I am delighted to hear of your good fortune. Can I speak to you on business a moment?"

"Certainly, Mr. Brooks."

"You'll excuse my advice, but I know you are not a business man, while I am. My young man, do you want to make some money?"

"Certainly, I should be glad to do so."

"James Parker has five hundred shares of the Wimbledon Railway. It stands at fifty-six, a figure much below its real value. But Parker is nervous, and wants to sell out. I want you to buy out his entire stock."

"But Mr. Brooks—"

"I know what you would say. It may go down—but it won't. I have advices that a speedy rise is almost certain. Buy him out, and you'll make a handsome thing of it."

"But how shall I find the money?"

"Of course you haven't received your legacy yet. I know there are delays. No trouble about that. Give your note on ninety days, and I'll indorse it. You'll sell out before that time at a handsome advance."

"I will place myself in your hands Mr. Brooks, but you must manage the business."

"Certainly; I shall only want your signature when the documents are made out. By the by, come round and dine with us, or have you another engagement?"

Another engagement? If Eames had had fifty engagements he would have broken them all for the privilege of meeting Mary Brooks. This was the first time he had been invited to the capitalist's table. The fact is, until this morning Mr. Brooks had scarcely vouchsafed him more than a cool nod on meeting; but had changed, or appeared to, and his behavior altered with it. Such is the way of the world!

It was a very pleasant dinner. The young artist remained afterwards.

"I have an engagement, Mr. Eames," said Mr. Brooks, "a meeting of the Bank Directors, but you mustn't go away. Mary will entertain you."

The young man did not go away, and apparently was satisfied by the entertainment he received. He blessed his aunt for her legacy, if only it had procured him this afternoon's interview with the young lady he had admired. But it gained him more. Every four days he received a similar invitation. He could not fail to see that Ezekiel Brooks looked with evident complacency on the good understanding between his daughter and himself.

"What will he say?" thought the young man, "when he finds out what sort of a legacy I have received from my aunt?"

Occasionally, too, he felt nervous about his hasty assent to the proposition to buy 100 shares of railroad stock at 56, when he lacked $500 ahead. He reckoned up, one day, what his purchase would amount to, and his breath was nearly taken away when he found it amounted to twenty-eight thousand dollars! Still, it had been in a manner forced upon him. He asked no questions, but every now and then the old gentleman said, "All going well! Stock advancing rapidly."

With that he was content. Indeed, he was so carried away by love of Mary Brooks that he gave little thought to any other subject.

One day Mr. Brooks came up, his face beaming with joy.

"Wish you joy, Eames," he said. "Wimbledon's gone up like a rocket to-day. Give me authority, and I'll sell out for you."

The artist did so, hardly realizing what it meant till three days after, he received a little note to this effect:

DEAR EAMES:—Have sold out Your five hundred shares of Wimbledon at 101, so you bought at 56. This gives you a clear profit of forty-five dollars per share, or twenty-two thousand five hundred dollars. You had better reinvest your surplus. Call at my office at once. Yours, very truly,

EZEKIEL BROOKS.

Charles Eames read this letter three times before he could realize its meaning. Could it be that without investing a cent, he had made over twenty thousand dollars? It must be a dream, he thought.

But when he called at the old gentleman's office, he found it was really true.

"Mr. Eames, how about this money? Shall I re-invest it for you?"

"Thank you, sir. I wish you would. I should like a little in hand, however."

"Certainly. What will answer?" and the old gentleman wrote a cheque for five hundred dollars, and placed it in the young man's hand.

It was more money than he had ever before possessed at one time. This was convincing proof of the reality of his good fortune.

The next day he went to the city and ordered a handsome suit of clothes at a fashionable tailor's. The fact was his old coat was getting threadbare, and his overcoat decidedly seedy. While he was about it he bought a new coat and boots, as well as other needed articles, and still returned with money enough in his pocket to make him feel rich. He changed his boarding-house, engaging a handsome room at a much nicer boarding-house.

