CHESTERTO[redacted] TRANSCRIPT.

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THE OLD, OLD HOME.

When I long for sainted memories,
  Like angel troops they come,
If I fold my arms to ponder
  On the old, old home;
The heart has many passages,
  Through which the feelings roam,
But its middle aisles are sacred
  To the old, old home.

Where infancy was sheltered,
  Like rose-buds from the blast,
When girlhood's brief elysium
  In joyousness was passed;
To that sweet spot forever,
  As to some hallowed dome,
Life's pilgrim bends her vision—
  'Tis the old, old home.

A father sat, how proudly,
  By that hearthstone's rays
And told his children stories
  Of his early manhood's days;
And one soft eye was beaming,
  From child to child would roam;
Thus a mother counts her treasures,
  In the old, old home.

The birth-day gifts and festivals,
  The blended vesper hymn,
(Some dear one who was swelling it
  Is with the Seraphim.)
The fond "good nights" at bed-time,
  How quiet sleep would come,
And found us all together,
  In the old, old home.

Like a wreath of scented flowers,
  Close intertwines each heart;
But time and change in concert
  Have blown the wreath apart,
But dear and sainted memories,
  Like angels ever come,
If I fold my arms and ponder
  On the old, old home.

THE ATTIC LODGER.

The tailor lived on the second floor, and did his best to make a living for his wife and four children.

Down stairs the small tobacconist lived in a state of perpetual anxiety about the tailor's rent, which he generally gave up piecemeal, and with groans, as people give up their teeth, not because he did not wish to pay all his bills, but because of a shortness of funds common to many people.

Up in the attic lived a single lodger, of whom no one knew anything. His name was Smith; but what did that tell, it was so common? He was lean, and had hollow cheeks and anxious eyes.

What his business was, or if he had any, no one knew. Perhaps he wore linen, only no sign of it was perceptible. We may also hope that he wore stockings.

The poor apothecary of Romeo and Juliet put the poor tobacconist in mind of his attic lodger, when, having been presented with tickets by a theatrical lodger, he went to spend an evening with Shakspeare.

"He ain't like in his face, though," said Mrs. Tobacconist; "his clothes fit Mr. Smith too good, that's all."

It was an acute remark; Mr. Smith's clothes did fit him "too good," inasmuch as they were a few sizes too small for him. As for business he seemed to have none. At noon he went out for a loaf of bread and a pitcher of beer. After 12 o'clock he disappeared until midnight, when he let himself in with a latch-key and went to bed without a candle.

"And for all he told anything about himself," said the tobacconist's wife, "he might have been a ghost."

"But he's civil spoken," said the tobacconist's wife, to whom he always said, "Excuse me, ma'am," when he found her aflop on the staircase, in a puddle of soap and water, which always made the black boards look blacker than before, and was obliged to wade through the flood with bread and beer. And the tailor's wife, who had lived at service in her youth, even ventured to hint to her husband that she thought Mr. Smith was a gentleman. However, this fancy the tailor crushed with a sneer: "Gentlemen don't wear any such coat as that, Sally."

Poor little tailor! He sat cross-legged on his board, and stitched and measured men by their coats. If he had measured or even mended more coats it would have been better for him and his brood. Times seemed to grow worse, custom less, the money harder to get. When the little man read in the morning's paper of men who had shot themselves, or taken laudanum, he wondered whether they had four children with hearty appetites, and a prospect of having nothing for them to eat some day. Not that he thought of killing himself; besides, he had been told by his clergyman that suicide was wicked; but he couldn't help thinking. And that civil lodger in the attic, how did he fare? One day when Sally, who had been mending and washing and ironing and patching the family rags all day, was economically using up the fire by baking a loaf of bread in the stove-oven, when she heard the lodger come in. He came out in the entry and creaked on the stairs. He seemed as restless as a caged tiger, and he had behaved just so for three nights, instead of retiring at once, as the tailor's family knew he generally did, by the creaking and snapping of his bedstead.

"What can ail him?" said Sally, as she took the bread out of the oven and picked it with a straw, finding it done.

"What can ail him? I hope he ain't sick nor nothing; he's so civil, poor dear."

Then Sally listened again.

"I declare, he's coming down," she said.

"He must be sick; and there he is knocking—law."

And then she opened the door.

The lid of the stove was off, and the red light flashed upon a hungry face with hollow cheeks and sunken eyes. It almost frightened the tailor's wife.

