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JOB PRINTING

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The Undertone.

I lay upon the water's edge,
The lapping waves crept to and fro
With murmuring soft 'gainst rocky ledge,
With moaning where the rushes grow;
And e'er beneath the tide and moan
Sounded an undertone.

'Neath the tangled branches of a wood
I stood, and heard the giant limbs,
With thousand tongues of leaves, enflood
The place with solemn, dirge-like hymns,
And there through sound familiar grown
Sounded an undertone.

I watched a bird upon the wing;
His song of gladness, like a thread,
Wove in and out the air of spring
A web of sweet song 'broidered;
And blent with carol high and lone
Sounded the undertone.

A wandering band of minstrels strolled,
With thrilling harp and wild, sad song;
I listened as the notes out-rolled
And beat against a careless throng;
And there heard I—was't I alone?
The sounding undertone.

And e'er, beneath the child's sharp cry,
The maiden's laughter pure and sweet,
Man's oath, man's prayer, comes drifting by,
Life's undertone the soul doth greet.
Is't echo lost to common ears
That idling poet vaguely hears?

—*Marie Le Baron.*

The Romance of a Hammer.

Yes, I am, I believe, quite a disinterested person, and fairly well-known for both my courage and modesty. I was boarding in a retired neighborhood in New York, and next door to me lived, in a private house, an old lady, with her granddaughter. Need I say that that young person was unusually attractive? I regret to state, however, that any advances on my part in that direction were met at first with much indifference. Of course, an acquaintance with the old lady had to be made, and a very queer old lady was she. With a great many eccentricities, she had one in particular which overshadowed the rest. Once her house had been robbed, forty years before, and she had never forgotten it. Though she was deaf as a post, she assured me that the least noise disturbed her of nights, as the dread of robbers was always on her mind. Whether the young lady shared her grandmother's fears or not, I did not know. I rather hoped she did.

If, as I thought to myself, I could only take advantage of this old woman's fancies, that might give me an introduction to the house. The old lady was garrulous, and I very soon scraped up an acquaintance with her. I had not been talking with her more than five minutes, shouting my words into her ears, before I broached the subject of robberies. From my pocket I drew a newspaper and read therefrom in loud tones a long account of a housebreaking adventure. I must confess that in order to add some point to the story I introduced some quite new facts into the description. For instance the street in which the robbery took place was in an entirely different part of the town from ours, and for it I substituted our own immediate neighborhood. In the original version, however, it was an old woman who had actually been at the mercy of the bandits. I howled it all out, and had the satisfaction of seeing that it had an instantaneous effect on the old lady.

"Deary me!" said the old lady. "Terrible! and we are so entirely unprotected—two lone women!"

"Awful!" I replied; "and when robbers get in a neighborhood they never let up until they clean out everything. I don't like to tell you, but I have seen some very strange and mysterious-looking fellows—tramps apparently—lounging around here lately."

"Bless us! and I am so deaf, and so nervous. I am sure I shan't be able to sleep for weeks. What can I do?"

"I have an idea," said I. "In what story of your house do you sleep?"

"Second story." Then the old lady described the position of her bedchamber—second story back. Her granddaughter slept in the same room.

I had known that before from a careful reconnoissance I had made. My own modest chamber in the boarding-house was on the same floor, and our rooms were contiguous, only separated by the thin party wall.

"Now, my dear madame," said I, "I am going to propose a plan of action for you, quite simple of its kind, which ought to relieve you of all anxieties. I might recommend a burglar-proof apparatus with telegraph attachments, but those are very expensive things to set up. I can manage it all with a hammer."

"A hammer!" exclaimed the old lady, opening wide her mouth and eyes.

"Yes; a simple hammer."

"But I should be so terrified that if a robber were to break in I never could use it. I couldn't knock him down with it." The old lady was terribly flustered.

"I didn't mean a hammer to be used as a weapon. Oh, dear, no; quite different from that. Your room in your house and mine in my house are adjacent, and the head of your bed is just near mine. Now, I will buy you a small hammer, and all you have to do is to take it to bed with you. At the least noise take your hammer and give it three raps on the wall. I will at once understand that by that is meant a precautionary signal. It's quite as good as any telegraphic apparatus. I hear the three raps good. I wake up at once, and, springing out of bed put on my clothes. I am prepared for action, as it were. Then, should your fears continue, you keep on rapping. I understand at once that the danger is imminent. Then I seize my revolver, cock it, runs downstairs, bound over the fence, and my presence at once disconcerts the robbers. They endeavor to escape; I shoot two or three of them, and you and your charming granddaughter are saved."

