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Select Poetry.

DON'T BELIEVE IN A DEVIL.

BY ALBERT J. HOUGH.

Men don't believe in a devil now,
As their fathers used to do;
They've forced the door of the broadest creed
To let his majesty through.
There isn't a print of his cloven foot,
Or a fiery dart of his bow,
To be found in earth or air to-day;
For the world has voted it so.

But who is mixing the fatal draught
That palsies heart and brain,
And loads the bier of each passing year
With ten hundred thousand slain?
Who blights the bloom of the land to-day
With the fiery breath of hell,
If the devil isn't, and never was,
Won't somebody rise and tell?

Who dogs the steps of the toiling saint,
And digs the pits for his feet?
Who sows the tares in the fields of time
Wherever God sows His wheat?
The devil is voted not to be,
And of course the thing is true;
But who is doing the kind of work
That the devil alone should do?

We are told he does not go about
As a roaring lion now;
But whom shall we hold responsible
For the everlasting row
To be heard in home, in church, and
To the earth's remotest bound,
If the devil, by a unanimous vote,
Is nowhere to be found?

Won't somebody step to the front forthwith,
And make their bow, and show
How the frauds and crimes of a single day
Spring up? We want to know.
The devil was fairly voted out,
And of course the devil's gone;
But simple people would like to know
Who carries his business on.

Select Stories.

"TOTE'S" LAST "TAKE."

From Pittsburg Bulletin.

He had applied to Tom Duncan six months before he had been given a "case." Tom, who had served through the war, besides receiving several wounds, had contracted a habit more dangerous than all his wounds. He was undergoing the mortification of flesh and pride; had "sworn off" for the time with a sore head from his last "periodical." The only sound heard in the composing room that afternoon after Tom uttered these words, "Pull out, boys," in a surly tone, was the regular, dull clinking of type and "sticks" as the boys shot sharp glances at each other, screwed up their faces, or winked, until Tote Potter's voice broke the silence.

"Are you Mr. Duncan?"

Tom, who was snapping out a pile of nonpareil copy rapidly glanced over the letter and numbers a second time, reached out a hand for the wire, thrust the fresh "takes" down on it angrily, tossed the wire stand back in the box, lifted three entire sheets of loosely written, but very familiar copy, stuck them on the brevier wire, checked off the letters running, and, in answer to a whistle at his back, swore under his breath, inclined an ear to the tube, and, without looking at the boy, said:

"My name's Duncan. What do you want?"

"I've come—they told me I might——"

"Yes, yes, yes," said Tom impatiently, "how many times do you want to repeat it? Go to the devil!" He turned from the tube and looked directly at the boy, whose face grew red as scarlet. He was walking away when Tom called after him:

"Come back, here. I wasn't talking to you. I was talking to the sap-heads down stairs. Now, what is it? Speak out." But speech failed Tote at that moment. He looked around him nervously, dropped his eyes and scratched the floor with his toe. He was shoeless and the hair twisted up through the torn crown of his hat. The foreman scrutinized him closely. There was something in the boy's face—a bright, clean-cut face it was—that he liked. "What is it? Who sent you here?"

"They said you was foreman."

"Who's they?"

"The boys I go with."

"Well?"

"I came to see if I could get a job."

A pair of clear blue eyes were lifted to the foreman's.

"Want a job? What have you been doing?"

"Shined and sold papers."

"Never worked any?"

"I never had a chance."

"That's a pity! Why you must be 13 years old at least?"

"I'm past 14."

"What's your name?"

"The boys call me Tote, but——"

"That just suits you. What's your other name?"

"Potter, I'll come again when—" But the foreman's ear was at the tube again, while his right hand waived the boy to a broken chair. When he turned from the tube he looked at Tote keenly, wrote rapidly on a slip of paper, dropped it into the elevator, and shut the box down with a bang. Then he addressed Tote grimly:

"I've just fired the third boy they've sent up to me in two weeks." He reached up to a pigeon hole, pulled out a slip of yellow paper, wrote rapidly on it. "Composing room, boy. Tote Potter. April 14th, 1881," and handing it to Tote, said: "If you'll risk being the fourth, be on hand to-morrow at 2 o'clock, sharp. You give that to Mr. Peters—remember, Peters."

