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The People's Press.

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JOB PRINTING

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The annual losses by fire in the United States amount to $120,000,000, and the consumption of cigars, cigarettes and smoking tobacco amounts to $206,000,000. Total destruction by fire, $326,000,000.

Here is a good word for the women. An English statistician has discovered that the married men live longer and live better lives than bachelors. Among every 1,000 bachelors there are thirty-eight criminals; among married men the ratio is only eighteen per 1,000.

According to the mint reports, California has dropped to the third place among the States and Territories as a producer of precious metals. It still ranks first in the production of gold, but is away behind Colorado and Montana in the production of silver and in the total value of the output.

"Sportsmen are catching many German carp at a pond in Litchfield county," says the New Haven *News*. "This tallies with other reports that the carp has thrived in almost all the waters of the State where it has been placed. The carp is not gamesome, but properly prepared for the table can be made quite a delicacy, and promises ere long to be an important addition to our list of food fish."

A New York railroad man tells a *Mail and Express* reporter that the mile a minute speed is a myth. Occasionally, he says, trains on a stretch of level track with an easy grade make a mile a minute, but the fastest express train in the United States, the New York and Philadelphia limited, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, averages 48 3-10 miles an hour. The average fast express of the United States reaches 36½ miles an hour. The fastest train in the world is the "Flying Dutchman," which averages 59 1-8 miles an an hour, between London and Bristol.

The Minneapolis *Tribune* tells of a new feature in Baptist merrymakings: The young men distinguished themselves by the preparation of a supper at the church parlors, including ices, ice cream and charlotte russe. It was incumbent upon each young man to make with his own hands a cake, and as a result nearly thirty specimens of these culinary triumphs were set out before the throng in attendance. They were in all shapes and sizes, and some of them were tear-stained and bore evidence of many weary hours of deep thought and anxiety. The men danced attendance as waiters at the tables and wore colors corresponding—orange-yellow, pink and blue.

The latest "lions" of Paris are nine negro chiefs with unpronounceable names. They have been brought from the African coast by an enterprising contractor. The object is to show them the sights of the French capital, and then to get them to sign an agreement with M. de Lesseps to engage their tribes to work on the Panama Canal. They are all horribly tattooed and wear ivory bracelets. They speak English. Some of the friends of the Panama Canal, by the way, fear that it will go to meet the ghost of Captain Ead's ship railway. Already over $300,000,000 has been expended on this gorgeous ditch, and a very despondent critic writes that before it is finished it will cost France as much as the Franco-Prussian war.

The New York *Times* says that the deluded persons who have been led to believe that a fortune of $75,000,000 awaits in England the pleasure of the Sands family in this country may be interested in a letter sent by Mr. Henry White, Secretary of the United States Legation in London, to Mrs. Sarah M. Caswell, of Aurora, Ill., one of the "heirs," who had taken the precaution to ask him for information. Secretary White says: "I beg to inform you that there is no such 'estate' as the one you mention. Vast numbers of people in our country are deceived and defrauded by designing persons, who represent that great estates are awaiting American claimants here, whereas, there are none such. One of these rascals has recently been sentenced to five years' penal servitude for robbing Americans in this way." This, the *Times* adds, should be conclusive as to the existence of the great Sands or Sandys estate in England. It does not, however, prove that there is no such estate in the moon, but the "heirs" will not care to retain lawyers for the prosecution of claims in that luminary.

A New York correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* tells thus how the once famous pedestrian Weston lives: "I met Edward Payson Weston, the once famous pedestrian, the other day. He began life as a reporter for the *Sun*, and now he is again reporting, this time for the *World*. His hair is dashed with white, but he is in splendid condition, with a ruby glow on his cheeks and the light of health in his eyes. He still walks everywhere, no matter how far along the streets he may have to go, because he says the street cars are too slow for him. He invited me to come up to his country home at Highbridge and swing in a hammock and eat cherries on his porch. He entertains in a manner quite hospitable and unreportorial. Pedestrianism netted him about $80,000 in savings, but he has done with it, because, he says, it has lost its tone and become loafery. He mounted the ladder of that sport to its utmost height, he says, when he walked in England for the Church of England Temperance Society, and, realizing that there was no more rungs to ascend, he quitthe turf.

FULFILMENT.

Fulfilment mocks at Hope's foreshadowing,
On ruined fruits her sullen lips are fed;
Athwart the last-limned dream, the song last said,
She sweeps the leaden shadow of her wing,
A bitter burden of bare blight to bring,
In sudden disenchantment, dull and dead.
And so we waken—in our seraph's stead
To find a gaping goblin-changeling.

Sweet Hope is slain; come, let us bury her;
The dream is done, the labor lost, we say;
But oftimes, gazing on the lifeless clay,
The old fire fills our veins, our longings stir;
And still, to strive anew, we turn away
From yet another dead Hope's sepulchre.
—*Scribner.*

A SUCCESSFUL SEANCE.

