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The number of hogs in the United States on January 1, 1887, was estimated at 44,612,830, against 46,092,000 on January 1, 1886, and 45,143,340 on January 1, 1885. At principal packing points the average slaughter ranges between 13,500,000 and 15,000,000 each year, besides, every farmer packs one or more hogs for domestic use. A short corn crop even will not much diminish the number of swine in the country until a year hence.

One of the most appropriate and useful vocations into which women are entering in some numbers is that of nursing. Every year, says the Boston *Courier*, the training schools for nurses are graduating larger classes, and the supply is yet far short of the demand. The profession of nurse is one of great importance, and while it demands health, ability and devotion, it is well-paid and whoever faithfully follows it may enjoy the consciousness of being of great use in the world; while it is happily free from that publicity which in so many of the avocations into which women have pushed themselves so hopelessly hardens them.

A recent addition to the science of detecting criminals, which is being tried, it is said, at Joliet, Detroit, and other places in this country, and which has been used to some extent abroad for several years, is the anthropometric system of identification. It isn't as formidable an affair as its name would indicate, being nothing more than the addition to the rogues' gallery of a register of carefully taken measurements of certain parts of the criminals' bodies. The usual measurements are the length and width of the head, the length of the left foot, the left forearm, and of the little and middle fingures of the left hand; the length of the right ear, and also that of the trunk of the body, taken when seated; the full stretch of the arms, and the total height of the body. Attention is also paid to special marks or scars and to personal deformities and irregularities of figure. The measurements are taken with sliding and caliper compasses, graduated rules and other scientifically accurate instruments. It is claimed that after maturity is reached these measurements will remain practically the same until death, affording a much surer means of identification than the features, hair, beard or skin. As an instance of the unreliability of photographs as a means of positive identification, it is said that in Scotland Yard there are sixty different photographs of one person, a notorious German girl, each of which so differs from all the others as to deceive the cleverest detectives. France, Italy, Germany, Spain and Denmark have adopted the anthropometric system in their prisons. It was first formulated by M. Pertillon at the Prison Congress in Rome in 1885.

STARLIGHT.

A myriad stars have guided men to fame,
Have kept them pure by looking to their light,
And in the blackest depths of sorrow's night
Have been to them steadfast the same,
Filling their souls with truths unchanging flame.
And rousing weaklings up to deeds of might,
Inspiring them in life's unceasing fight
To keep the purpose free from blot or blame.

So shalt thou be, my love, my star and sun,
To guide and light me through my life's short day
To be in joys or pains my rest, my stay,
And if perchance before my course is run
A victor's crown shall fall upon my brow,
Thou still shalt be my star as thou art now.

—*Thomas G Morris, in the Current.*

CROCIFISSA'S LACE.

BY LUCY BLAKE.

High up among the Tuscan mountains, not far from the borders of Lombardy, is a tiny hamlet called Piatico. It has a church, and the few strangers who visit the quiet little nook enter the humble sanctuary wonder at the handsome lace decorating the Madonna's blue silk petticoat. All the rest of the ornamentation is so tawdry and poor that the delicate fabric looks strangely out of place. How came it there? is a question the old woman who unlocks the door is proud to answer.

* * * * * *

Amy and I had put up for the hottest summer weeks at the barn-like old post inn at Piatico. Often during our walks through the chestnut woods, or up the steep paths of the mountain-side, we met a tall, slim girl of eighteen, with strikingly beautiful dark eyes, which haunted us by reason of their extreme sadness. She wore a skimp gown of homespun, its original color a matter of conjecture only; her well-modeled feet were bare, and she was usually in charge of seven sheep and one little lame black lamb. Sometimes we saw her under a tree knitting an interminable blue stocking—for other feet than her own, evidently—while the sheep grazed. Or, in the open field, in the pouring rain, this ghost-like girl would sit on the soaking ground, huddled under an old green umbrella—this to restrain a neighbor's cow, getting her supper of grass, from invading an adjacent cabbage-patch. The girl always gave us a gracious "Good-day" as she passed, and seem pleased when Amy smiled at her in return.

"Who is she?" we inquired of the mistress of our inn.