The guant hand stretched itself out, and a voice said, faintly:

"Madam, I know you have a kind heart. I am so hungry. It's three days since I ate anything, and I don't want to die."

"Law!, I should think not," said the woman. "Why, law me, I'm so sorry! And I suppose you can't get a job? Law! Why do take it. I ain't got nothing else. You see we are pretty poor ourselves—and—there—O law!" She was trembling, she did not know why. She was thinking to herself, "It's like a play; it makes me want to cry.

Then he took the warm bread she had given him in his hands, tearing bits from it and eating it.

He backed away, still eating. He then came back and stretched his hand towards her—

"I didn't thank you," he said. "Thank you! thank you!" and he went away.

Sally sat down, trembling still.

To be out of a job, to be hungry, were no rare things, in her experience, but this man stirred her soul, somehow frightened her, she said. "I hadn't any business to give away a loaf of bread, but there, now, I couldn't help it."

Then Sally went to bed and slept, and dreamed of the hollow-cheeked, famished lodger in the attic.

There was more bread to make the next day, and I am not sure but the tailor's wife made an extra loaf in expectation of another call from her neighbor, but he did not come, and in the course of time Sally had enough to think of without leaving her own floor. Matters did not prosper with her family. Little Lena had the scarlet fever, and lay a long time at death's door, and work with which the mother helped to fill the family purse was necessarily neglected, and her customers grew angry with her and left her. Then the baby died. Poor little baby! The mother wept bitterly. The father also longed to weep, although children were expensive luxuries in that poor household. Finally, the last affliction fell upon the tailor—a felon on his right thumb.

There was an end to it all, it seemed to both. Nothing but the hospital and the alms-house lay before them. The rent was quite unpaid at last, and the tobacconist was in a fury. He called to give him warning and a piece of his mind. On the morrow out he should go neck and crop. The wife, womanlike, had her word.

"Where shall we go?" she asked. "We have not a penny in the world."

"It's nothing to me where you go," said the landlord, "so that I get you out of my rooms. I want them for honest people."

"We're unfortunate, but we never mean to be dishonest," cried the wife.

Then the husband, in an angry tone, bade her hold her tongue.

"It's all the same," he said; "we'll go to-morrow. And now you go, Mr. Landlord."

Then they were left alone, bemoaning their hard fate. There was absolutely nothing to eat in the house.

Sally looked at her empty flour barrel and at her wretched family and burst into tears.

"It's no use trying any longer," she said. "If the Lord would only take us. That's all I ask."

She put the children to bed, and sat down upon a chair, drawn by force of habit to the hearth of the empty stove. Her husband, between pain and anxiety, was little less than a madman. He paced the floor like a tiger, talking to himself. The bit of a tallow candle burnt low; the bitter wind rattled the casement; the rain beat against it.

"We shall be out in all that to-morrow," said the man. "We have no place to hide our heads. We've not got a friend in the world."

"We've got one friend, I hope," said the wife.

"Who is he?" asked the tailor.

"God," said the woman. "May be he'll find a way to help us. We haven't been very bad, Sam."

"Better than us have starved before now," said the tailor. "We haven't any particular right to expect mercies, that I know of. Hark! what's that?"

"A knock," said his wife; and trembling, lest the landlord should have returned, she opened the door. Without stood the tall, gaunt figure of the lodger in the attic.

"He's come for bread," thought the woman; and amidst her own trouble she gave over the thought of refusing his appeal.

He made none, however.

This is what he said:

"Madam, a while ago I took the liberty of asking you for bread; allow me to return the loaf with thanks."

So he vanished. A whole fresh loaf lay in the woman's hand. She carried it in.

"Now, mother," cried a child's voice from the bed, "I'm hungry."

Sally broke the loaf in two. It parted with singular ease. She gave a little cry. It had evidently been cut before and joined together, and from the heart a handful of crumbs had been scooped, and in it lay a white packet.

"It's fairy bread," cried Sally, remembering some old country legend.

"Look at it before the light," cried the tailor.

Sally obeyed; She opened the packet and found two envelopes. In one was this note:

Madam.—Your loaf of bread saved my life. I know you are in trouble, and yesterday my luck turned. To-day I am worth fifty thousand dollars, having won a lawsuit that had been pending for years. Please accept the inclosure, and believe me your ever obliged

ATTIC LODGER.

There was a five hundred dollar note in the envelope, and when she saw it, Sally thought herself the happiest woman in Christendom.