"It's very dreadful, but quite kind and thoughtful of you, and so ingenious. I do believe that if I knew that some one was watching for my safety half my fears would be dissipated." The old woman really looked quite grateful. "So you think you could hear me?" she asked

"Of course I could. I sleep on one ear," I replied. "It is true the idea is perfectly my own, but as introduced by me it is quite practicable, for it has been put on trial; in fact, by means of the hammer system we might dispense with the police entirely. Once, when I lived in quite a deserted neighborhood—a long row of houses in a suburban portion of the city—I organized a hammer alarm. I had to do it for self-protection. There had been robbery after robbery in the row, and the police were afraid to interfere. Everybody in that row went regularly to bed with a hammer. It was very hard on the thieves, for, as bad luck would have it for those rascals, they tried to break into one house just at the end of the row. In six seconds every inmate in the row had been informed that a burglarious attempt was being made. You might have heard the three taps working along from house to house in the stillness of the night. Everybody turned out under my lead. We made a cordon, swept the street, and captured six or seven of the robbers. I don't remember the number of them exactly, only that they were the most bloodthirsty rascals known in the annals of crime."

The old lady, whose hair fairly stood up by this time—or would have stood up if she had had any—was profuse in her thanks. Just what I wanted took place. I was invited next evening to take tea, and the old lady in person showed me her garden, so that I might understand the lay of the land.

Now, I had reconnoitered the premises before, not that I thought anything ever would happen, but really out of consideration for the young woman. The fence was not a very high one, though adorned with spikes. To facilitate my climbing, I rolled a big barrel near it. I could step on that and then with a slight effort could scale the fence. I showed my plans of succor and the old lady approved of them. I bought a tack-hammer, presented it to her, and explained to her, in detail, the method of signaling.

The tea was a very pleasant one, and the young lady agreeable. I went to bed that night quite happy and quite forgot all about the signals. In fact, a week or so elapsed and nothing occurred to break the quiet of that really peaceful neighborhood.

I am sound sleeper generally, but on a certain night not long afterward there was such a terrible storm of wind and rain, with rattling of windows, that my usual rest would not come. At last I went off into a half dreamy dose, when suddenly close to my ear I was awakened with a start—I heard the three ominous taps on the wall! I never listened to anything so dreadful in my life. Was I awake! I waited a while. It was the precautionary signal, but not the positive alarm. Rat-tat-tat—went the devil's tatoo on the wall, then I knew that danger was imminent. I looked out of the window, and it was raining cats and dogs I shuddered! Still the cursed rapping of the hammer reverberated through the room. I huddled on my clothes. I never had a revolver in my life, and, had I owned one, would not have known how to shoot it off. I wished I had not lied so, but I always was romantic. The rapping continued like mad. Suppose these were real, true for true robbers next door! What could a single, poor, inoffensive, unarmed young man like me do against a whole gang of bloodthirsty housebreakers? I know that they would murder me for interfering with their legitimate business. I thought once I would open the window and yell: "Murder! theives!" but my window looked on the yard, and the wind was howling so that had there been a whole squad of police below not one of them would have heard me. It was dreadful to be waked up that way, to walk to sudden death, and so unprepared as I knew I was. I cursed my officiousness! I was dressed somehow at last and went slowly, shivering down the stairs, making all the noise I could, but it was just one of those selfish boarding-houses where the inmates never take notice of anything. I opened the back door which led to the garden.

I was wet to the skin before I found the barrel and what was mysterous about it was that the barrel had been moved away from the fence. In a minute it flashed across my mind that did I once venture in the adjacent garden my retreat would be cut off, and that as the victim of some villainous trap, next morning I would be found dead—dead—my skull beaten in with a jimmy.

At last, however, at the expense of several severe excoriations, I was over the fence. I gazed at the back of the house. All was still—still as death—there was a lull in the storm. I waited to hear the agonized scream of the victims, but there was nothing save an appalling stillness. Then something rustled, and I, covered my face with my hands. I was awaiting some crashing blow on my head, when a stray cat bounded past me. No lights were visible. I waited ten minutes, exposed to the drenching of the pitiless storm, for it rained now harder than ever; then, feeling that if the worst had come it was all over now, and I could do nothing, I retreated, quietly, deliberately reclimbed the fence, and at last regained my bed. I was miserable, chilled to the marrow, and so nervous and excited that I never went to sleep any more during the whole of that wretched night.

Next morning, having recovered somewhat from the effects of that night of terror, I awaited with much anxiety the appearance of that old lady at her door, for she always took in the milk herself. Should she not respond to the milkman's call then the mystery would be solved. But she did turn up. I at once went to the door, and I expected that she would have a story of some dreadful character to impart to me, and I was ready to tell her how I had saved her and her granddaughter from death, when, much to my disgust, after having exchanged an ordinary good-morning with me, she was about re-entering with her milk. "You had a most narrow escape last night," I said.

"Oh, yes," she replied, smilingly; "it's half water, and mighty blue and thin. Evidently she referred to the milk."