"It seems to me you are dashing out, Eames," said his friend the editor.

"You know I've had a legacy," said Eames, laughing.

"I begin to think you have," said the editor.

When Eames appeared on the street in his new suit it was a confirmation of the news of his inheritance. His removal to a fashionable boarding-house was additional confirmation. It was wonderful how he rose in the estimation of people who had before looked upon him as a shiftless artist.

All at once it occurred to him, "Why shouldn't I propose for Mary Brooks? With twenty thousand dollars I could certainly support her comfortably. Here was a very pretty cottage, and tasteful grounds, for sale at five thousand dollars. This would make a charming home."

One morning with considerable trepidation, young Eames broached the subject to Mr. Brooks.

"No one I should like better for a son-in-law, if Mary is willing," was the prompt answer.

Mary was willing, and as there seemed no good reason for waiting, the marriage took place within a few weeks.

"Charles," said his father-in-law, after the young people returned from their wedding journey, "it is time for me to render you an account of your money affairs. I have been lucky in my investments, and I have thirty-one thousand dollars to your credit, or deducting the amount paid for your house, twenty-six thousand dollars. By the way, have you received your aunt's bequest?"

"I received it yesterday," said Charles.

"Indeed!"

"Here it is," said the young man, and he produced a lettered silver watch.

"Do you mean to say this is all she left you?" asked his father-in-law, stupefied.

"Yes, sir."

Ezekiel Brooks whistled in sheer amazement, and his countenance fell. For a moment he regretted his daughter's marriage, but then came the thought that his son-in-law, through a lucky mistake, was really the possessor of quite a comfortable property, which under his management might be increased. So he submitted with a good grace, and is on the best of terms with his daughter's husband, who is now in Italy with his wife, pursuing a course of artistic study. He treasures carefully the old watch, which he regards as the foundation of his prosperity.—[Yankee Blade.

A Famous Goose.

An interesting relic is preserved in a glass case in the Coldstream Guards' orderly room at Whitehall. It consists of the head and neck of a goose, around which is a golden collar with the inscription "Jacob—Second Battalion Coldstream Guards." Beneath it are the words: "Died on Duty." In 1838 a rebellion broke out in our Canadian possessions and two battalions of the Guards were sent thither to assist in quelling it, the battalion already mentioned being one of them.

Both corps occupied the citadel of Quebec, and in their turn supplied the guards which were ordered to be mounted in different parts of the town neighborhood. Near one of these guards was a farmyard which had suffered much from the ravages of foxes, animals were at that period a great pest to the colonists, and as the farm in question had been suspected of being the meeting place of rebels, a chain of sentries was placed around it.

One day the sentry whose duty it was to watch the entrance to the farm had his attention attracted by an unusual noise, and on looking toward the spot whence it proceeded, he beheld a fine goose fleeing toward him, closely pursued by a fox. His first impulse was to have a shot at the latter, but this would have alarmed the guard and brought condign punishment on himself for giving a false alarm. He was compelled, therefore, to remain a silent spectator of the scene, while every step brought the Reynard nearer to his prey.

In the height of its despair the poor bird ran its head and neck between the legs of the soldier in its frantic endeavor to reach the refuge which the sentry-box could afford, and at the same moment the wily fox made a desperate grab at the goose, but too late, for ere he could get a feather between his teeth, the ready bayonet of the sentinel had passed through its body.

The poor goose, by way of showing its gratitude to its preserver, rubbed its head against his legs, and made other equally curious demonstrations of joy; nor could it ever be prevailed upon to quit the post, but walked up and down day after day with each successive sentry that was placed there until the battalion left Canada, when the goose was brought away with it as a regimental pet, to England.—[Chamber's Journal.

Warm Salt Baths are Refreshing.