"You mean the girl who drives the sheep with a lame black lamb among them?" answered our hostess. "That is Crocifissa, poor girl, the convict's daughter. Hers is a hard lot among a little community where none lie on roses, I assure you. Her father, Sandor, has a bad history, and the shadow of it darkens the girl's life.

"Oh, tell it!" cried Amy, dropping down upon a stool beside the comfortable-looking old dame.

"It is soon told, signora, the story of most sins is short; it is the misery of them that drags on so wearily. When Sandro was young, he killed a man in a passion of jealousy—a woman at the bottom of the affair, of course—stabbed him from behind in the dark, and then threw him down into the Lima to drown if the wound was not deep enough to give him his death. They were a year or more fastening the murder upon Sandro, but he confessed it at last over a glasss too much of Chianti. He was sentenced for twenty years to prison and hard labor. When his time was out, strangely enough, he chose to come back here to Piatico; and, stranger still, he found a woman foolish enough to marry him, knowing all about his crime. This poor weak thing died when Crocifissa was born, and the child's life has been so wretched, it seems a pity she did not die too."

"Are they so very poor?"

"Miserably; and because of the father's disgrace everybody shuns the daughter. Cruel, isn't it? But that is the way of the world. I should make one exception when I say everyone turns the cold shoulder upon her. Perhaps the saddest part of Crocifissa's history is that she has a lover whom she can scarcely ever hope to marry."

"Is he so poor, too?"

"His name is Remo, a very good fellow, but no luck. He makes a little money with his donkey, carrying fruit and vegetables to the hotel at Abetone, but he has a blind old mother to help, and he can save nothing. Crocifissa earns a few francs spinning and knitting stockings, and the profits from the sheep put a scanty supply of bread in the mouths of the convict and his daughter, and keep a crazy roof over their heads. Crocifissa can make beautiful lace, but she hurts her eyes at it, and a doctor told her she would go blind if she made any more."

"She has such lovely eyes!" said Amy, enthusiastically.

Yes; with a bit of happiness to brighten her, she would be the prettiest girl in these parts. As it is, her good looks are little use, poor thing!"

"Can't Remo hit upon a more paying business than donkey-driving?" I ask.

"He wishes to go down to the Maremma, where he would get good wages and be able to put by a little, but Crocifissa will not hear of it. She is right, I think, for Remo is not strong, and the marsh fever would be sure to carry him off. Few people have been kind to the girl, and no dog ever loved his master as Crocifissa loves Remo."

"Poor girl what a pity they cannot make each other happy!"

"If they had a little capital, two or three hundred francs, to hire and furnish a room, they could manage to live; but hundred franc pieces do not fall from the clouds."

Life at Paris being dull and bare of incident, we felt much interested in Crocifissa's story, and cultivated her acquaintance upon every occasion. She gave us flowers and berries gathered in pretty little baskets improvised by herself from chestnut leaves, and with her eyes bent shyly on her knitting, talked to us of her simple, uneventful life. When Remo, her lover, was under discussion, which was frequently the case, Crocifissa's large eyes glowed with a soft, happy light, and she became beautiful. But the brightness vanished quickly at memory of the sordid misery encompassing them both. How we longed to be able to give the poor girl the paltry sum which would change her dull surroundings into a paradise.

One morning, as we sat sketching on the brow of the hill, Crocifissa timidly approached us, carrying a small package under her arm. This she unwrapped, disclosing about four yards of unusually beautiful lace, six inches or more wide. I was not much of a connoisseur in such things, but I could recognize the unusual merit of this piece.

"Why, Crocifissa!" I exclaimed; "where did you get such a prize?"

"I made it," she answered, modestly, "at the Convent of La Speranza, where I waited on the nuns for five or six years. They taught me to make it, but I can't see to do any more."

"But, child, why don't you sell this lace! It would help you a long step towards buying furniture and marrying Remo."

"Alas, signora, I have often tried, but nobody will buy it. The nuns say it is worth a geat deal of money, perhaps fifty francs; but I shall never find any one willing to give that sum, and I would let it go for much less."

She, of course, wished us to make some low offer for the lace, but I knew it would be a great wrong to the girl to allow her to sacrifice her work for a trifle, and I assured her of this. Because we could not afford to pay a fair price, we had no right to profit by the poor child's ignorance.