Thus was Tote "taken on" the Vindicator.

When Mr. Peters came up stairs two hours later, and expostulated with the foreman for employing "that little ragamuffin," Tom Duncan who was feeling worse, if possible, than he felt at 2, retorted dryly: "I don't know an office in town, Peters, that needs a devil more than the Vindicator. We've tried three of your angels, and they were all dead failures." Peters shot down stairs.

It was against the rules to take a boy into the composing room fresh from the outside world, but Tom Duncan had a wholesome contempt for Peters, whom he did not hesitate to designate as a round peg in a square hole, and in this, as in other instances, he violated the rule with impunity, saying Peters might sweep all the boys he pleased into the business end of the paper, he wanted a boy that could be taught the difference between a "galley" and a "dump" inside of six weeks.

Tote's wages for the first three months were necessarily small. It was the only way Peters could work out his revenge. Peters' idea of the mission of the American press was to reduce the amount enclosed in the envelopes on pay day to the lowest point. He practiced steadily at it until 10 cents seemed large enough in his eyes to serve as a pivot for the universe to revolve upon.

So Tote's wages, instead of equaling the three angels he succeeded, was just 75 cents less. The angels' envelopes contained $3. Tote's day's labor was carefully marked on Mr. Peter's roll as 37 1-2 cents.

The difference was not discovered by the foreman until July was approaching. Then by the merest accident, he overheard Tote indulging in anticipation of the glorious time he would have if he could be sure of a day off." Tote had "picked up" more in a week than any of his predecessors had learned in a month. He had very little time to waste. When the hand of the big round clock pointed to 2, every man in the Vindicator composing room knew that they were expected to perform a given amount of work with the precision and regularity of so many wheels until a certain point was reached. Then when nature was tired, and craved cessation, and the copy flooded the foreman's desk, he grimly gave the screw another turn, generally accompanying it with the words: "Pull out now lively, boys," and the human wheels turned faster.

Tom Duncan remarked that when the human wheels in the composing room were whirling with all their might and men could scarce find time to wipe the perspiration from their faces, the uncomplaining, ever bright-faced Tote seemed to grow cheerier. The smallest of all the wheels there, his feet moved faster in obedience to the slightest command. He accepted rebuke quite as a matter of course, it was never once deserved. Tom Duncan, looking at his earnest face one morning, as he resolutely rolled out proof after proof, felt a sharp twinge of conscience, and never swore at him again. When the last "form" was sent down, and Tote was busy assorting the "dupes" for the printers, the foreman startled him by saying suddenly:

"What are you going to do on the Fourth, Tote?"

"If you won't miss me much——"

"Hello, boys! Tote's asking me if we can get the paper out without him."

The laughter make Tote's cheeks burn.

"Never mind, Tote. I was a boy once myself. How much have you got to spend?"

"I can spend two days' wages if I've a mind to."

"A dollar. A whole dollar!"

"I wish it was—but it ain't."

"What's that?" The foreman turned to him abruptly.

"Why," said Tote, "it's easy counting. Flo's counted it so often there can't be no mistake. Two dollars and a quarter a week is 37½ cents a day—and I'm to have 75 cents."

The foreman's face was a study as he looked down at Tote. "You tell me you have only been getting $2.25 ever since you began here?"

Tote nodded, still smiling. The foreman looked around him incredulously. Those nearest him curled their lips; one or two laughed aloud. Then Tom Duncan exploded. His wrath assumed the usual form, but just when the men began to look around, noting the color of the air, the foreman checked himself suddenly.

"That'll do this morning, Tote. You can go now."

When Tote had disappeared, Tom Duncan stood nodding his head meditatively, then suddenly he turned and said, with an expletive I need not reproduce here. "That's Peters all over! But he's got to make this right. I'll fetch him."

We all knew what he meant. The foreman's "fetching" way was well known to every compositor on the Vindicator. When Peters joined issue with the foreman, Tom walked down and addressed himself to the editor. Rumor said his sentences were terse. Anyhow, they struck home. Mr. Peters immediately after these interviews looked like a man carrying a hump on his back.