A warm salt bath is very refreshing to any one suffering from the exhaustion of travel or of a long shopping expedition, which is as trying to mind and body as anything that can be undertaken by a woman. Away from the seashore a very simple substitute for sea-water is a cup of rock-salt dissolved in warm water and added to the bath. When the skin is irritating to the skin take a warm bath and sponge off with a mixture of violet or lavender water and alcohol, about half and half, and rub briskly with a warm friction towel. Such a method prevents the exhaustion and danger of cold which follows a warm bath.—[New York Tribune.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

TEDDY'S TROUBLE.

"Oh, dear, I'm awful lonesome,
I don't know what to do.
My mamma's gone to grandma's,
My papa's somewhere, too.

"My cart's all broke to pieces,
The hens don't lay no eggs,
And kitty's scratched me awful
Because I tied her legs.

"I cannot climb on the harrow
Since Willie broke his arm.
I wish I didn't live where
Fun is always harm.

"It's hard for little boys,
They oughter be all men,
I could have a watch like papa,
And do as I wanter then.

"I'd drive the grays to grandma's
And take her out to ride;
I'd have two plates of pudding,
And row and skate and slide.

"Oh dear, I wish 'twas Winter,
I guess I'd ask for cake.
No, Nelly's down, I'm sleepy,
I can't keep wide awake.

"I wouldn't stand over,
Ma says I'd get it though.
But 'pretty' isn't half so hard
As stickin', I know."

Awake he cannot keep,
And so Teddy goes to sleep.

—Portland Transcript.

A DOG PLAYS HIDE-AND-SEEK.

An intelligent dog in West Chester, Pa., plays hide-and-seek with his owner, a little girl named Amy. She taught it the game, and they both, it is said, find much fun in playing it. Amy will tell the dog to remain in a certain place until she hides. She then calls and the dog starts on the search, finding Amy every time, no matter where she hides. Then the dog will wag his tail, show his teeth as though laughing, and his away to the place originally designated for him by Amy while Amy hides again, only to be found in an instant afterward by the dog.—[Chicago Herald.

A GREETING.

Not long since a gentleman of New Orleans, known to all to be a great lover of animals, was walking in the street, when a dog joined him and followed him for some distance. Suddenly the dog sprang up and kissed his friend and then walked off as though content. Something of the sort happened to the writer one day when sitting upon a tree in the woods back of Ocean Springs. A beautiful setter came up to her, held out his paw for a shake of the hand, which he received most cordially. Neither of these parties had ever seen the dogs before, and yet somehow the animals recognized a friend and greeted them as such.—[Picayune.

QUEER TASTE.

Harry's grandpa is a homeopathic doctor, and the little boy is very fond of riding about with him on his daily rounds. Harry was also quite devoted to the sugar pellets kept in a big bottle on a shelf in the office; for his grandpa quite often gives him some of them to play doctor with before the medicine is put in them.

One stormy day, when he was only two years old, he was looking out of the window, and watching the rain as it came splashing down on to the street and sidewalks.

Suddenly the rain changed to hail, and a gust of wind blew the hailstones against the window-panes.

Harry rushed to his grandpa, his eyes big with wonder, and cried out: "O grandpa! O grandpa! see 'em rainin' pills."—[Youth's Companion.

PERFUMED INSECTS.

Certain moths and butterflies have recently been found to give off odors from their bodies, which are either secreted from organs specially adapted for the purpose, and situated near the end of the body, or, as in some butterflies, from certain hair-like scales on the wings. Mr. Meldola has lately detected the scent emitted by the male of the snout-moth, a species of herminia. This insect possesses a fan-like arrangement of hairs on the forelegs, which he has proved are scent organs. The odor they produce is like that of artificial essence of bergamotte pear. The white butterfly exhales an odor like that of citrons, and in a Brazilian butterfly three different scents arise from as many parts of the body.