BY GARTAN POSE.

Mr. Clithers sat in his private office (just a corner partitioned off the great grain and meal store), in the thriving town of Bellevue, Ill. As he sat at ease in the armchair, scanning with his keen blue eyes the choice items of news in his morning paper, he looked every inch the shrewd business man he was. Socially he and his wife stood in the front rank.

One half-column article in the paper seemed to interest him beyond all. It was a brief account of a mind-reading exhibition given in an Eastern city.

"Now, that is very remarkable," commented Mr. Clithers, mentally. "There is no trick about it, either. I think the exhibition proved it can be done. Gracious! what a revolution if every one could become a mind-reader! But I suppose he must have a gift."

Just then some painful thought seemed to intrude upon his mind, for he frowned, and then, throwing the newspaper aside, he rose and stepped to his desk. After a hasty glance about him, he slipped a key into a drawer and pulled it out. A pile of bills lay in the inside. He shut it again quickly, and locked it.

"So it is still there," he muttered. "By Jove! I'd give anything to find out who's been robbing me lately. I wonder if that mind-reader could tell me, or is it only a guy or trick? I wish I could get a mind-reader to try his skill on this racket; I know it has baffled me."

Now it is always well to consider whether we really want a thing before we express a haphazard desire for it, because sometimes that eternal school-teacher, Fate, takes it into her head to accede at once. At least she apparently did in this case, for, as Mr. Clithers turned aside from his desk, the door opened, and a tall individual, arrayed in close-buttoned frock-coat and soft felt hat, advanced with a light step, and presented his card.

Mr. Clithers read with a perceptible start the words:

"WILLIAM WILLIS CARDINALL,
MIND READER."

This latter, with one comprehensive glance around the office, removed his hat, and calmly seated himself, not failing to note, indeed, the effect his card had upon Mr. Clithers. That gentleman, after staring at the card some time, at length looked his visitor over, but got little gratification from his inspection.

A full beard covered the lower part of Mr. Cardinall's face and the upper part, showing two high cheek-bones and a peculiar hooked nose, pinched at the point, with a pair of very brilliant eyes, gave him a hungry look not at all prepossessing.

He smiled in a superior way at Mr. Clithers's scrutiny.

"Perhaps you wonder why I have called," he remarked, in a full but low tone. "I will tell you. I propose to give a seance in this town, and I wish to enlist the aid of the very best people, in order that it may be a success. Do not mistake me; I am not working for money, I merely wish to test my wonderful power before an audience composed only of the most intelligent and cultured people of Bellevue."

"And you really are a mind reader?"

"I am only an amateur as yet, sir, but I feel the power is in me. I have given exhibitions before physicians, men of science and others. I have letters from presidents of colleges and many literary men. Are you acquainted with the President of the Weehawken State University?"

Mr. Clithers confessed that he was not.

"There is a letter from him," continued the mind-reader, picking it out from a package drawn from his pocket.

Mr. Clithers read it. It seemed satisfactory, and he did not doubt the man at all. He was thinking deeply, though.

"Now, my dear sir," went on Cardinall, 'I shall have to throw myself on your good ature. I desire to invite to the scance only the cultured and wealthy people of this town—all those who move in good society, in fact—and I must have their names and addresses."

"I have a list of those I invited to a ball recently, if that will do," said Mr. Clithers, who could see no good reason for refusing, and who was perfectly alive to the social eclat of introducing this lion to his friends.

"The very thing. I will fix the date for the evening of the day after to-morrow. I am extremely obliged to you for your great kindess to a perfect stranger, and if I could do anything to show——"

"You can," said Clithers; "by your mind-reading."

"Ah! and how can that be?"

Clithers drew his chair close to his visitor and spoke almost in a whisper.

"For the past month I have been missing money from that drawer in the desk there. It is evidently taken whenever I leave the office. I have always to keep a certain amount of money on hand to make change, and I lock it up when I go out. Yet I find that somehow it is opened in my absence and five or ten dollars taken. I have watched and said nothing about it, but have failed even to suspect any one. Now, can you tell me who stole that money?"

Mr. Cardinall seemed uneasy. He hitched his chair back, and hemmed and hawed.

"Why, you see," he finally said, "that is rather an awkward test. I should have to read the mind of every employe and friend you have. Then, again, I should have to become acquainted thoroughly with this office, so that I could see it plainly in connection with any one else's mind. I am willing to try."

"If you succeed, I will pay you one hundred dollars."

"I want no reward, sir; I shall be only too happy to try. And supposing that I begin at once to convey the impression of this office to my mind, it will be necessary that you go out, sir—even out of the building—and I will, as it were, take possession of the office. Then it will become fixed on my mind."

Just for one moment Mr. Clithers hesitated, but the man's brilliant eyes were upon him, and he acquiesced.