"The nuns would offer up special prayers for me if I gave it to the convent," continued Crocifissa; "but prayers will not buy furniture—at least they have not, so far."

"Don't despair of your prayers yet," said Amy; then to me, in English, "There is Mrs. Webster, the rich American lady at San Marcello; you know she is mad over *bric-a brac*, antiquities and laces—especially laces. She has heaps of money, and I believe she would buy this lace if she saw it."

I thought the suggestion an excellent one, and so eager were we to try if the sale might not be brought about, that we returned at once to call our hostess into consultation. The result of this interview was, that the next day Crocifissa was dispatched to San Marcello with her lace, and a note to the landlord of the hotel where Mrs. Webster was staying. In three hours Crocifissa returned, jubilant, because the landlord had promised to show the lace to all the guests in his house likely to be interested in such things.

We scarcely dared to break to Crocifissa the good news that came three days later. Mrs. Webster had fallen in love with the lace, as Amy had predicted, and at the landlord's suggestion had promised to pay two hundred and fifty francs for the piece, on her departure a month later. In the meantime it might remain upon exhibition behind the glass doors of the padrone's cabinet of curiosities. It made one feel young and happy again to see the bliss of Crocifissa and Remo. The latter was presented to us, and the good fellow seemed ready to risk his life to serve us. Amy might ride on the fruit-donkey at any hour of the day or night she chose, and it was borne in upon me that a particularly glaring pair of magenta stockings in process of construction by Crocifissa was for me.

The fortune of the betrothed couple being now secured, negotiations were entered upon for the desired outfit of clothes and the necessary furniture. A charming pair of rooms, in Crocifissa's eyes, were bespoken, at the back of the carpenter's house, and the wedding-day was set early in October. All was going merry as the anticipated marriage bells, when the day arrived for Crocifissa to go to San Marcello and receive her money.

On her first visit she had seen only the padrone, and was about to be given the price of her lace and dismissed at once by him, when, on second thought, he decided to detain her.

"You had better go and thank the lady for her kindness, yourself," he said; "it looks more civil."

Crocifissa was shown into Mrs. Webster's room, a marvel of ornamentation from all parts of the globe, and of various centuries more or less authentic. Mrs. Webster had, as Amy had maintained, an idolatrous fondness for all things antique; a hideous jug with a crack upon its dirt-ingrained sides was lovelier in her eyes than the most skillfully worked vase of modern times. She willingly paid fabulous prices for rubbish of a bygone day, but was implacable if she discovered fraud in the dates of apparently antique treasures.

In very bad Italian, she addressed Crocifissa, who, not understanding, replied in a few words, which the elder lady failed to catch. The interview being rather a trying one for both parties, Mrs. Webster was about to end it by dismissing Crocifissa, when the girl's next words, understood this time, alas! all too plainly riveted her attention.

"What did you say?" she exclaimed, a spark of something like anger glowing in her eyes.

"If the signora would like some narrow lace of the same pattern, I would try to make it. My eyes are better now than when I did that wide piece," repeated Crocifissa.

"Do you mean to say you made this piece of lace?" said Mrs. Webster, with suppressed rage.

"Yes, signora; why not?"

Crocifissa regarded the now infuriated lady with blank amazement; she had expected praise for her handiwork, instead of these flaming eyes bent angrily upon her.

Mrs. Webster rang the bell with sharp violence, and demanded the instant presence of the padrone. "How dare you," she cried, as he appeared, "try to cheat me so outrageously?"

The padrone, mystified as was Crocifissa at the lady's excitement, stared in helpless silence. Presently he found voice enough to falter: "I do not understand; will the signora please to explain?"

"You finished rascal, you know very well what I mean! You showed me this lace, letting me believe it was old, and now this girl—she is innocent enough—confesses that she made it herself. What have you to say for yourself, sir?"

"Dio mio! Why—I thought—but it is old, signora—behold, it is quite dirty. I feared the signora would desire a fresher piece, and my heart was light when she seemed to wish to have it old. The signora did not mention how old it must be, hence this misunderstanding, which I regret deeply."