"If it had not been for me," I said, "you would have all been murdered in your beds. I was up and out. In three seconds after the first stroke of the hammer I was in your garden. I hope your charming granddaughter has suffered no inconvenience. I am quite positive that they—the robbers—were around last night, and my timely presence scattered them."

"God bless my soul," said the old lady, as she dropped the milk, "and I did not know it."

"But you hammered away like a first-class blacksmith."

"Indeed, I did not," said she; "and my milk, that's all gone. I slept uncommon well; better than usual. I always sleep soundly when it rains."

Would it be believed that the old woman denied the hammer incident in toto? Had I been dreaming? Was it force of imagination, the teaming of a delirious brain? A shocking bad cold in my head assured me that it had been a reality.

I was quite out of heart all that next day, and went to bed at night in a most unhappy state of mind. Was my rest to be broken in upon again? I had hardly fallen off into a feverish slumber when I heard the accursed hammer again. I covered my head with the bedclothes. Rat-tat-tat it went. It could not be a hammering of my imagination, for I put my ear to the wall and felt the vibrations through the flimsy partition. Oh, the unutterable selfishness of that old woman! And what if she were robbed of a silver teapot or so or a dozen teaspoons! I was desperate now. I rushed downstairs. Fortunately it was not raining. I found my barrel at once, and that was reassuring. I excoriated myself again. I scaled the wall and landed with a crash on the other side on a pile of flower-pots some one had carelessly placed there. I waited a moment for the noise to subside. I knew that if any robbers were there the row I had made must startle them. I rubbed a very badly skinned ankle and waited and nothing came.

Night after night went on that accursed hammering. Was I to be doomed to the terrible task of discovering thieves in that old lady's garden; and, what was worse, my chivalous conduct, my dallying with death, receive no recognition? Evidently there was some mystery. I was the victim whose sad end was being plotted.

I never went to sleep after that without stuffing cotton in my ears and always in a most wretched frame of mind. I was a martyr of my disinterestedness. I was being robbed of my sweet sleep. Life became a burden to me. The old lady was either laboring under some hallucination or I was crazy. There was only one thing which made me suffer all these torments, and that was the belief that I was a hero in the eyes of the granddaughter. I cannot say that she ever directly expressed herself in that way, but looking at her at times when I met her in the street, as I addressed a few words to her, I thought I recognized an expression on her face which told me of her sympathy.

These nocturnal visits at last preyed on my spirits. I went to bed now with my clothes on. I had bought a second-hand revolver. I had become reckless. I am quite sure that had I met a small boy of about the size of Oliver Twist at night in the old lady's garden I should have shot at him.

The rapping would cease for a night or two and then commence again. I felt that this business must come to a stop. My employers, leading grocers, had noticed my sleepiness during business hours, and had complained about it.

One night this spring wearily I climbed the garden fence, pistol in hand—for it had become a mechanical process now—and I dropped into a wash-tub of water, placed with devilish ingenuity on a three-legged stool. As I fell over my pistol went off. The neighborhood was aroused at last, but I distinctly heard in the bath-room that overlooked the old lady's garden peals of laughter, and a young woman appeared at the window who was apparently enjoying the scene.

If this brutal conduct on the part of that girl were not sufficient, think of the impertinence of a young man who called next day on me at our place of business. As I have said, I am a clerk in the wholesale grocery line, and druggists' clerks are always stuck-up creatures. That young sprig twirled a stick in one hand and in the other he had a card. I am to suppose his name was written on it. "See here," said he, making his stick whiz through the air within a few inches of my nose. "See here, oleomargarine, codfish, prunes, pickles and glucose, you have been fooling around grandmother's place long enough, and you are a precious ass, and Mary Jane—that's my cousin, a lady I am going to marry—has had quite enough of your nonsense. What a prime proprietary idiot, with a revenue stamp on it, you must be not know that the old lady has got robber on the brain bad when she's awake, but when she's asleep of nights, bless her, she snores away like a humming top. A Chinee cracker under her ear wouldn't as much as faze her. Now, the old woman never had any use for your hammer, but I guess from what Mary Jane has told me she has been pounding around with it quite promiscuously. Now, see here, here is your hammer, and do you take it before I make you swallow it, handle, claw and all, just as if it were a glass of cream soda, and the very next time I hear you have ventured to cross that fence, or to put that big foot of yours in my grandmother's house, I will just thrash you dizzy, and listen to some good advice—change your boarding-house, figs, even if you have to go back on your landlady."

The Use of Toads.

Toads have been used by entomologists for the acquisition of minute nocturnal insects difficult to catch. A number are turned out at night in a district where a rare or desired insect is known to exist. In the morning the reptiles are recaptured, and either deprived of their spoils by a little gentle pressure, or killed and ransacked. If they could also be made subservient to anatomical science by providing our cabinets with osteological preparations of the minute vertebrate, so difficult to set up, the poor amphibians would prove of greater value to students than if they really wore that mythic precious jewel in their heads which the exiled duke ascribed to them.—*London Field.*

FOR THE LADIES.