"You need be gone only ten minutes," was the gracious remark of Mr. Cardinall as Clithers went out.

In thirty seconds his retiring footsteps had died away, and quick as a flash the mind-reader stepped across to an old-fashioned safe that stood in the corner, and bent over it. A grim smile played over his face. Then noiselessly he turned to the desk, and was just putting his hand to the money-drawer, when a slight rustle came to his ear. With the light tread of a panther he crossed the room and dropped silently into a chair that was behind the door. It opened inward, and the next instant there was a louder rustle, and the door was pushed open an inch or so. Mr. Cardinall's mind was busy.

"This is the thief," he said to himself. "Now to try the trick that has never failed."

The door swung open, and Mrs. Clithers, a handsome woman of forty summers, glided into the room and turned to close the door. At that moment a hand was placed on her shoulder, and a harsh voice cried:

"Where is all the money you have stolen?"

With distended eyes she turned to look at her accuser. "Oh, my God!" she cried, "I am lost! Oh, have mercy, sir—I will never steal another cent. Oh, I shall die—oh—oh!" and then broke into the most agonizing sobs.

"Stop that," snapped the polite mind-reader, "and explain yourself. Who are you?"

"Sir, I am Mrs. Clithers, and I have as much right in this office as my husband. I am not afraid that he will arrest me; my fear is of his knowing it. Oh, sir, is there not some way of hiding this from him? I promise solemnly never to take any more money in this way."

"Humph!" remarked Cardinall, looking at her composedly; "so you are his wife. So you don't want him to know. Very natural, of course; but hard to do. No, I don't want money. Who do you think I am?"

"A detective, I suppose."

"No, a mind-reader. Don't be afraid," with an amused smile; "your secrets are safe from me. If you give me a little assistance, I shall be mum about this affair. In the first place, I want you to do all in your power to induce your society friends to attend a mind-reading seance your husband will tell you of. In the second place, I want you to send by mail to this address, to-night, if possible, a rough plan, drawn on paper, of your house, and also indicate the receptacles that hold, say a dozen valuable articles, and their location—such as jewelry or silverware, etc. You wonder at such a request? It is in order that I may appear familiar with the inside of your house at the seance, and thus insure its success. Do this and keep a close tongue, and I am dumb. Of course you will be sure to be present at my exhibition to indorse the accuracy of my mind-reading. Is it agreed.

It was evident that she doubted him. Such an extraordinary request. But, then, the shame—the bitter shame.

"I will do it; only don't play me false."

And as he smiled in satisfaction she slipped from the room. He looked at his watch; the ten minutes was nearly up. So he settled himself in the chair, and with a dreamy look in his eyes and a mysterious smile, Mr. Clithers found him on his return.

"I thank you for your courtesy," he said, on taking his leave. "I have forged the first link of the mental chain that will bind your thief. Send that list you spoke of to my hotel—the Palace—and don't fail to turn up at my seance."

And so it happened that evening that two letters addressed to Mr. Cardinall were sent from Mr. Clithers's house.

* * * * * *

There was quite a crush on the eventful evening at the Bijou Hall, which the mind-reader had secured for his seance. Mrs. Clithers evidently had not failed to keep her promise. Her husband, too, had exerted himself to secure a large attendance of the elite of society. The ladies' tongues were busy discussing from every conceivable point of view the new creed of reading the mind of man.

At 8 o'clock precisely, Mr. Cardinall stepped on the platform. He had made himself conspicuous around the town since his arrival, so he was pretty well known. After a few words of introduction, in which he humbly stated that he was as yet but an amateur, he begged the audience to choose a committee of two to assist him in his demonstrations. A dozen offered themselves, but finally, after much discussion, a society youth, fearfully and wonderfully vain and pompous, and Mr. Clithers, were chosen to represent the audience. When the latter was chosen, a gratified smile wreathed Mr. Cardinall's face, but at the sight of the dudish youth he appeared almost disgusted.

"This is really too bad," whispered he to Mr. Clithers, when the committee were on the platform; *he* has no mind; I cannot read a vacuum; do—*do* let me use you as a medium. Just make the youth fetch and carry." And he winked solemnly at Mr. Clithers, who was evidently flattered at this evidence that he had a mind at all. The first test was the hiding of a gold watch by Mr Clithers—the mind-reader and youth retiring. Now, when they both emerged Mr. Cardinall seemed to change his mind about the brains of the youth, for he asked him if *he* knew where the watch was hid. The youth answered Yes, having watched through a small crack in the door. Then the mind-reader said: "I will find it through you." Immediately both turned their footsteps toward one of the window-sills, and stopped at it. There was the watch. But whether the mind-reader led the youth, or the youth the reader, was more than the audience could determine. However, this success elicited the greatest applause.