If occasionally tempted into falsehood, like the most of his kind, the padrone on this occasion spoke the truth. He was a simple fellow, ignorant of the craze of the elegant world for antiquities; he had not troubled himself to inquire the history of Crocifissa's lace, but had satisfied his conscience by asking its value of an old woman of the village, an authority in such matters.

But the irate Mrs. Webster was not to be appeased. The padrone had tried to cheat her as egregiously as any hardened rogue in the lowest of junkshops. "Here," to Crocifissa, "take your lace; I have changed my mind, and will not have it!" and she tossed the dainty work into a basket on the girl's arm.

"But, signora!" cried the poor child, bursting into tears, and extending both hands imploringly.

"Leave the room at once, both of you!" said Mrs. Webster, callously. "I cannot have a scene here. The way of the transgressor is hard, you know, and you must take the consequences of your evil deeds."

Poor Crocifissa! how she retraced her tired steps to Piatico, empty handed, with the unlucky lace in her basket, she never knew. The situation was really deplorable—all the necessaries for their humble housekeeping almost in their possession, the rooms engaged, and not a franc to pay for anything. The little community was loud in its expressions of rage at the inhuman woman who had so deceived Crocifissa, but this mended matters not at all.

A day or two later Remo sought us out, despair on his handsome face. Crocifissa was ill, of grief only, but so low and miserable, that Remo feared the worst. The poor girl was really in a pitiable state, and after our visit to the hovel where she lived. Amy and I declared we would not see another sunset before we had tried to set on foot some project that might benefit the unhappy child.

There were crowds of strangers at the hotel at Abetone; why should they not know of the sad little romance at Piatico? With the assistance of our kind hostess, the affair was made public, and we arranged a lottery by which to dispose of Crocifissa's lace.

To our great delight, tickets to the value of nearly three hundred francs were sold, the money of course, being poured into the lap of the bewildered Crocifissa, well nigh beside herself with these sudden transitions from despair to joy twice repeated.

The modest *trousseau* and furniture were paid for, and there was a little sum left over for a rainy day. Amy and I delayed our stay, to be present at the wedding in October; and a very merry affair it was, thanks to the change in public opinion, which now regarded Remo and Crocifissa as the hero and heroine of the village.

The old hostler at our inn won the lace. As he had not chick nor child to give it to, and one or two old sins on his conscience, he gave his winning to the Church.

And thus it came about that the Madonna's silken robe is so richly decorated.—*Frank Leslie's.*

Wild Ponies on the Southern Coast.

On the banks or sand bars that divide the Atlantic Ocean from Pamlico Sound, North Carolina, just inside the lighthouse that marks out to the mariner dreaded Cape Lookout, there is to be found a hardy race of ponies known as "Bankers." These ponies have lived there as long as the tradition of the oldest inhabitant dates back. Entirely surrounded by deep water at all seasons, having no communication with the mainland, and being barren of vegetation save a scanty growth of sedge grass and low shrubs, the banks have remained uninhabited except by these ponies, which seem to thrive and multiply in spite of the hardships to which they are exposed. How they first came there, or of what origin, is conjecture, and tradition merely hints the story of a violent storm, with its attendant shipwreck and loss of all on board, save a lot of ponies from some European port, which were cast upon the sands, and surviving the storm became the progenitors of the race of Bankers now so numerous. Having to rely on instinct alone, these animals are a subject of study to the naturalist, as they are a prey not only to the driving sands, but to the storms of the Cape, that break upon and over the narrow sand bar and change with each recurring hurricane the topography of the country. The ponies, choosing the protected side of the sand hillocks, burrow deep into the yielding sand, and stamp out a protected stall where they take refuge from the storm; and, while many are destroyed, their number has increased.—*American Agriculturist.*

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN

Plush is coming into fashion again.

Enamel is being largely used in jewelry.

There are 100 girl students at Cornell University.

Felt hats are exceedingly fashionable this season.

Black trimmings are the fashion of the moment in colored fabrics.

A high class college for women is to be established at Denver, Colorado.

New winter mantles are frequently in redingote shape with visite sleeves.

Tea gowns are ornamented with silver bells, the traditional ornaments of folly.

Silk embroideries, passementerie and braiding are the favorite trimmings of the season.