Whether Tote's wages were ever levelled up to the date he began no one in the composing room knew, for Tom was loyal to the office. But everybody knew he was receiving $4 a week shortly afterward, and this, taken in connection with the hump on Peters's back, and his breathless condition, spoke volumes.

The Vindicator effected an extraordinary transformation in Tote. The barefoot boy had neatly trimmed hair, was well shod, comfortably clad, and often brought a bunch of flowers to the foreman. The flowers were always neatly tied with colored thread wrapped around a piece of paper. The day after the incident referred to, Tom Duncan smelled the flowers gravely and suddenly asked Tote where he got them.

"My sister sent them, sir. We think you——"

"Pooh!" Tom shut him off. "That's all right, Tote. Prove up that galley with the 'ads,' quick."

That was the first inkling any of us had that Tote was blessed with a sister. In the hurly-burly of a great business city, the human wheels in a representative establishment often find as little opportunity for the manifestation of passing interest in each other's revolutions outside of the establishment as the cogs in a metal wheel experience. Accident one day revealed the truth.

Tote had served six months faithfully, when the foreman said one day in tones loud enough for one-half the compositors to hear him: "Tote, you can try your hand at [redacted] be sent home immediately.

The next day a hush fell upon the room as Tom Duncan raised a hand, and a minute later a young woman emerged from the stairway, and walked straight to the foreman's desk. She was dressed very simply in a dark brown dress. Her hat was very becoming. Her features were perfect—soft in their outline and beautiful in themselves—but the beauty of her expression was the surpassing loveliness that surprised those who got a glimpse of Tote's sister. She carried a small basket of flowers in one hand, which she placed on the foreman's desk, said something in a low tone, and withdrew. She seemed a vision of light and beauty for one brief minute.

After that everybody knew that Tote and his sister Florence lived alone. When Tote returned to work, three days later, the compositors on the Vindicator were resolved that he should have "the best show going." Always liked before, he became a prime favorite. The man that stood in Tote's way incurred the ill-will of his fellows.

Tote was at the case a year—another boy had taken his place—when a great change came over him. He was not less mirthful; there was the same play of the features, the same imperturbable good will, the same accommodating spirit, but there was not the same buoyancy. He was ambitious, some said, as his work proved he had a settled purpose. He became a rapid compositor before he turned his 16th year. When he was 17 he was pitted against the fastest typesetters.

He grew up a graceful, self-contained, self-reliant, manly fellow. As his fellow-workmen had opportunity to see him with his sister, their resemblance was remarked. Tote Potter was as handsome as she. As he grew older he seemed shy; certainly he was sensitive.

About this time one man discovered that Tote Potter was "killing himself to keep himself." In other words, he was too greedy for money. Tom Duncan rebuked the fault finder, and ever after the foreman openly avowed his friendship for the apprentice. Among the few that had discovered how close the bond was between Tote and his sister, none respected Tote's motives more than the foreman. All Tote's thoughts were devoted to his sister Flo'. Florence and George to the outer world, the two were always Tote and Flo' to each other. Tote had an aim—a clearly defined aim. His sister should have her own home. She had stinted herself, walked miles in snow and slush with thin-soled, leaky shoes, fighting his or her battle before he was 9. She refused to be separated from him. And now there could be nothing too good in this world for Flo'.

The only drawback to Tote's plans, in the opinion of Peters, the one man that never joined in Tote's praise, was his fondness for physic. Peters had observed him on several occasions emerging from the office of the physician who was called in the day he fell. Peters said plumply that he was too eager to make money. This coming to Tom Duncan's ears, Tote's envelope the next week held $2 more, and never was diminished.

However, the change in Tote's appearance a month after he was his own man, and stood proudly at his own case, seemed to give a color to Peters' insinuation. It was plain to everybody that Tote was working too hard.

He began with 11,000 the first day he was his own man, and nobody ever saw his "string" below that notch. It rose gradually until some of his fellow workmen wondered if there was any limit to Tote's working capacity. Presently his "string" averaged 12,000 a day, and now and then, when there was a pressure, and no one could complain how much he made, he spurted ahead, and his "dupes" showed that he had averaged thirteen thousand a day, and did it easily.

He did not stop there. His average rose, until one envious printer called to another across the room: "Heavens! Erskine, Potter's going to set the paper up himself. He has five thousand up, and it's not yet five o'clock!"