Cardinall then requested some one in the audience to hide an article, and he would find it. As he spoke he fixed his eyes on Mrs. Clithers. She read that look at once, and conquering her dislike, stood up and said she would hide something. He bowed and apologized, and retired. She went to the stage and laid the article at the right-hand corner on the floor. It was a common pin. The mind-reader appeared blindfolded, as usual, and stepping down from the stage, took her hand in his. "Where is it?" he whispered, as he bowed. She told him. After a few manœuvres, indicating uncertainty, he rushed to the spot, and picked up the article triumphantly.

The rest of the exhibition consisted entirely of a description of the inside of Mr. Clithers's house. Having asked that gentleman to say to the audience that the mind-reader had never been inside the house, he proceeded to make a minute statement of the location of nearly every article of value Mr. Clithers possessed. The latter was perfectly astounded. There could be no denying the gift of this man. He declared that Mr. Clithers was the best subject he had ever operated on, adding that he had a remarkable brain cell organism. In fact, he had Mr. Clithers blushing with pleasure and the audience in high good humor, when the town-clock struck eleven. He was apologizing for the lateness of the hour, when a sudden bustle became manifest at the door of the hall. Some one was trying to force an entrance, the ushers interposing. A harsh, gruff voice said something in a low tone, and then a passage was made. The audience turning round to ascertain the cause, heard a murmur of "law" and "officers," as two burly men advanced toward the platform. A couple of silly women shrieked. All eyes instinctively turned to the platform. Mr. Cardinall had retreated to the rear. A fearful frown was on his brow, and he was biting his nails convulsively.

"Don't be alarmed," said one of the intruders. "I make no doubt you've had a nice evening of it, he's so very funny"—pointing his finger at the mind-reader—"when he gets started. But he's a lunatic, just the same."

"A lunatic! crazy!" came in a chorus. Some of the women rose hastily, and attempted to go out.

"You'd better all keep still," continued the man. "He takes queer notions, and if he saw you all going out, he might think there was a-fire and get very violent, and maybe kill some one."

"Come, come, angrily remarked Mr. Clithers, loath to give up his idol," are you sure you're not making a mistake! Say, Mr. Cardinall, you are not crazy, are you?"

Whereat both men burst into loud laughter.

"Why, look at him," said the first spokesman; and indeed he did not appear sane. His eyes were flashing vindictively at the audience, and moving right and left, as though looking for a chance to run.

"Oh, he'd deceive a smarter man than you," continued the keeper, for that is what he evidently was. "You see he's got mind-reading on the brain. He's been that way these five years. He got away from the State Asylum six weeks ago, and we've been after him ever since. Here's our papers."

But everybody was so disgusted at the turn affairs had taken, that no one cared to examine the papers; they were only anxious that the lunatic should be got rid of. Some dropped an anxious word that the keepers might have difficulty in taking him off.

"Never you fear," chuckled one of them. "We know our man." And so saying, he walked to the edge of the platform, and drawing from his pocket a large, luscious pear, held it up for Mr. Cardinall to see. That worthy glanced at it and turned away his head. Still it dangled there, and do what he could, his gaze returned to it. Greed sparkled in his eyes. Finally he shook his head. The keeper said, "Come?" He shook his head again. Then from his other pocket the keeper drew another pear and held it up also. The poor mind-reader fixed his eyes on them.

"Both?" he cried.

"Yes, both of 'em, if you'll come quietly," replied the keeper.

"And can I eat one now?" with a comical assumption of shrewdness.

"You shall have them both, now," asserted the keeper. The victory was complete. With a formidable grin, the lunatic came forward, stepped from the platform, and calmly left the hall, demolishing his pear, and occasionally looking at his other prize in exultation.

At the door of the hall a carriage stood, loaded with trunks, and the crowd who had rushed to the door saw two bags lying in the inside of the carriage. Mr. Cardinall and his keepers entered, and the carriage rolled away.

It would be useless to report the Babel of tongues that then found expression among the audience. It was the strangest experience that they had ever met with, and the unfortunate Mr. Clithers encountered many an ill-concealed rebuke in the form of the oft-repeated query:

"How could you ever be so deceived?"

He didn't know himself. What indeed affected him the most was the fact that the mystery of the stolen money was as far from being solved as ever.

So they separated finally, each to his home; but to many there was no rest that night. Most of them did not discover it until the morning; but all the next day there was weeping and wailing in that pretty town. It was found that while they were attending the seance, nearly every house belonging to the wealthy people had been entered, at the second story, and ransacked. It was a perfect night of looting. Mr. Clithers suffered the most. Many jewels which he supposed hidden had been taken, and, worst of all, his safe had been blown open, and all his available cash carried off. He was ruined, and indeed very many besides himself came near to bankruptcy. Somehow, the good people were many hours discussing the matter before they connected the mind-reader with the robberies. Then Mr. Clither's explanation of his safe robbery opened their eyes fully. It was still a mystery to him how they obtained an acquaintance with the inside of his house, and it is so still, for his wife, although she privately sorrowed over her fault, kept faith with the mind reader. She dared not confess about the money she had purloined, and Mr. Cardinall kept his word.