Velvet cloth is a new wool fabric with a thick pile-like velvet, and is sometimes called cardinal cloth.

Miss Lucy Salmon, the new Professor of History at Vassar, is a fine looking blonde with a clear, open face.

A tiny bar of Roman gold, tipped at each end with a handsome diamond, makes one of the richest of lace pins.

"Rain fringe," to-wit: Long close strands of small jet beads with scarcely any heading, is a fashionable garniture.

A new style of sleeves is full down to the bend of the arm, slightly drooping just under the elbow, and finished by a deep, plain wristband.

Mrs. Walker is a successful farmer in Georgia. She owns and manages several thousand acres of land, which this year will yield her a profit of $20,000.

Lady preachers are said by the *Christian Register* to be largely used by the Unitarian sect, and are doing "a strong, earnest, and, in many respects, remarkable work in the West."

Miss Rigden, of Detroit, is the latest dress reformer. She declares that the gown for woman is the insignia of serfdom, and advocates either trousers or knickerbockers for the fair sex.

Jackets, of whatever shape, are favored by ladies of all ages for general wear, and are worn by young ladies on all occasions. The short mantle wraps are, however, favored by all but very young girls for dressy wear.

The 1,000 girls employed in a Liverpool factory have been organized into a fire brigade with regular apparatus and drill. They have several times demonstrated their efficiency when the factory was threatened with destruction.

The most novel style of trimming for bonnets consists of plush flowers of the most exquisite tints of pink, rose, and heliotrope, also pale yellow shaded to to deep orange. The foliage is not of plush, but is very soft and velvety.

The Empress Augusta, of Germany, is more than 75 years of age, and has not changed the style of her dress for the last 25 years. She still wears the same dark brown wig, and recently at the opera was dressed in a white brocade gown, and wore a white cap of plush on her head instead of a bonnet. Around her neck she wore a chain of large emeralds.

The New York *Sun* says: "There is wailing among the buttonmakers. The gorgeous buttons that have illuminated ladies' dresses by the dozens and dozens are going out of fashion. The correct thing now is to conceal the fastenings. Boxes and boxes of buttons lie unsold on the shelves of the dealers. But—such are the compensations of the trade—the hook and-eye sellers are delighted."

In the northwest of India and Oude lady doctors are coming prominently into notice. Nearly 72,000 cases were treated at eleven missionary dispensaries, and 11,000 women sought relief at Mrs. Wilson's dispensary at Agra; 10,850 women and children were treated at the Thompson dispensary at Agra. The lady doctor in charge performed successfully some very important surgical operations.

Hats have greatly changed in shape since the summer. The crown, instead of being high, is now quite low, and the brim is very broad, and slanting in front, while at the back it is very narrow, and slightly curled up at the edge. The coiffure, following suit, is also much lower than in the summer, massed at the back of the head in thick loops and rouleaux, while in front short bandeaux are combed off over the temples.

Besides her literary tastes, Queen Margaret of Italy is much interested in art, and devotes a large portion of her private income to the purchase of paintings and statuary. She is also something of a poet, and now and then reads aloud to a select audience some of the verses which she has thrown off during a moment of leisure, between a reception at the palace and a state dinner. Her lines flow along harmoniously with an exquisite finish, and often the poetical images are painted with a richness of color that is astonishing.

A Handsome Compliment.

Miss Ethel.—"Mr. Featherly paid you a very handsome compliment last night, Clara!"

Miss Clara.—"Oh, did he? What was it?"

Miss Ethel.—"He spoke of your new black-velvet suit, and thought he never saw you look so well. 'It is wonderful,' he said, 'what a difference dress makes with some people!'"

Why He Looks Cross.

He isn't in love with a dear little dove,
Not a bit of a mitten has she given to him;
He has no bills to pay coming due every day,
And his pocketbook isn't most awfully slim.
Why then looks he so cross, as if he'd a loss,
And so dismal and downcast as a poor drowning mouse!
If the truth must be told, 'tis a story quite old,
His good wife at home is cleaning her house.

—*Goodall's Sun.*

THE LIGHT.