Erskine deliberately walked over and looked at Potter, whose hands moved with the regularity of machinery. Never a false nor a nervous motion; straight, easy, naturally as a child picking up pebbles, Tote's hand moved from his "stick" to his case.

That night an alarm of fire attracted the workmen's attention. The clanging of the engines and the multitude of feet caused many to look out of the windows. The glow in the heavens indicated a serious conflagration. Everybody paused and looked out in the direction of the fire except Potter. One of his companions called to him to look out at the fire.

"I have no time to waste," he answered.

The fire was near at hand. It threatened to devastate an entire block. The entire department was out, and in less than fifteen minutes we began to set "fire" copy. The copy that night seemed to be forked right in fresh from the fire. It smelled of the fire.

Presently the bell rang, and after that the foreman's ear and mouth were glued to the tubes. His assistant had to mark takes while Tom Duncan vibrated between the men at the forms and the speaking tube.

Tote Potter paused just long enough to carefully read a startling headline he lifted from the hook. He stood beside his case reading those that followed.

Numbers were dead, numbers were dying.

The fire had reached several cases of guns gathered from the battlefields whereon the blue and gray had madly contended for supremacy. The guns, deemed useless were disposed of by the Government. Those who had charge of them did not even think it worth while to examine them ere they passed from the possession of the Government into the hands of the private purchasers. The purchasers did not dream that the cases contained death charges rammed home on a battlefield.

The copy box danced up and down the elevator that night—or morning rather—as it never moved before. Tom Duncan's desk was submerged early. The fire copy rolled over on his assistant's, took complete possession of that, then spread over the proof-reader's tables.

The human wheels never worked so regularly as they worked that morning in the Vindicator composing room. Everybody mopped their heads, faces and necks. The bell kept up a din; the foreman and his assistant flitted from their desks to the make-up; the readers had it all to themselves, for no man on a case had breath to spare.

The last "take" was out; the assistant foreman and proof-readers were comparing notes. None of them had experienced a rush that could be compared with the last hour. Tom Duncan stood anxiously by the form and called out: "See if it's all up, Jack." Everybody was exhausted. The only cool looking man was Tote Potter.

Suddenly the bell jangled viciously. "What's that?" Tom Duncan demanded. Jack lifted a paper out of the copy box. "It's the name of one of the victims."

Jack turned to Potter. "Slug 19."

Potter advanced, took the paper from Jack's hand with a laugh, and walked back to his case. When he faced his case and was in the act of reaching for the type he uttered a hoarse cry and fell in a heap.

"Let the form go down without it," said Tom Duncan, savagely, when he heard that Potter had dropped like one dead on the floor. "One name don't signify."

The same physician who was summoned to Tote's assistance before he was given permission to stand at a case came speedily to his side now in answer to the call.

Tote was lying on the table where Tom Duncan helped to lay him tenderly. His face was flushed; the very picture of health. But nobody could detect a pulsation.

The doctor glanced at him, lifted both hands in horror, and said, in a strange, broken voice: "It came sooner than I thought, but not sooner than he expected."

"What is that, doctor?" Duncan asked in a whisper.

"Heart disease," said the doctor. "He knew it was only a question of time as well as I did."

"How——?"

"Why," said the doctor, interrupting the foreman, "it's very simple how he learned the truth. He came to my office after I was brought here years ago to see him. He persisted until I subjected him to tests, and then his fear was lest his sister would learn the truth. He knew he was likely to drop any moment. This will kill his sister. They were bound up in each other."

Half the men around the dead boy were crying. One man (he worked next to Tote) walked away to conceal his emotion. When he reached his case he picked up a piece of paper that was lying on Tote's case. It was Tote Potter's last "take." He turned it over, read it, then walked over to the foreman with it.

Tom Duncan held the paper up where the doctor could see it. It contained the name of the last victim identified at the morgue: "Florence Potter."

ONLY ONE LOVE AFFAIR.

No, I never had but one love affair, and that came middlin' late in life. I never was in the way of such things. I wasn't what you'd call a beauty when I was a girl, and what between Uncle Reuben's paralysis and father's rheumatiz, I somehow didn't seem to be in the track of it. I've heard o' them that death has forgotten and passed by. I guess Cupid has skipped me in much the same way.