Shortly afterward, Mr. Clithers received a note, as follows:

"DEAR SIR: You wanted to find out wher your money was gone. I think you have discovered by this time who stole it.
THE MIND READER."

But this insolent note did not satisfy the merchant, and to his dying day the truth was hidden from him.—*Frank Leslie's.*

A King Among Pineapples.

Mr. Joseph Hahn, of Washington street, has got the "boss" pineapple of the season; in fact it is a mass meeting of seven pineapples. From the base of one exceedingly big apple grow six little ones that are as sound and healthy as an onion patch. The whole conglomeration measures three feet around the base, is two feet long and weighs twenty-two pounds. It grew in the West Indies, and did not cause a revolution. Mr. Hahn is going to keep it for a month and then take up an offer of $10 for it.—*New York Herald.*

To Get Plenty of Leisure.

Fist Merchant—"Warm, isn't it?"

Second Merchant— "Very sultry. Makes me think of the seashore or the mountains; but I can't get away."

"I'll tell you how you can get plenty of leisure time."

"How?"

"Take your advertisement out of the paper."—*Philadelphia Call.*

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

A Doubtful Compliment—A Palpable Hit—Stood High—Heart Troubles—Romeo and Juliet—Polished by Travel, Etc.

Author (to friend)—"And you like my stories?"

Friend—"Yes."

Author—"Which do you like best?"

Friend—"The shortest one."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A Palpable Hit.

Miss Fair—"Now, Mr. Mundogsky, as you are a painter and an admirer of the beautiful you must admire my friend Miss Rose?"

Mundogsky—"Ah! but we painters admire only the real beauties in nature, and I am told that your friend paints those charms we are told to admire."

Miss F—"It is a gross slander, I assure you. I have known her for years, and she no more paints than—you do."—*Judge.*

Stood High.

"How about this young man that comes so often to see you, Millie?" said the old gentleman to his daughter.

"Why, he's very nice and entertaining, papa. I'd like to have you meet him."

"Very likely. But what is his position? Does he stand high in society?"

"Oh, yes indeed, papa." He is six feet two."—*Merchant Traveler.*

Heart Troubles.

Two young ladies were sitting together in a street car. One of them was very pale and thin and seemed to be suffering. At the next corner the invalid got up and left the car. A gentleman who had been sitting opposite said to the remaining lady:

"Excuse me. I am a physician. I perceive you friend is an invalid."

"Yes," was the reply; "she has a heart trouble."

"Probably an aneurism."

"No, a West Point cadet."—*Siftings.*

Romeo and Juliet.

He (languishing)—"I have been hoping that you would in time come to regard me as your company."

She (bashfully)—Company! "What do you mean by that?"

He (courageously)—"Well, as your beau."

She (blushingly)—"Oh! That's what company means!"

He (smilingly)—"Yes. And if you consider me as your company I should like to consider you as my misery."

She (wonderingly)—"Your misery?"

He (triumphantly)—"Yes, because, you know, misery loves company."

She (demurely)—"I see. We'll admit then that you are company and I misery. But don't you think misery a very disagreeable name for a girl, and that it ought to be changed—say to company."

Then he popped.—*Boston Courier.*

Polished by Travel.

A Washington correspondent tells of a young man who has afforded no little amusement to society there. His father died some time ago, leaving him a fortune. The youngster, with a great flourish, went to England, and upon his return recently, an acquaintance asked:

"Did you visit the Tower?"

"No."

"Did you see Westminister?"

"No."

"Didn't you see Parliament in session?"

"No."

"Well, what in the world did you do abroad?"

"I brought back six brand new overcoats of the latest fashion," was the young man's summing up of the result of his trip.—*Clothier and Furnishier.*

She was Equal to Him.

Hostetter McGinnis—"Miss Esmerelda, I love you"—

Miss Esmerelda—"But it's all a mistake about my being rich. I am a poor girl, Mr. McGinnis."

"You didn't let me finish my sentence. I was going to say I loved you not"—

"That's all right, Mr. McGinnis. I was only testing your affections. I have a fortune of $100,000 in my own name."

"Why do you interrupt me? I was saying I love you not on account of your money, but for yourself alone."

"I'm glad to hear it. That was all a joke about the $100,000," replied Esmeralda.

McGinnis looked as if he was not feeling well.—*Texas Siftings.*

Mr. Evarts Got a Reply.

At New York city, in the fall of 186-' a case was tried before Judge Sutherland, in which the law firm of Evarts, Southmayd & Choate appeared for the defence. Mr. Evarts made the concluding argument, and the fame of the great counselor secured for him a considerable audience of lawyers from neighboring courts, in addition to many persons who had more or less interest in the proceedings.