The males of calibdryas, a yellow butterfly, give off a musk-like odor, while certain of Arctian moths give out an intense odor somewhat like the smell of laudanum. The food of trout and the salmon is said in Europe to consist of small crustacea, such as water fleas, cyclops, etc., and the larvæ of May flies. While at the Rangeley lakes we opened several trout during the first week in September, and found in the stomachs whirligig beetles, flies and other insects which had fallen into the lake. Further observations as to the food of trout would be of considerable interest.—[Picayune.

A SHIP'S LARDER.

THE MOUNTAINS OF FOOD USED ON AN OCEAN STEAMER

Beef, Butter, Bread and Vegetables by the Ton.

In the busy season the City of Paris carries about 350 first cabin, 250 second cabin and 650 steerage passengers. There are 160 in the ship's company, including doctors, printers, boiler makers, 20 bakers, three butchers, seventeen cooks, hydraulic, electrical and other engineers to the number of thirty-two, 148 stewards and eight stewardesses. So there may be about 1,850 aboard.

Notwithstanding the fact that many of the passengers are seasick from the time they pass Sandy Hook until Fastnet is sighted, they manage to consume in one trip something like 14,000 pounds of fresh beef, 3,000 pounds of corned beef, 4,000 pounds of mutton, 1,000 pounds of lamb, 2,000 pounds of veal and pork, 1,000 pounds of bacon, 500 pounds of liver, tripe, and sausages, 200 hams, 300 pounds of fish, 2,000 eggs, 15 tons of potatoes, 3 tons of other vegetables, 5,000 pounds of butter, 600 pounds of cheese, 600 pounds of coffee, 300 pounds of tea, 1000 pounds of icing sugar, 150 pounds of powdered sugar, 650 pounds of loaf sugar, 4000 pounds of moist sugar, 400 pounds of salt, 300 pounds of nuts, 500 pounds of dried fruit, 30 barrels of apples, 2,000 lemons, 20 cases of oranges and other green fruit in season, 400 bottles of pickles, 150 bottles of ketchup, sauce, and horse radish, and 150 cans of preserves.

There are also quantities of poultry, oysters, sardines, canned vegetables, and soups, vinegar, pepper, mustard, curry, rice, tapioca, sago, hominy, oatmeal, molasses, condensed milk, "tinned" Boston beans, confectionery and ice cream. Fifty pounds of ice cream are served at a single meal in the first cabin.

Thirty tons of ice are required to keep the great storerooms cool. Eight barrels of flour are used daily. The bakers are busy from dawn of day. They make 1000 delicious Parker House rolls for breakfast every morning. Thirty eight-pound loaves of white bread and 100 pounds of brown bread are baked each day; also pies, puddings, cakes, etc.

Eight barrels of common crackers and a hundred tins of fancy crackers are stowed away in the storeroom, together with 100 pounds of wine and plum cake, not a crumb of which is left when Liverpool is reached. Six thousand bottles of ale and porter, 4,200 bottles of mineral waters, 1,500 bottles of wine, and more or less ardent spirits are drunk inside of six days by the guests of this huge floating hotel. About 2,000 cigars are sold on board, but many more are smoked. Two hundred pounds of toilet soap is supplied by the steamship company.

One of the odd sights to be seen on the double-decked Inman pier soon after the arrival of the "queen of the ocean greyhounds" is the great stacks of soiled linen which are being assorted by about a dozen stewards. Here is the wash list for a single trip: Napkins, 8300; tablecloths, 1800; sheets, 3600; pillow cases, 4100; towels, 16,200, and dozens of blankets and counterpanes. Although the list is very short, it requires four large two-horse trucks to carry the wash to the Inman Company's steam laundry in Jersey City. In less than a week it is back in the lockers of the linen rooms, which are in charge of a regular linen keeper. There is no washing done aboard. Many of the ship's company have their washing done in New York, but the greater number have it done in Liverpool.—[New York Sun.

Coffee Making by Electricity.