I'd been visiting Cousin Melindy Maine up in London. I'd been a-layin' up my churning money, and the egg money, and all I saved this ever so long, and I'd got me a cinnamon-colored merino, and a fine new silk bonnet, with a bunch of red cockscombs on the side, and a pair of morocky boots (though calf-skin is my ordinary wear,) and I'd concluded to accept the invite that Cousin Melindy'd give me, ever so many times to come down and stay a spell with her.

Miss Squire Sedges had given me some tracts to distribute; Rachel Birney had knit a pair o' seamed blue mittens for Rev. Mr. Sturgeon—she's a dreadful admirer o' his'n; and the minister he give me a copy o' his sermon on "The Mutual Duties of Rich and Poor," and told me to give it to Baron Rothschild if I ever met him at Cousin Melindy's.

"It might put a new idea or two into their heads," says the minister, says he.

But I didn't happen to come across none o' them folks, so I gave the tracts to a car driver that I heard swearing awful at his horses, and a hand-organ man, with dreadful blue-lookin' hands, got the seamed mittens, and I gave the minister's sermon to a nice-lookin' elderly man, with a white tie, who was around collectin' money for the blacks.

Well, when I got there I didn't stay near so long as I calculated. Melindy didn't seem so awful glad to see me, after all, and it was dreadful tiresome work a setting up in the parlor with knittin' work all day.

I offered to go down stairs and help with the housework, but Melinda she said it wasn't city ways, and I was very glad when the ten days was up.

I had calculated to go to one of them register offices and get a servant to come down with me, for Uncle Reuben 'lowed that, now my nephew Paul was a-coming to spend the winter, I'd need a handy woman about.

But Cousin Melindy she said she knowed of a nice girl as had sewed there, that would be glad to get a place in the country.

"I'll find out her address and send it to you," said Cousin Melindy.

I was kind o' sorry, for I heard a deal about them register offices, and I sort o' wanted to see what they was like; but Melindy Maine alleys was a masterful woman for havin' her own way, and I didn't say nothin'.

My nephew Paul he come to see me two or three times, and was quite polite and civil. He took me to the park, and to see the Abbey and the Tower and all their curiosities, and I took a powerful shine to him.

"Melindy," says I to Miss Maine, "why don't you get one o' your gals to set their caps at Paul Parsons? He's a very likely young feller."

Cousin Melindy laughed.

"I've got to look out for rich sons-in-law, Fraxinella," says she. "Gwendoline is engaged to the Count de Fontoine, who will be very rich when the law courts decide his claim in the forest of Normandy; and Susette is to be married to a young man who is petitioning Parliament for a charter to put an underground line across the British Channel."

"Oh," says I, sort o' frustrated like.

Well, the day I went home, Melindy gave me a nice green brochay shawl, with a real bright border round it, for a present.

But, for all that, I couldn't help feeling relieved when I got away, and unbeknown to Melindy, instead of going straight to the train, I went to visit John Salter's widow that keeps a draper's store, and stayed there a day or two before I left.

And Miss Salter she was a deal gladder to see me than Melindy, though there wasn't no relationship betwixt us. And we had fried oysters and coffee for supper, and Miss Salter she told me a real good receipt for tomato pickles, and we had a very satisfactory visit together.

And Miss Salter she went with me to the train, to see me to a comfortable seat handy to the door in case of a collision.

The train hadn't started, and I was a setting with my green veil over my face, thinking that I'd begin pretty soon to eat the buns that Miss Salter had put up in a paper, for fear that I would get hungry, when, all of a sudden like, some one sat down in the seat close to me, and sure as you live it was Paul.

"Darling?" he says, before I could speak, "I've found you at last. Would you have gone away without even telling me good-by?"

I won't deny I was sort o' frustrated just at first, for I hadn't supposed that Paul set so much store by me; and I was just going to tell him about John Salter's widow, when he put his arm around me and gave me a reg'lar hug.