Mr. Evarts had been speaking for some hours and was evidently nearing his peroration. He began to sum up his arguments, and asked impressively what answer could be made to them. Again he placed the points in lucid array, and again asked a similar question. Then a third time he restated his case with vivid eloquence, and once more, in louder tones, wound up with:

"What is their answer?"

He paused. You could have heard a pin drop. Suddenly the door of the court room opened, and a peddler, sticking his head and a feather duster into the opening, cried out:

"Brooms!"

In a moment the room was ringing with uncontrollable laughter in which everybody joined—even the judge on the bench and the orator himself. Mr. Evarts, however, kept on his feet, and was the first to recover composure. With his hand raised to command attention, as the roar subsided, he said solemnly:

"That was not, indeed, the reply which I expected. But you may rest assured that when you do get their answer you will find it equally frivolous and inconsequent.—*American Magazine.*

A Green Recruit.

Adjutant General E. B. Gray, of Madison, Wis., favored the members of Ransom Post, G. A. R., with a little talk recently. In the course of his remarks he referred to the general ignorance of the first recruits in all matters pertainining to the army and navy, and stated that the North had very few real soldiers the first two years of the war. As an illustration of this point he related the following incident:

"Soon after the first call for troops was issued," he said, "a member of one of the newly organized regiments which had just been quartered at Washington was strolling about the city one day when he stumbled into the navy yard. His curiosity was very much excited at what he saw there, he having been raised in an inland town. At last he came across one of those great anchors that are used in a man-of-war. One of the flukes was sticking in the ground, while the other stuck some twelve or fourteen feet in the air, and the shank extended out to one side about fifteen feet. The recruit was very much interested in this strange piece of machinery. He examined it on all sides, tried to move it, and occasionally stared all around the yard, as if trying to connect it with some other object. After a while the yard officer came around and told him he would have to leave the yards.

"'Oh, but gosh blame it, I ain't ready to go yit!' said the recruit.

"'Can't help it sir,' replied the officer; 'the yards close at five o'clock, and everybody has to get out then.'

"'But I want to stay here, and I'm not going out. My name's Peterson, and I belong to the Seventieth New York."

"'Makes no difference; you must go. But what on earth do you want to hang around here for?'

"'Why, I've been waiting here for an hour to see the chap that handles this gosh-blamed pick, and I'm going to stay here till he comes if I have to wait all summer.'"—*Chicago Herald.*

Turkish Baths.

The bathing establishments, or *hamams*, consist of large octagonal or circular halls, paved with flag-stones, around which run stone seats or very hard divans. In these halls, which are heated to excess and filled with steam, the bathers have themselves washed, rubbed and shampooed by employes called *telaks*, who, with their hands encased in hair gloves, knead the flesh vigorously until it becomes clean, flexible, and soft like satin.

Men go to the bath singly, and remain there only an hour or two; but women go there in parties, and sometimes pass the entire day there, drinking syrups, smoking cigarettes, eating *rhat loukoum* and sweetmeats, and sleeping on divans or in small beds placed around the bath-room.

The exterior of the *hamams* presents nothing very remarkable. They are large, low structures built of brick, covered with stucco, and always paved with marble. They are lighted only by small round skylights set in the cupolas and provided with greenish panes, which throw into the rooms a dim light, resembling moonlight, and very favorable to repose. A furnace underneath heats the building by means of pipes which are run all through the walls even. The temperature is raised to forty, fifty, and sixty degrees Centigrade.

After undressing, the bathers envelop themselves in a long wrap (*pechtumal*), and make a delightful plunge into a cloud of vapor, which produces, even in the case of the leanest, a profuse and debilitating perspiration. One puts on clogs, which look like small stilts, to protect one's feet from the extreme heat of the floor. There are large white marble urns fastened against the wall, which receive cold and boiling water by separate faucets; it is around these urns that all the purifications commanded by the Koran are made. Seated upon a little cedar stool, the bather pours upon his head and body large bowls of water, which he heats to the desired temperature by the faucets.

The *hamams*, of which there are more than 300 in Stamboul alone, have no fixed tariff. The charges depend upon the look and the dress of the bather, and vary from two sous to twenty-three francs. Rich pashas sometimes hire them outright for their families, and think that if they pay less than forty Turkish livres (eighteen dollars), they have done something below their dignity. On the other hand, beggars and poor people are admitted free of charge to certain baths designed for their use; and this is a blessing to them as well as to their neighbors; for these periodical ablutions diminish their extreme filthiness, and arrest the growth of the vermin nourished at their expense—*Cosmopolitan.*

How the Sultan Lives.