Wouldn't Change Her Name.

Miss Risley Seward, a daughter of ex-Solicitor of the Treasury Risley, became a great favorite with Wm. H. Seward while he was secretary of state, and subsequently accompanied him during his tour round the world. Mr. Seward, in his will, bequeathed her $30,000 on condition that she should adopt his name. She accepted the money, adopted his name, and now refuses to marry because she will not consent to change her name. At present she is in Italy, studying the old monasteries of that country.

A Royal Wedding in Nevada.

His majesty, Winnemucca MDLV., king of all the Piutes, was recently married to a princess of his tribe. Buenna Vista John, a trusted member of Winnemucca's cabinet, says the royal consort is past the middle age and weighs all the same as four sacks of flour. Winnemucca, who traces his lineage, according to Piute tradition, from the time when the Humboldt valley was a lake, is said to be the fifteen hundredth and fifty-fifth monarch of his line. He has children past the prime of life, and the old fellow takes a new wife to provide for his necessities in his old age. The Piute marriage ceremony is a very simple affair. The chosen bride retires to her wickiup at an appointed time and huddles in a corner. If she does not like the bridegroom she gets up and runs away when he enters the wickiup, but if he is the man of her choice remains and becomes his slave for life. The old king will now have an easier time than has been his lot for years past, as the queen will have to "rustle for grub" for the aged monarch.—*Winnemucca Silver State.*

Fashion Notes.

Ficelle shades and hues are fashionable.

Copper red is pronounced an elegant red shade.

Velvet and velveteen will be much worn.

The close English turban hat remains in style during autumn.

New colors show many faded tapestry shades, and these shades are labeled old.

The new osier bonnet is trimmed with peaches, bunches of grapes and other fruit.

Small birds are imported in great quantities for trimming bonnets and round hats.

Printed figures on plain batiste are used for morning fichus and squares for the neck.

The seams of basques will be defined by braid, similar to the old style of cording.

A simple standing clerical collar, in linen, is the neatest neckwear for the warm weather.

There are indications that skirts plaited from belt to toe will again be much worn this autumn.

Parasols for country use are of plain or figured cottonettes, trimmed with ruffles of the same or of ecru lace.

Fashion authorities say that the close turban should be worn quite back on the head instead of low on the forehead.

The newest trimming ribbons are the ottoman reps of thick, yet soft quality, in widths varying from two inches to five or six.

The osier bonnet is the caprice of the moment at the watering-places. It resembles a brown wicker fruit basket placed almost inverted on the head.

The Russian pelisse is a long, close, plain garment, shaped like a tight redingote. It is made of dark cashmere, camel's hair or diagonal wool goods.

Mountain dresses make the most pleasing effect when they are of cedar, raspberry or Egyptian red, relieved by dark green, maroon, sea-blue or lacquer-brown.

A fresh mode of using cross-barred fabrics of blended colors or simple black and white is to combine or trim them with a larger cross-bar precisely similar as to color.

Deep pointed passementerie, with rows of silk balls hanging so closely that the passementerie is almost hidden from view, is one of the most unique fringes for the season.

New and low-priced pocket handkerchiefs have a wide hem, on which are printed detached colored flowers, daisies, pansies and artemisias, and these match the neckerchiefs.

Some of the new autumn walking costumes of tweed are decidedly masculine in style, showing a white muslin underwaistcoat, cutaway coat, fastened just below the chest with one button, a standing collar with round gold collar-button, or huge cuff-buttons, and, crowning all, a jaunty English, low-crowned derby hat, devoid of trimming of any sort. Many English girls go a step further than the Yankee girl dares to, and carry a slender ebony cane.

The Oldest Reigning Monarch.

A telegram (happily contradicted) that the emperor of Brazil had abdicated in favor of his daughter Donna Isabella, the Countess d'Eui, brings to mind the fact mentioned in the *Register* some months ago, that he has been on the throne longer than any other living monarch. Fifty-one years ago last April Dom Pedro I., the father of the present emperor, rather than yield what he conscientiously believed to be his constitutional rights, abdicated in the following letter: "Availing myself of the right which the constitution concedes to me, I declare that I have voluntarily abdicated in favor of my beloved and esteemed son, Dom Pedro de Alcantara. (Dated) Boa Vista (Rio de Janeiro), April 7, 1831, tenth year of the independen of the empire." The present emperor was governed by regents for nine years, until his majority was declared in 1840. He had thus been governing monarch for forty-one years; but as his reign dates from the 7th of April, 1831, he has in reality been monarch six years longer than the queen of England.—*Panama Herald.*

At a recent sale in London a medal struck off in 1565 brought $840. Our readers missed a bonanza by not having a few medals struck off that year.—*Norristown Herald.*

HEALTH HINTS.