"You'll find the old people the best creatures in the world," says he, "and I'll come down myself next week. Keep your courage up, darling, and our love will yet be crowned with happiness. And—"

But here the guard blew his whistle, and Paul had just time to give me another hug, and to kiss me through the green veil that Miss Salter had said was good for my complexion, before he had to jump off.

"Well, I never," says I, with the buns all over the floor and my bonnet flattened to one side like a crazy creatur's. "That's the nearest I ever came to a love affair. What does it mean, anyhow?"

And I didn't fairly understand matters until I got to the next station, and there jumped out of the next carriage ahead of me a young woman dressed in a green shawl the very double of mine—a pretty woman with eyes as black as beads and pink cheeks and her hair black as black satin parted back from her for'ud; and says she, sort o' timid like:

"Can you tell me, ma'am, where Miss Fraxinella Forbes lives?"

Says I:

"What do you want of Miss Forbes?"

Says she:

"I've been recommended to her by Mrs. Maine."

Then it all flashed over me like lightnin'. It was Melindy's green shawl that done the mischief, and Paul he took me for this 'ere girl.

Well, I just kep' myself to myself, and says I:

"I'm Miss Fraxinella Forbes! And this ere's the trap waitin' for me. You can ride home with me, if you like."

For although I was so put out about Paul, I felt awfully sorry for the girl—she looked so pale and tired like, poor creature.

"I'll just keep her over night," says I to myself, "and then I'll pack her off about her business. I don't wan't none of your sly, under-handed maids about me!"

But I didn't. She was so smart and bright the next day, and took hold so sort o' helpful and had such pretty, coaxin' ways with her, that I kept her in spite of myself. Her name was Mary Midge, and the first I knew I got quite fond of her.

"I hope I shall suit you, Miss Forbes," says she. "Please tell me what you require and how you want things done, and I'll try my very, very best."

"Mary," says I, bursting out all at once, "I'll tell you what I want. I want a truthful girl. I can't put up with no mysteries nor no under-hand ways. If you're sure you've told me all the truth about yourself—"

Mary put up both her hands and burst out crying before I could get any further.

"Oh, but I haven't—I haven't!" she exclaimed. "Dear, dear Miss Fraxy, you are so kind to me, and all the time I have deceived you. But I'll tell you everything now. I have promised to be Paul's wife. He likes me, and we are to get married when he gets promotion in his store. But if you think we have been deceitful or treacherous—oh, Miss Fraxy, please—please tell me what to do!"

"You silly little goose!" says I. "Stop crying. I don't want to know nothing more'n you've told me. You are a good girl and a smart girl, and I don't know as Paul can do better. Kiss me now, and run back to the kitchen, and don't let that pie burn."

But the pie burned, after all, for she hadn't fairly got to the kitchen when I heard a step on the threshold, and a little cry like a robin started on its nest, and then came Paul's voice.

"Never mind," says I to myself, "I won't interfere just now."

And when Paul comes into the settin'-room, he says, says he,

"Fraxy, wasn't you astonished at this business of Mary's and mine?"

"Get out!" says I. "I knowed all about it."

"Who told you?" says he.

"You, yourself," says I.

"That's impossible," says he.

"Is it, though?" says I.

"But," says he, "how could you know?"

"Look here, Paul," says I, a knittin' away like all possessed, "the next time you hug a woman in a green shawl in the train at twilight," says I, "just make sure that it is the right woman."

I just wish you could have seen the expression of his face, as he looked first at me and then at Mary Midge. And then we all three broke out laughing.

How could we help it.

P. S.—I've just had a letter from cousin Melindy Maine, and it seemed that Gwendoline's French Count had turned out a swindler and had cleared out with Gwendoline's diamond ring, which she gave him to have it reset.

And the underground railway man has been arrested by detectives for obtaining money under false pretenses; and cousin Melindy wrote she was going to bring both of 'em down to see if solitude and country air couldn't chirk 'em up a little.

But I couldn't forget the cool way she treated me last month, so I just writ back to say I had other company stayin' with me, and I couldn't accommodate 'em.

I'd just like to see her face when she gets the letter.