Abdul Hamid lives in Oriental seclusion. He is an inveterate smoker, and shows his European taste by smoking cigarettes, instead of Turkish pipes. His palace surpasses in beauty and magnificence the rich descriptions in the Arabian Nights. Passing through a marvelously beautiful gate of green and gold, halls, chambers and apartments succeed one another, each and all displaying an airy grace and undreamed of splendor. The Hall of Jewels contains a dazzling collection of rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and other precious stones, heaped in large basins, while diamonds of great size and pearls of rare loveliness are as plentiful as green peas in June. While the Sultan lives in all the magnificence of Eastern luxury, the people are wretchedly poor. Beggars infest the streets of Constantinople by day, and thieves by night, and as the city is miserably lighted, and the police very indifferent, the robbers have every opportunity to ply their vocation with success and impunity. The salary of the police is nominally $6 a month, but as even this small amount is seldom paid, they divide the plunder with the thieves. The immense army of cooks, attendants, and others required to keep up the Sultan's large household is a constant drain upon the people. Abdul Hamid's personal expenses are 60,000,000 francs ($12,000,000) a year. His favorite attendant, Kishlar Agra, the Black Eunuch, receives 240,000 francs as his salary, with many rich perquisites. He bears the high sounding title of Gardien de la Porte de la Felicite.—*Epoch.*

Cannibalism as It Is.

Although cannibalism is reported by missionaries to have died out among the islands of the South Seas, it is far more common than is generally imagined, says a writer in the San Francisco *Chronicle*. In New Ireland I saw a big fight between two villages, and after the battle the bodies of those who had fallen were eaten. The bodies, after being scalded in hot water, are scraped with a bamboo knife by old women. An old man cuts up the bodies, taking care to keep the thigh and shin bones, which are used for spear heads.

After being wrapped in stout leaves, the dismembered cadavers are placed in ovens dug in the ground and in four days are ready for eating. The natives made no concealment of their disgusting meal, and during the feast they held wild dancing and orgies. The preparation of sago, cocoanut and human brains is called sak-sak, and is in great demand among the women. The females seem to be more brutal and savage than the men during this cannibal banquet.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

Soap.

In examining the process of soap making, we learn that there is soap and soap, says a writer in *Good Housekeeping*. The real article free from adulterations, injurious or useless, is never the cheapest. Poor brands contain pulverized marble, talc or other mineral powders to give increased weight. Marble dust costs less than one cent per pound, and sometimes each pound cake contains fully one-quarter of its weight of mineral matter.

The editor of a scientific magazine not long since analyzed a certain brand which had attained some degree of popularity for the toilet, and had received the indorsement of several celebrated persons. He found in it a large admixture of fine sand. His process is a long one, but any housekeeper who chooses can test the quality of soap in this simple manner: Shave an ounce of soap and put in a small bottle; nearly fill with alcohol and place in hot water till the contents are dissolved, taking care to have no possibility of ignition. Set it away to cool and thicken; if no sediment appears the soap is good.

It is a better way to buy only the favorite brand of a well known manufacturer. A noted chemist says: "The label and tradesmark of a known, reliable and responsible manufacturer is the best protection the public can have against frauds, imitations and counterfeits. "When the manufacturer uses some fictitious name on a fancy brand, no matter how attractive the soap may be, beware of it." Its ingredients, disguised under many shapes and delicate perfumery, may be repulsive or noxious.

A strong, rank soap will also be avoided by the prudent housekeeper; whatever attacks living tissue rendering the fingers shriveled and sore, is ruinous to garments and fabrics. In such cases, the alkali, not thoroughly combined with the fat, is left free to eat into the clothing. And it is evident that what is too harsh for vegetable fibre is not fit for contact with the skin.

Recipes.

CANNING CURRANTS.—Place the fruit in the kettle with very little water, and as soon as they begin to boil, add one-half pound of sugar for each quart of berries. Boil six minutes; remove from the fire and put into cans.

DRIED RHUBARB.—Prepare the same as for pies, by peeling the stalks and cutting into pieces an inch long. Spread it on plates, not pans, and place in a warm oven. It should dry quickly, and then be put away in paper bags.

SPICED HAM.—Select a small ham, from eight to ten pounds, and have your butcher take out the bone. Fill the ham with mace, allspice and cloves, put into a white cotton bag and sew it up, and boil until thoroughly done. Take off the bag, then bake in a hot oven until browned.

MOLASSES COOKIES: Bring to a scald one cup of molasses, stir into it a level teaspoonful of soda; pour it, while foaming, over one cup of sugar and one egg, previously well beaten together; then add one tablespoonful of vinegar, a teaspoonful of ginger; mix very hard and roll very thin and bake brown. The omission of milk and shortening is intentional.

PEACH PIE.—Cover a deep pie plate with a pastry not too rich, and set in a moderate oven and let dry so that it will not be soggy. Let it cool when dried and fill with cut-up peaches. Take a half dozen soft peaches, peel, take out the pits, and place in a thin muslin cloth. Wash out the juice and pulp with a wooden spoon. Pour on this a half-cupful of boiling water. Sweeten and thicken with a teaspoonful of cornstarch. Sweeten the peaches in the pie with plenty of powdered sugar. Pour over the thickened juice and cover with a rich, thin crust, having several slashes in the centre to let out the steam. With the finger press a gutter around the edge of the pie, making a little hole occasionally so that the juice will not run over. Bake in a quick oven. When done sift powdered sugar over the crust and serve with a pitcher of cream.