Drinks for the Sick.

To make apple water cut the apples in small pieces and pour on boiling water. Strain in three hours and sweeten.

Water added to tamarinds, currants or cranberries, fresh or in jelly, makes excellent beverages, with a little sugar or not, as may be agreeable.

Toast water—Toast stale bread until very brown, pour over it boiling water; let it stand for an hour, then strain and put in a piece of ice before drinking.

Milk porridge—Make a thin batter of flour and milk, or corn starch and milk; stir into boiling milk, with a little salt; let it boil a few minutes, stirring constantly.

For those troubled with the gout, beat two ounces of almonds with a teaspoonful of rose water and then pour on one quart of milk and water and sweeten to taste.

For those who are weak and have a cough beat a fresh-laid egg and mix with it one gill of new milk and a tablespoonful each of rose water and orange water and a little nutmeg.

For a cough make flaxseed tea as follows: One-half pound each of flaxseed and rock candy, three lemons pared and sliced; pour over this two quarts of boiling water; when cold, strain.

Beef tea—Cut raw beef into small pieces; to a half pound of meat pour on a pint of cold water, set on the stove and let it simmer until all the juice is extracted from the meat. When wanted for use skim and let it boil just two minutes.

To make panada, soak stale bread in cold water for an hour; mash and place on the fire, with a little salt, butter and sugar; cook slowly an hour, and when ready to serve add the yolks of two eggs, well beaten, and two tablespoonfuls of milk.

Barley water is a nutritious drink, and is one of the best known for invalids. Take one ounce of barley, half an ounce of sugar, the rind of a lemon and pour on one quart of water. After it has stood eight hours pour off the liquid and add the juice of a lemon.

Insanity.

Dr. A. E. Macdonald, superintendent of the asylum for the insane, situated on one of the islands adjacent to New York city, in a lecture on insanity, said:

Many learned men have been endeavoring for a long time to settle just what insanity is, and it is not too much to say that they have not yet succeeded. But if I cannot tell you just what insanity is I can tell you one or two things that it is not.

Insanity is not a disease of the mind. The poet speaks of the "mind diseased," but the physician does not. The mind is no more subject to disease than is the soul to death. The disease is in the brain, as purely physical in its location and characteristics as disease of any other organ, and if the mind shows its presence and effects it is only because mind is the product of brain action, and an unhealthy organ must always give rise to disturbed action.

Insanity is so diverse in its degrees and phases that it is hard to draw the line and say just where soundness of mind ends and unsoundness begins. In fact, it is a good deal a matter of majorities. We who call ourselves sane happen to be in the majority just now, and we have set up our standard and looked up a number of people who fail to meet it. Their number is increasing all the time, and by-and-bye, if it keeps on, they will be in the majority, and then they will turn around and look us up.

Between the men manifestly of sound intellect and those confessedly insane, there are arrayed rank upon rank of those in whom a defect, greater or less, is seen. In some there is unmistakably insanity, in others eccentricity as we call it; in others again depravity. Many men of mark have been found in these ranks. Some have occupied thrones, like Charles IX. of France, George III. of England and Frederick II. of Prussia, and have impressed upon the policy of nations the stamp of their disease; others, like Mohammed and Swedenborg, have colored with the delusions of insanity the tenets of religious sects; and especially from among men of letters have these ranks been largely recruited. Johnson, Swift, Pope, Gray and Wordsworth; Byron and Shelley; Cowper, Southey and Charles Lamb—in all there was either marked insanity or a close and undeniable approach to it.

The one great predisposing cause is the inheritance of a tendency toward insanity begotten in some defect in the ancestry, not necessarily itself insanity, but possibly some other nervous disease, and possibly, too, intemperance. The immediate causes may be either moral or physical in their nature. Now we have come to look more for physical causes. Of these intemperance and other vicious indulgences are the most productive.

The simple rules of life which afford the best protection from other diseases should be followed by those who would avoid this, the most terrible of all. The keynote of the whole is the remembrance that insanity is a physical disease, whence it follows that its prevention must come through attention to the general laws of health.

Children and Work.

In an English industrial school containing about six hundred children, half girls and half boys, it became convenient to give the girls about eighteen hours of book instruction per week and eighteen hours of work, while the boys remained at full school time of thirty-six hours per week. On examination day it was found that the girls were more alert mentally and practically in advance of the boys. When work was found for the boys and their school-hours reduced from thirty-six to eighteen, they did as well as the girls. While too much work and too little play makes Jack a dull boy, it seems pretty evident that a portion of children's time can be employed in industrial work to their advantage. Perhaps it would be well to divide their waking hours, one-third to work, one-third to study and one-third to play.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

The telephone is gradually developing into rivalship with the telegraph—at least for limited distances. It has been used to advantage between Brussels and Dover—a whole distance of 240 miles, sixty of which were under water. If submarine difficulties have been sufficiently overcome, the time may not be far distant when New York and London will be talking to one another.