A tramp who wanted a meal was invited to pay for it in advance by helping on a piece of work then under way. He politely excused himself "to go round the corner and tell his 'pardner' not to wait"—and failed to return. Another pleaded inability to lend a hand, because of need of "leaving town in a few hours." These incidents in the experience of an "Orange County Farmer" correspondent led him to the following suggestion: "If every one would have some bit of manual labor to offer tramps when they ask for food, and give them to understand that they must work or go hungry, there would be but little trouble in that direction. The fence or walk should have on it some sign that would warn off tramps. If they offer to do the work, stay by them until they do it, or they may do some mischief with it."

Professor Fresenius, of Wiesbaden, after a long series of chemical analyses, declares that an egg contains as much nourishment as a pound and an ounce of cherries, a pound and a quarter of grapes, a pound and a half of russet apples, two pounds of gooseberries and four pounds of pears, and that 114 pounds of grapes, 127 pounds of russet apples, 192 pounds of pears and 327 pounds of plums are equal in nourishment to 100 pounds of potatoes.

WINGED SCAVENGERS.

From Omaha World.

The city of Omaha has in its service a force of thousands of scavengers who draw no pay, report to no official, but are protected by law from molestation. They are the crows who flock in town as regularly as cold weather comes, stay during the winter and vanish in the spring. Each evening as the shadows fall legions of crows wing their way in a seemingly endless flight to the willow copses and clumps of small cottonwood trees on the banks of the Missouri, where they roost for the night. A favorite haunt is at the bend of the river between Cut-off and Florence Lakes, where the banks shelter the north-west wind. The air is thick with sable wings and resonant with hoarse caws there after sunset each night, as the scavengers settle down among the branches to dream of back area lunches and carrion spreads. With the break of day the sable flock bestirs itself. Each member hops about to warm its chilled legs stretches its shiny wings and heads back toward the city. The vast flock breaks into small groups and they alight here and there on the tree-tops and survey the back yards and alleys until they can pick out foraging places. Then they descend and in short order the remains of the breakfasts, the scraps of meat from markets and the rats killed by household dogs and cats are gobbled up. Some crows do scavenger work about the residence. Others alight cautiously in the alleys, and others are attracted to the stock-yards and packing-houses at South Omaha. They fight shy of the business blocks. The crow who inhabits the Missouri is of the same breed with the crow who pulls up the farmer's corn in Vermont. In the East he is a nuisance. The granger shoots him on sight, tries to frighten him with scarecrows and dips the corn into coal tar before he plants it, in the hopes that it will spoil the pretty raven's appetite. Two healthy New England crows can devastate a twenty-acre corn field if unmolested. But the crow who migrates to the West becomes a respected resident, and nobody asks, "What was your name back East?" or asks how he stood with the farmers. He mates with a chipper Dinah crow in a clump of willows on the bottoms, and in due time they hatch out a nest of hungry crowlets. The father rustles for grasshoppers, bugs and toads, while the youngsters are growing their pin feathers. As soon as they can fly their mother leads them away from the contaminating influences of the city into the pure, green country, and the whole family turns loose upon the vermin and insects. None of them ever trouble the corn-fields, and none of the farmers ever trouble them. During the fall they pick up the loose grain, and now and then play free-lunch fiend on the corn-fields. In the West much of the corn is left standing in the fields during the winter, while in the East it is stored in the barn before snow falls. Perhaps this apparent generosity on the part of the farmer in Nebraska has something to do with improved conduct of the bird. However this may be, the bird in the Missouri Valley does not rely upon the corn-field, summer or winter, for subsistence. Nebraska, Iowa and Missouri crows rendezvous largely at Peru, in this State. It is a famous roost for them, and has attracted the attention of naturalists. Prof. Taylor of the Normal School at Peru, has made a close study of the habits of these crows, and is writing a series of papers on that subject. Meantime the sable crow continues to spend his summers in the country and his winters in the city, following the fashion which his wealthiest piped patrons set for themselves.

Prof. Whitney says that from the summit of Mount Hamilton, in California, more of the earth's surface can be seen than from any other spot on the globe, though it is only about 4500 feet high. The view extends around it in every direction, and the snow-capped range of the lofty sierras can be plainly seen 200 miles away against the northern sky. To the south, nearly as far away, the San Bernardino range limits the view, and between the two lies room for all the Eastern States, with their rivers, lakes, mountains and sea coast.