The gift was the saving of the family. Sally had cast her bread upon the waters to find it again in very truth. And when the tailor's hand was well again there was a patron for him who dressed in such a manner that Sam no longer doubted him a gentleman. The attic lodger wears the finest broadcloth now, and the tobacconist bows low as he meets him on his way out, or sells him choice Havanas over the counter. He stops at the door in his carriage, and lodges in attics no longer; but he never has forgotten, nor seems likely to forget, the loaf of bread given him by the poor tailor's wife when he was starving.

NEW CODE OF HEALTH.

[From London Punch.]

1. Winter and summer, spring and autumn, always take your breakfast in bed.

2. In eating and driking, deny yourself nothing which you fancy. Inclination is the only safe rule in these cases.

3. A light supper is your best safeguard against sleeplessness, indigestion, dreams of unpaid bills and poor relations, and other nocturnal disturbances. A lobster, or a buttered crab, or some pickled salmon, or a nice veal cutlet, or, if there is nothing else at hand, a hearty meal of toasted cheese, will have a wonderful effect upon you, and cause you to feel in the morning quite another man.

4. Thick soles to boots and shoes would be a laughable mistake, if they did not lead to such deplorable consequences. They make the wearer uncomfortable, and cause the feet to present an unsightly appearance. Besides, the noise they produce inflicts positive harm on persons of sensitive nerves.

5. Never get up later than twelve. Never go to bed after three. Nine hours' sleep is enough for any one. Perhaps a simpler rule is never to get up or go to bed until you feel disposed.

6. If you have the chance of riding, do not waste time and tissue, and boot and shoe leather by walking. Those old-fashioned notions which some people still entertain about the necessity of exercise, only show how long a superstition will linger on.

7. It is only necessary to think of the incredible number of young and delicate females who go out to dinners, dances, and other evening entertainments, at the most inclement periods of the year, lightly and airly clad, to be convinced that it is sheer nonsense to take precautions against damp and the night air.

8. If business, or some other disagreeable necessity, compels you to breakfast early, and dine late, on no account be induced to eat anything in the interval. Dinner is far too important an occurrence to be encountered with a demoralized appetite.

9. Always sleep after dinner, and, if you have the opportunity, after luncheon (which should be hot and heavy) as well.

10. If you must pay attention to your diet, restrict yourself to pork, veal, curries, and other highly-seasoned dishes, broad beans, pickles, pine-apples, salmon and cucumber-ices, sweets, filberts, buttered toast, pastry in profusion, and all sorts of cool cups and summer beverages.

NEW WAY TO CATCH RATS.

A new manner of catching rats is exciting great interest among the returning householders on Madison avenue. A barrel is filled half full of water. A layer of powdered cork is laid on its surface, and over this a layer of corn meal is sifted. A chair and a box or two are placed unobtrusively in the neighborhood, whereby the rat gains the edge of the barrel. He sees nothing but the meal. He has no innate ideas which teach him to beware of the treacherous foundation on which that tempting surface rests. He sniffs, he leaps, and goes gently down through meal and cork to his watery grave. If any of his friends see him disappear from the edge of the barrel they hasten after him to get their share of the probable plunder, and are in turn taken in by hospitable death. The plan seems effective as against the rats, but is calculated to destroy their confidence in human nature.—*New York Tribune.*

[From the New York Observer.]

LAUGHING LADDIE OF ESKDALE.

BY N. S. DODGE.

One hundred and fifteen years ago the wife of a sheperd, who tended his master's flocks on the pasture of Dumfriesshire, gave birth to a son. The father died in the same year, and poor Janet, the widow, was left to struggle as best she might in the endeavour to bring up her fatherless boy. She worked hard day and night and trusted in God; never grumbling nor complaining, but putting her shoulders to what had to be done with a bright face and cheerful spirit. By-and-by, as soon as the little fellow was old enough, she put him to the parish school. Some of her neighbors advised her to send him out to beg, but, poor as she had long been, it was never in the staunch Scotch heart of her to beg herself, much less to set her darling at it.