There is no shadow where my love is laid;
For (ever thus I fancy in my dream
That wakes with me and wakes my sleep) some gleam
Of sunlight, thrusting through the poplar shade,
Falls there; and even when the wind has played
His requiem for the Day, one stray sunbeam,
Pale as the palest moonlight glimmers seen,
Keeps sentinel for her till starlights fade.
And I, remaining here and waiting long,
And all enfolded in my sorrow's night,
Who not on earth again her face may see—
For even Memory does her likeness wrong—
And blind and hopeless, only for this light—
This light, this light, through all the years to be.

—*H. C. Bunner, in the Century.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

You may laugh at a baldheaded man as much as you like, but you can't make fun of his hair.—*Dansville Breeze.*

The English house of lords now rejoices in a new and appropriate title—the house of landlords.—*Chicago Journal.*

"Why do plots thicken on the stage?" asks a western exchange. Because they can't very well be any thinner. That's one reason.—*Mail and Express.*

He was love-struck when first they met,
And soon was bound the fetters;
One year, and she sent back love's truck—
His gifts and all his letters.

—*Carl Pretzel.*

In a Kansas town. Class in history. Teacher—"And what did Washington do when he threw up his fortifications near Boston?" Bright Boy—"He boomed the town."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

One of the most annoying things in life is to think you have found a nickel on a show case, and after making a covert grab for it, discover that it is pasted on the under side of the glass.—*Epoch.*

"There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip,"
A motto that comes very pat, my boys;
There are many slip-ups 'twixt the flips and lic cups—
You had better paste that in your hat, my boys.

—*Goodall's Sun.*

There is a good deal of interest manifested now in the subject of whaling in the polar sea. The difference between that and the old-fashioned back-shed variety is that in one instance the victim gets cold and in the other he gets warmed.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Should Wiggins claim that storms will blow,
Go sailing, son, and fear not;
But should he prophesy a calm,
Into the ocean steer not.
And should he say the sun will shine,
Then look for drenching rains out.
'Tis strange the killer with his club
Don't knock the fellow's brains out.

—*Washington Hatchet.*

NOT PERFECT.

He wears a dapper Derby hat,
Which he would call a "tile;"
His linen and his gay cravat
Are of the latest style.
His clothes by Poole, of London fame,
Are faultless in their fit,
They ornament his manly frame
And he's aware of it.
"A perfect youth," you'd say at once,
And get it wrong again,
For he is just a perfect dunce,
He has a misfit brain.

—*Somerville Journal.*

An African Pest.

M. Paul Berthaud, a Frenchman, who in June and July last made the journey from the Transvaal to Delagona Bay, has given sme interesting information concerning that plague of Syutheastern Africa, the tsetse fly. At Leydenburg he was told that the dreaded insect now roamed over a much wider area of country than formerly, and that last season it had destroyed hundreds if not thousands, of cattle. The persons who were accustomed to visit Delagoa Bay every year were panic stricken, and M. Berthaud found it impossible to hire a wagon at Leydenburg. Ultimately a Berlin missionary took pity on the traveler, and with the assistance of some Christian natives provided him with a wagon and a team of oxen. On the way M. Berthaud met an Englishman named Sanderson—a great hunter—who told him that when he made the journey to the coast he was so certain to lose his cattle that he always took with him his old oxen, whom he could more readily spare than the younger ones. After all M. Berthaud traveled through the infested country without suffering from any of the diseases which were predicted in the Transvaal. The explanation is that the tsetse fly follows game, especially buffaloes, and that as this has been an especially dry season, both fly and game have fled from the lowlands to higher regions. It would be a great convenience to travelers if the pestilent insect could be induced no longer to haunt the road to Delagoa Bay.—*London News.*

Two Governors.

When General Buckner, now Governor of Kentucky, made his last sortie from Fort Donelson he was met and repulsed by Colonel Thayer, commanding the First Nebraska Regiment. The two commanding officers never met again until they grasped each other's hand at the Philadelphia centennial, General Buckner as Governor of Kentucky and General Thayer as Governor of Nebraska.—*Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.*

A Sign of Winter.

There are many signs of winter
Gather over lea and vale;
Written by great Nature's printer,
Telling many a coldish tale.
But there's one that's ne'er misleading,
Seen in cities by the score;
And it pleads in piteous accents
The request; "Please shut the door!"

—*Goodall's Sun.*