At a certain Berlin cafe the lighting and ventilation are effected by means of electricity. In the centre of the room there are several large glass jars through which passes a platinum wire in spiral form. The electricity, on heating the wire, speedily raises the temperature of the water in the jars to boiling point and prepares the coffee in the sight of everybody. Lastly, a small electric railway transmits the coffee to the various tables, so that the guests may help themselves to their liking.

Ten Cents a Day Without Board.

California miners who have returned from China declare that the Lig Hi mines, of the richness of which many surprising stories have been told, are ordinary quartz mines. They are all operated by Chinese, who have learned from foreign miners how to run stamp-mills. The ore runs from $25 to $30. The price paid for labor is ten cents per day without board.—[New York Tribune.

History of the Gallows.

Evidently the stout arm of a tree served as the primitive gallows, and such was in use at a very early period in man's history. In the book of Esther we read that Haman was hanged on the tree that had been prepared for Mordecai. In more recent times, in ancient ballads and accounts of the gallows, references are made to the "fatal tree," the "gallows tree," the "triple tree," "Tyburn tree," etc. A tree was not, however, always conveniently placed to convert it into a gallows, and thus the introduction of the simple construction, consisting of two upright posts and a transverse beam, the principle of which has not been materially altered from its first introduction.

The gallows at times differed in height, which was increased in accordance with the heinousness of the crime of the culprit. These elevated executions were made use of at the executions of the regicides in the seventeenth century, and thus it was that long ladders were required for carrying out the last extremities of the law. When ladders were used the executioner mounted one and the culprit the other. The rope having been adjusted to the crossbeam, the executioner would descend and remove his ladder, leaving the condemned wretch on the other, engaged in his last appeals for mercy. These prayers were at times exceedingly prolonged, after finishing which the miserable wretch was expected to throw himself off the ladder and thus to a certain extent become his own executioner.

Courage, however, would often fail at the last moment, and his prayer would be continued for a long time. When it was evident that the culprit was praying against time, the executioner would stealthily reach the ladder on which he stood and overthrow it, and the body would consequently then be swinging in the throes and agonies of death. At one period it was customary to carry out the execution of a criminal as near as possible to the spot where the crime for which he suffered was committed.

Fortune in a Toy.

George D. Smith, at present proprietor of one of the best known restaurants in New York city, has had an eventful money-making career. Twenty years ago he started in Chicago with a good capital, but no business experience. Two years later some one else led the capital and Mr. Smith had learned something about business.

Mr. Smith, when almost at the end of his financial rope, invented the street toy called "Bagoni," which sold at the rate of 50,000 a day when at the height of its popularity. Mr. Smith cleared $50,000 in a few months on this toy.

For the last six or seven years he has derived an income of $[illegible] out of its sale. The restaurant that he started on the profits of the "Bagoni" now nets him $40,000 a year.

John Brisben Walker, the millionaire magazine proprietor, tried a dozen different roads to wealth without success, until as a last resource he went to Colorado, and securing a ranch began to grow "alfalfa" grass on a large scale. The alfalfa netted him large sums, which he invested in Western lands, which have since made him a millionaire.

A. R. de Frece gained independent wealth as easily as rolling off the traditional log. Mr. de Frece has a national reputation, won by his successful management of all the large fairs which have taken place in this city during the past five years. Mr. Frece some years ago was in the wholesale button business. He invented a peculiar style of button which, in addition to giving him a good sized fortune, brings him in an annual income of many thousands.—[New York Journal.

Woods that Sink in Water.

There are 415 species of trees found within the limits of the United States and territories, sixteen of which, when perfectly seasoned, will sink in water. The heaviest of these is the black ironwood found only in southern Florida, which is more than 50 per cent. heavier than water. Of the other fifteen, the best known is the lignum vitæ, and the mangrove. Texas and New Mexico, lands full of queer creeping, crawling, walking and inanimate things, are the homes of a species of oak which is about one and one-fourth times heavier than water, and which, when green, will sink almost as quick as a bar of iron. It grows only in mountain regions, and has been found westward as far as the Colorado desert, where it grows at an elevation of 10,000 feet. All the species heavier than water belong to tropical Florida, or in the west and southwest.—[Commercial Advertiser.