In Sweden the manufacture of wooden houses for export to foreign countries has become quite an important industry. The principal factory is that of the Ligna Company at Stockholm. These buildings are erected in Sweden, then taken down and re-erected at their destination. A recent order for twenty houses was received from South America; also a large villa for erection in the Paris Exhibition grounds.

STARVING THE TEETH.

Teeth are just as easily starved to death as the stomach. In one way it is a blessing to have been born of poor parents. What food the poor give their children is of the variety that goes to make strong bones and teeth. It is the outside of all the grains, of all cereal foods, that contains the carbonate and phosphate of lime and traces of other earthly salts which nourish the body tissue and build the frame up.

If we do not furnish to the teeth of the young that pabulum they require, they can not possibly be built up. It is the outside of corn, oats, wheat, barley and the like, or the bran so-called, that we sift away and feed to the swine, that the teeth actually require for their proper nourishment. The wisdom of man has proven his folly, shown in every succeeding generation of teeth, which become more fragile and weak. These flouring mills are working destruction upon the teeth of every man, woman and child who partakes of their fine bolted flour. They sift out the carbonates and the phosphate of lime in order that they may provide that fine white flour which is proving a whitened sepulchre to teeth.

Oatmeal is one of the best foods for supplying the teeth with nourishment. It makes the dentine, cementum and enamel strong, flint-like and able to resist all forms of decay. If you have children, never allow any white bread upon your table. Bread made of whole wheat ground, not bolted, so that the bran which contains the minute quantities of lime is present, is best. To make a good, wholesome, nourishing bread, take two bowls of wheat meal and one bowl of white or bolted flour and make by the usual process. Nothing is superior to brown bread for bone and tooth building. This is made out of rye meal and corn meal. Baked beans, too, have a considerable supply of these lime salts, and should be on your table, hot or cold, three times a week. In brushing the teeth always brush up and down from the gum instead of across. Brush away from the gum and on the grinding surface of the teeth.

AN ELEPHANT'S MEMORY.

A circus traveling through the country parts of England stopped one day at a little town called Hythe. That night when every thing was quiet in the tent, animals and employes all being sound asleep, Clytie, one of the elephants, deliberately and without any uproar broke the chain that fastened her foot and, leaving the tent, started towards the center of the town. Nobody was astir and so she had the way all to herself.

She proceeded without delay or hesitation to a little shop that stood on the main street of the village, and finding it closed, of course, she immediately forced an entrance with her enormous head and was soon as busy an elephant as you ever saw cramming candy and cakes down her capacious throat. The man who owned the shop came running in from the back room, but Clytie did not pause in her lunch on that account, nor did she pay any more attention when he ran out again crying "Ow! Ow!" In fact, she totally disregarded the entire neighborhood when they took up that cry of "Ow! Ow!"

But pretty soon a little man came up, who cried out in a sharp voice:

"Hi, there, Clytie! What d'ye mean? Come out o' that now, d'ye hear?"

And Clytie did come out, and in a hurry, too, for the little man was her keeper, and she not only had a great deal of respect for him, but she was afraid of him as well. But, after all, she didn't care much about it, for she had filled herself with candy and cakes, and that was all she was after.

The most puzzling question was—how did she distinguish a candy shop from any other shop in the village? The shopman gave the answer to this himself; he had fed an elephant candy at that very shop twelve years before, and inquiry developed the fact that Clytie was that elephant. She had remembered the shop—that was all.

One of the most wonderful things that have been discovered of late is the new glass which has just been made in Sweden. Common glass contains only six substances, while the Swedish glass consists of fourteen, the most important elements being phosphorus and boron, which are not found in any other glass. The revolution which this new refractor is destined to make is almost inconceivable, if it is true, as positively alleged, that, while the highest power of an old-fashioned microscopic lens reveals only the one four hundred-thousandth part of an inch, this new glass will enable us to distinguish one two-hundred-and-four-million-seven-hundred-thousandth part of an inch.

The Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts mentions a prudent farmer, who, believing in having two strings to his bow, set up this garden sign: "Boys, Don't Touch These Melons, for They are Green, and God Sees You."

It is excellent and saving economy to sow rye on ground cleared of its crop early enough, if only a single bed in the garden.

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