The value of babies has been fixed. A child less than 1 year is worth $14; between 1 and 2 years, $19; 2 to 3 years, $28; 4 years, $31; 5 years, $35; 6 years, $40; 7 years, $50; 8 years, $60; 9 years, $70; 10 years, $90; 11 years, $123. These are the valuations made by a baby insurance company of Cincinnati. The parents pay five cents a week for the insurance of their child. The rates for colored children are twice as much, owing to their two-fold ability for contracting contagious diseases.

A Cleveland man named Jones has a cow addicted to the uncomfortable habit of switching her tail in his face while milking her. The other day Jones took the tail and tied it firmly to his leg. The cow, irritated by the flies she could not drive away, started off and feeling the curious attachment to her tail became frightened and ran. Jones is now walking about on crutches and remarking: "About the tenth time I had been hauled around that lot I began to see where I missed it. I oughter tied her tail to her leg and not to mine."

The possibilities incident to the general use of electricity and its presence in all parts of a large city, are suggested by an incident which happened in New York a short time since when at a certain point in Nassau street, horses, no matter how old and worn out, or lively and spirited, jumped and curvetted and pranced to the great delight of the crowds who witnessed the performance. Much to their disappointment word was sent to the Edison Electric Light company and the current was turned off from that vicinity. A wire pressed upon the steam pipes that had been laid down in the street, these communicated with the surface, and every time the horses' iron shoes closed the circuit the animals received a shock which set them to curvetting and even to running.

A New York reporter has been investigating the footsteps of the many millions who walk the streets of New York. "Investigate" is a good word for it, too, because in the original Latin it means to look after the tracks or footprints of anybody or anything. Nearly all the steps of public buildings are worn hollow, and the wear upon the elevated railroad stations is so great that a combination of iron and india rubber, to prevent wear and slipperiness, has been devised. The curbstones where people wait for vehicles are hollowed out. A deep furrow is worn upon the steps of buildings, like those in front of A. T. Stewart's, running the whole length of the building, where people have left the sidewalk and walked along on the step. The renewal of stone steps, curbs and stairways in a large city is not infrequent.

A remarkable Italian peasant custom has just been brought to notice at Naples. A year ago the daughter of Carolina Garguillo was married to a sailor named Giuseppe Esposito. It is the usage among the lower classes for the bridegroom to visit his mother-in-law on the morning following the marriage. Esposito was reminded of this custom but neglected to make the visit. The mother-in-law then became angry and urged her son, Vincenzo Garguillo, to kill Esposito. The son at once went to his sister's house and waited for the husband, who on coming welcomed him and begged him to stay and dine. Vincenzo thereupon drawing a knife, threw himself on his brother-in-law, stabbed him and laid him dead at his feet. Vincenzo has been sentenced to imprisonment for life and his mother to "seclusion" for three years.

Under the constitution of Switzerland any federal law, before it can take effect, must, if demanded by 30,000 citizens, be submitted to a vote of the people and be approved by them. At the recent session of the federal chambers two laws were passed, which upon demand were submitted to a vote of the people and were both rejected. One of these was a national law for the regulation of epidemics. It made vaccination compulsory throughout the republic and it gave the federal authorities power to take persons affected with epidemic diseases away from their families and isolate them under government care. This law was rejected by the overwhelming vote of 220,000 to 60,000. Its rejection, however, leaves to each canton its present power to enforce vaccination when it thinks it necessary. The other law was one authorizing the federal government to establish a system of patent and copyright laws, none of which laws, it seems, exist in Switzerland. A Swiss inventor can obtain no patent in his own country. This law was also rejected by a vote of 126,500 for to 138,500 against it.

To Keep Grapes.

A New York paper publishes two recipes for keeping grapes which will perhaps be a practical help to housewives in this vicinity, where grape culture is extensively carried on:

I. Select nine fresh clusters, and cut the end of the stem smooth and dip it in melted sealing-wax; then put in cotton batting; pack them away in wooden boxes; keep them in a dry, cool place. In this way they will keep fresh all winter.

II. Take full bunches, ripe and perfect; seal the end that is cut from the vine so that no air can get in or the juice of the stem run out, and let them stand one day after sealing, so as to be sure they are perfectly sealed (if not, they will shrivel up), then pack in boxes of dry sawdust and keep in cool places. They will keep nicely all winter without losing their flavor. In packing, do not crowd the bunches; sprinkle the sawdust over the bottom of the box, then lay the grapes carefully, a bunch at a time, all over the box, then sawdust and grapes, alternately, until the box is full.

The Dentist.