The Man Who Heard It Before.

You tell him a joke you relied on as new,
He sniffs in a weariesome way.
From a comedy new you recite him a bit,
He says he saw that at the play.
You give him a story that never yet failed
To set all who heard in a roar;
He nods half approval and turns him away,
And murmurs, "I've heard it before."

The girl whom you woo in your tenderest tone,
Whose heart you are seeking to gain,
Listens coldly to all you may have to propose,
Seeming cuts to which you'd refrain.
You seek for some phrase not totally trite,
And even the thesaurus explore,
It all of no use, and you bid her good-by—
You see she has heard it before.

How sad it must be to go onward like this,
With nothing on earth to enjoy
And never make anyone happy yourself
And only find things to annoy.
He life has an orange whose juices are gone,
'Tis a dry, empty shell, and no more.
Also life is much to be pitied, not blamed—
The man who has heard it before.

—[Washington Post.

HUMOROUS.

A walking match—The living skeleton.

Deer are not the bravest of animals, yet they always die game.

Money talks, sure enough, and people are generally willing to listen to it, too.

Gladstone, though not monarch of the forest, is a fell destroyer among trees.

The poet's expression, "Had I the wings of a dove," was no doubt merely a flight of fancy.

Customer—Is it customary to fee the waiter here? Waiter—Yes, sir. Customer—Then hand over your fee. I've waited for you nearly an hour.

—Is that cement any good?" asked a prospective purchaser of a peddler. "Any good?" was the reply. "Why, you could mend the break of day with that cement."

It would be an awful strain on a man to be polite through all the worriments of business if he were not consoled by the prospect of getting even after going home.

Mr. Plummyman (looking up from his paper)—"Another cashier gone with the deposits." Mrs. Plummyman—"What was the sum?" Mr. P.—"He wasn't satisfied with some—he took everything."

THE TRUCE.

The lamb's inside the lion
There was and wrangling cease
He eat swips on the bootjack,
And all the world is peace.

A Diamond-Set Tooth.

A short time ago a lady with a badly decayed upper lateral incisor entered a St. Paul (Minn.) dentist's office, and, after examination, the doctor informed her that the only means of saving the tooth would be to substitute a gold crown. In a joking way he referred to the diamond story, and laughingly suggested that there was such a fine opportunity to try the experiment in her case. To his surprise his patient, who proved to be an actress, assented. Dr. Ellis procured a small-sized brilliant, and embedded it in the gold crown which he built on the remains of the natural predecessor.

The actress is delighted with the result, and declares that the next gem inserted shall be a carat in weight. The stone is not conspicuous, and might escape notice altogether, although a ray of artificial light makes it sparkle in a way likely to arouse curiosity. The actress is the nearest actual approach to the little girl in the fairy story, from whose mouth gems dropped whenever she spoke. It is hardly probable that any such fashion will become general, although an inspection of the jewelled incisor shows that the effect is far less startling than would be expected.—[Pioneer Press.

An Old Clock Maker.

Hiram Camp, president of the New Haven (Conn.) Clock Company, has been in the clock making business for over sixty years, all the time with one concern. He probably knows more about the history of clock manufacture in this country than any other man in the Nutmeg State, which gave birth to the business a hundred years ago, and has monopolized it to a great extent ever since. In the days of wooden clocks the manufacturers made up a few at a time and peddled them through the country, and the filling of an order for a hundred clocks would have been considered the work of an ordinary lifetime. Now the companies in Connecticut and other parts of the country turn out over two million clocks a year.

Privation.

Mr. Phileas Fogg (in the west).—I suppose you meet with a good many hardships out here on the plains?

Lariat Luke.—Hardships? I should say so! Why, pard, I've sometimes been obliged to chaw smokin' terbacker!—[Puck.