Useful Hints.

Whiting or ammonia in water is preferable to soap for cleaning windows.

The warmth of floors is greatly increased by having carpet lining of layers of paper under the carpet.

Cayenne penper blown into the cracks where ants congregate will drive them away. The same remedy is also good for mice.

To make a good liquid glue, put one ounce of borax into a pint of boiling water, add two ounces of shellac and boil until the shellac is dissolved. Bottle for use.

Saleratus is excellent for removing grease from woodwork which has not been painted. Spread thickly over the grease spots, moisten, and after it has remained a half-hour wash off with tepid soap suds.

A nice way to freshen old-fashioned silk, making it look like new surah, is to sponge it carefully with strong coffee. While damp, lay it wrong side up on an ironing board and place paper over it, then press with a warm iron. Be sure the coffee is perfectly settled until clear before using. This is also good to freshen black lace, cashmere, ribbon and alpaca.

A Washington Statue.

Perhaps the most laughed at statue at the Capitol is that of George Washington, which, naked to the waist, sits on a great marble chair in front of the entrance portico. This statue was begun by Horatio Greenough, in 1832. The original idea was to make it a pedestrian statue and to put it in the rotunda. The price was to be $5,000, and Greenough began the work in Florence. He got Congress to increase the price to $30,000, and the statue was completed, I think, in 1840. It made a great fuss in this country at that time, and the question was how to get it here. By the direction of Congress the Secretary of the Navy ordered the commander of the Mediterranean squadron to put it on board of one of his men-of-war at Genoa and send it to Washington. But this was before the days of much railroading, and the statue weighed twenty-one tons. It was a big job to carry it from Florence to Genoa. A ponderous car was erected for it, and it was hauled by twenty-two yoke of oxen. As it passed along the Italian peasants took it for an image of a saint, and knelt to it and said their prayers. It was found that the hatchway of the man-of-war was not large enough to admit it, and it then became necessary to charter a merchant vessel.—*Virginia (Nev.) Territorial Enterprise.*

Censure pardons the ravens, but rebukes the doves.

SUMMER.

Sweet summer leaning o'er a rustic fence,
With marigolds beneath her freckled chin,
How fair thou art, a pitying Providence
Hath sent thee to this world of toil and sin.
What though the sun that follows thy brown feet,
Too lavish may be with its glowing heat.

What dawns thou bringest, bright with scarlet fire,
To tempt us from our downy couch of sleep,
And lure us on to pleasure where the brier
Doth gayly through the breathless thickets creep,
And busy hornets hide within the bush,
And nimble snakes coil neath the blossom's blush.

What throbbing stars to peer through the green trees,
What witching moons to light the perfumed caves,
Where cooing lovers sit in blissful ease,
Amid the dim, mosquito-haunted leaves,
What restful nights made tuneful by the trill
Of festive crickets in the grasses still.

What peace of mind, what watermelons cool,
What languid sails, what seas of sweet ice cream,
What doctor's bills, what fishing in a pool
When all the fish have vanished like a dream,
What sudden waves of tender sentiment,
What strange forgetting all you ever meant.

Vacation is the happy word that rings
Through thy best days so fairy like and fair,
Oh, that's the time when to the old world clings
An ampler ether, a diviner air.
A little space it is, while sweet hours whirl,
To court ad libitum a summer girl!

—*Susan Hartley, in Boston Courier.*

PITH AND POINT.

Out of sight—The blind man.

The cheapest thing in straw hats this season is the head of a dude.—*Picayune.*

The reason figures won't lie is because they always stand for something—*Texas Siftings.*

A poet writer: "I know sweet songs I cannot sing." That poet has our gratitude.—*Somerville Journal.*

It was the lady who thought she was going to swoon who had a faint suspicion.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Orpheus was a musician whose music had power to draw rocks, etc., toward him. The modern street musician has the same power.—*Tid-Bits*

An exchange says: "Mary, in the poem 'Mary had a little lamb,' is now seventy years old and still hale and hearty." The lamb, however, is dead. We ate a piece of it last week.—*Newman Independent.*

A Philadelphia woman, not yet 40 years old, draws salaries amounting to upwards of $15,000 a year. Sit down, ladies; sit down. She draws the salaries as cashier to pay off the hands.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Manufacturers of silverware deplore the scarcety of silver-chasers in this country. We supposed there were plenty of them. About everybody that we know is pretty busy chasing silver.—*Boston Post.*

Within the clasp of a fair maid
Assuringly my hand I laid,
I felt a pressure, soft and sweet;
Her eyes and mine did chance to meet