The modern dentist is not like the dentist of long ago. The old-time dentist did not repair teeth; he simply uprooted those that were decayed. It is only of late years that the dentist has occupied a recognized position in the departments of minor surgery. Some dexterity and considerable muscular strength were the chief qualifications of the dentists of our childhood. When a patient called on one of them the dentist would put his finger in the patient's mouth, and after feeling around among the stumps, and shaking them one after another until a howl from the patient demonstrated that he had hold of the right one, he would say, laconically: "It's got to come out." Then he would go for his instruments. These mechanical appliances were of a very primitive character. They consisted of several pairs of things like bullet molds; those of the largest size he used on adults and the small ones on children. While he was engaged filing the rust off his instruments the sufferer had time to note the contents of the room. On a shelf was a rope, with which nervous patients were tied in the operating chair; on another chair a basin, and a pitcher with a broken handle, containing water, presumably for the purpose of washing away such gory evidences of butchery as the operation might leave; on a broken-legged desk, propped up with a brick, was a skull with a cracked jawbone, which was too suggestive to be pleasant or soothing; in the window-sill the dentist's library, consisting of a copy of Weill's Pathology of the Teeth, and a portion of a volume of Moore's melodies; in front of the operating chair, hanging on the wall, was a steel engraving representing Napoleon on the Island of St. Helena. The picture was evidently put there with a view of distracting the patient's attention from thoughts of the agony in store for him. While he was wondering if Napoleon ever had toothache, and if he ever burned the inside of his mouth with creosote and oil of cloves in his efforts to deaden the pain; and while he was wishing that he could change places with Napoleon for a day or two, the dentist grasped him by the hair, threw his head back, inserted the can opener in his mouth, and began groping around for the bad tooth. When he found it, his usual plan was to crush it into pieces and dig out the fragments one at a time. During the operation the sufferer groaned and moaned and yearned for death. When the dentist got his grappling irons around the root of a double tooth, and braced himself up with his foot against the wall for a long pull, a strong pull and a pull all together, the patient thought that the end of all things was at hand, that an explosion had occurred in the cellar, and that the heavens were rolling themselves up as a scroll, while the top of his head was being broken off, and his vertebra was being jammed down into his legs. When he was calmed with a glass of water he found that the alarming sensations he had experienced were caused, as the dentist put it, by "the extraction of the molar from the alveolar cavity."

The modern dentist is a different kind of an aggravated outrage. He has a college diploma that he keeps hanging on the wall in a tin case. He usually has a nicely-furnished operating-room, where he has an elaborate chair, working on pivots and hinges, that he places the patient in when he is pulling his tooth, and another to be used when the tooth is to be filled. He has hundreds of instruments—diminutive angers and gouges and scrapers, and one vile thing that seems to make about seven hundred revolutions a minute, and with which he bores into the nerve of your tooth until you feel as if your immortal soul was being tampered with. But the modern dentist seldom pulls a tooth. He prefers to fill it with some gutta percha or some sort of composition, or with gold. You see the filling will, in the course of time, come out, and then he gets another job putting it in again, whereas when he pulls out a tooth it ends it; the owner of the tooth seldom cares to have it decorated or to squander bullion on it after it is out. He usually carries it in his vest pocket for two or three days, and then throws it into some vacant lot. When a man has an aching tooth that tries to push itself into prominence, that seems to swell up and get in the way of everything he eats, and to take more of his thought and attention than he can spare, he can go to the modern dentist, who will fill him up with gas until he imagines that he is a balloon, soaring up almost as high as the dentist's charge for the operation, and when he comes to earth again the tooth will be gone and there will be a vacant place in his jaw that will seem to him to be about the size of a town lot. The painless dentistry of to-day is less exciting than the painful dentistry of the past; but it is otherwise an improvement on the old style.—*Texas Siftings.*

Woolen Machinery.

The statistician makes known on the authority of good judges that a woolen mill requires thorough renewal every double decade. There are altogether 9,000 sets of woolen machinery in the country. The number worn out and replaced every year is estimated at 450 sets. This includes 1,300 or more cards and spinning mules, with 10,000 to 15,000 looms. The price of mules varies from $750 to $900, according to the number of spindles. To replace the mules worn out every year the sum of nearly $1,250,000 is expended. The average durability of the machinery of a mill is about twenty years. The durability of different pieces of machinery varies. A set of cards used carefully may last half a century. The clothing on them may be renewed every five years. Looms are long lived. They may continue in use fifty years, but generally twenty years' service is about as much as they can render. The mules' average time of durability is fifteen years. A set of cards comprises generally from three to four separate carding machines. In manufacturing different styles of woolens there are thirty-five or forty different processes, and nearly every process calls into use a different kind of machine.

There are few things reason can discover with so much certainty and ease as its own insufficiency.

Sleep.

Lift me from life's sharp rocks and float me, Sleep,
Far out upon thy waters all alone.
There let me sink beneath the soft sea moan
Of wind and wave into the stilly deep.
Nor any jot of my wrecked fortunes keep
To float me with, no face that I have known
Of friend or foe, nor that worst face—my own:
I would be dead and cease to laugh and weep
In soft forgetfulness my spirit still,
Till busy morning sees me cast ashore,
To face the grind of custom's daily drill,
To find life's apple rotten at the core;
So but God's arm were round me 'twere not ill
If sleep were death, and life's dull fit were o'er.

—*H. J. D. Ryder.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

What Adam said on beholding the first sunrise: "Go West, my sun, go West!"

Steamships have rolling stock when they carry live cattle.—*Saturday Night.*

Some hotel clerk must have originated the expression, "There is always room at the top."

An agreeable draught is made by adding to a tumbler of water a tablespoonful of good vinegar and the same of orange water.

Timid persons afraid of steamboats will be pleased to know that George Decker, who made the first trip on Fulton's craft, is still alive and hearty.—*Cheek.*

"Good-morning, Fred," said Brown; "how is your wife, better I hope?" "Yes," replied Fred; "better but not out of danger. The doctor calls regularly every day."

A handsome London butcher stands five times the show to get married that a handsome clerk does. It is a wise girl who, in looking out for her rib, sets her stake for steak.—*Free Press*

The corn husks are heavy, a sure indication of a hard winter. If Vennor and the veracious goose bone should concur, as no doubt they will, it will be wise to take your ulster out of pawn at once.

Why does a duck go into the water? For divers reasons. Why does it come out? For sun-dry reasons. Why does it go back? To liquidate its bill. Why does it come out again? To make a run on the bank.

The toothpick boot is going out of fashion, 'tis said. But the broad, easy-swinging boot worn by vigorous men of about fifty, with marriageable daughters, will never go out of fashion, young man, never. Keep out of its reach.—*New Haven Register.*

Said the practical man: "You can talk all you want to about phrenology. I think it is all stuff. The only important bump I ever found on my cranium was here—right in the middle of my forehead—and it was made by a baseball bat. I concluded to call it the bump of ignorance—because I didn't know enough to get out of the way."

"Suffering sisters," exclaimed the speaker, energetically shaking the hairpins from her head in her excitement, women will never obtain their rights until they display more courage. Let me say to you, in the words of a famous French orator, 'Courage! courage! courage!'" At this stage of the proceeding somebody threw a box of caterpillars upon the platform and the meeting broke up in great terror and confusion.

He lay in a swoon by the roadside. His helmet was broken; his visor was cracked; his gorget was tarnished with the smoke of battle; his breastplate was indented like a milk can; his halberd was as dull as a five-cent barber's razor; the lock of his cross-gun was shattered; his arquebuse was shivered; his quiver shook like a canal horse with the heaves; his tabard was in shreds; his ears were off; one eye was gone; his nose was out of plumb, and his jawbone was paralyzed. He had been trying to umpire a baseball game.

"Do you think so, darling?" "Yes," said the girl, passing her plate for more pie and smiling archly as she spoke; "kisses and embraces and fair words are very pleasant things—sweet lips and warm arms and loving eyes—but truth and sincerity and loyalty and purity are very much fairer and rarer." "You are right," replied her husband, looking at her with loving tenderness, "you are right, sweetheart, and I will not deceive you any longer." "What do you mean?" she asked, a look of horror passing over her face. "There is but one piece of pie," said George W. Simpson, "and I shall tackle it myself."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A White Ruler in Africa.

John Dunn, one of the thirteen kinglets among whom, by Sir Garnet Wolseley's agency, Zululand was divided, differs from his twelve brethren not only in being a pure blood European while they are stark savages, but also in reserving to himself in an especial way privileges of cutting timbers with the right to mine and seek for minerals, divert streams, cultivate unplowed lands, advance or retard trade, in such and so complete a way that he has, as it were, the right of ingress, egress and regress everywhere that his authority extends. His country, next to the Tugela, and bordered to a great extent by the sea, has within it one landing place, Port Durnford, where, it may be remembered, a noteworthy failure to secure a safe embarkation delayed the operations of Sir Garnet Wolseley in the winter of 1879. Dunn has imposed, after the Natal fashion, a hut tax on his people, amounting to five shillings per hut, payable in cash, every penny of which he keeps himself for his own purposes. Dunn is a Kaffir chief with European skill to raise a revenue for himself. He taxes all wagons going into his country to the amount of twenty-five dollars, and he has the right and power to lay an embargo on all trade at will. He is a clever, observant, brave man, who means to make money fairly and rule reasonably if he can; but he takes thought to himself, for he is "wise in his generation," and has no guarantee for the permanency of his office, one created by whim and of most uncertain tenure.