At school, little Tom seemed different from the other boys. He was not remarkably bright or quick, but was always wanting to know how to do a thing, and then how to make it useful. Tom could only attend school during four months of winter; for, being old enough for school, was old enough for work, and therefore in the summer, after his mother's prayer and a hymn, he had every morning to be off to the hill sides, looking after the flocks of sheep, as his father had done before him. But boys do not learn all they know in the school-house; at least, Tom did not. Every book he could borrow he took into the pastures and studied it there. And then there were the misty crags garmented in the thunder when the tempest come, and the warbling of the lark high up in the blue depths, and the torrent dashing down the ravine, and the glassy surface of the silver tarn lulled in the bosom of the mountain. There were the four Gospels, too, every word of which he could repeat when he was seven years old. These were Tom's schoolmasters, quite as much as the dominie of Westkirk.

The boy in time grew to a sturdy lad, stout of heart and brawny of limb, and finally got himself apprenticed to a stonemason. The work suited him exactly, and he wrought at it for years, toiling in the open air by day, and greedily devouring at night, by the light of his mother's fire, as many books as he could beg, buy, or borrow. Far and wide he was noted for his animal spirits. His nature bubbled over with waggishness, frolic and laughter. Country-side folk said that the bare sight of him was a cure for the blues and called him "The Laughing Laddie of Eskdale." But Tom was not always laughing as we shall presently see.

In 1790, the boy, now a man, set out for Edinburgh in search of better employment. He found it, and worked there for two years as a stone-mason, all the while studying. He then set out for Lon-[redacted]

traversed the rugged hills which separate the two waters; and in three years the long gondolas guided by Norwegian fishermen, were floating from Stockholm to Christiana, on the waters of the Skager-Rack. Telford returned home, knighted by the Swedish king, and almost idolized by his people.

To this day travellers come from every part of the world to see the Menai Suspension Bridge. It is flung across the strait like a bow in the heavens. The tallest masted ships ride beneath it. In design and workmanship it is even yet unequalled. And as for beauty, there is not a ruined temple in Greece, nor a statue in the Vatican, that surpasses it.—Graceful and light in appearance as a spider's web, picturesque as surveyed from the neighboring cliffs beyond representation, and solid as the everlasting rocks, which form its piers, it is a monument to native genius, the noblest in the world. So long as it spans the waters, Telford's name will not be forgotten.

Our hero reached the age of seventy-seven, great in intellect, and good in heart; proud of his power as a man in the presence of men, humble as a follower of Jesus in the presence of God. He died in 1834. The British nation honored his memory with a public funeral, and his remains rest in Westminister Abbey. Excepting the case of the great and good Faraday who, from the stable-room over a London Mews to the lecture-desk in the Royal Institution, walked all the way with God. I know of no instance where simple faith went hand in hand through life with mighty intellect more striking than that furnished by the Laughing Laddie of Eskdale.

WOULD GO IN A BALLOON.

The following article first appeared in an English paper. It was given under the head of "Ballooning Extraordinary," and will prove of interest at the present time: "A daring feat was lately accomplished by a citizen of Gettysburg. Mr. John Wise, the American aronaut, had announced his intention to make his thirty-ninth balloon ascension, and was ready on the day and hour promised.—His balloon was inflated, his ballast, grappling-iron, &c., duly stowed, and he was about to step into the basket. At that moment Mr. John McClellan, a young gentleman of the town, inquired of Mr. Wise whether it would not be possible for two persons to ascend with the power then in the balloon. On receiving a negative reply, Mr. McClellan seemed much disappointed, said he was determined to have a ride, and inquired the price at which Mr. Wise would permit him to make the voyage alone. "One hundred dollars, sir," said Mr. Wise, who did not appear to consider the inquirer to be in earnest. "I will give you fifty dollars!" "Agreed—fork over!" The joke was [illegible] carried on," and the *cream* of it was [illegible] transferred to the pocket of the aero-[illegible]—and his substitute was snugly seat-[illegible] the car, vociferating his direction [illegible] cut loose!" Mr. Wise thought that [illegible]ers had now gone far enough, and [illegible]sted his customer to get out, as the [illegible] had arrived at which he had prom-[illegible]o be off. But he refused to do [illegible]d insisted that he had regularly hired [illegible]aid for a passage "in this boat," [illegible]o he would. Mr. Wise then let the [illegible]n up a short distance by a rope [illegible]ing, probably, that as there was [illegible]erable wind, and the air-horse con-[illegible]ntly turbulent, that his *substitute* [illegible] have his courage cooled and "give [illegible] But this was no go—and thinking, [illegible]e he had as good a start as ever he [illegible] have, Mr. McClellan cut the rope [illegible] was off!

[illegible]er he had found that it was the de-[illegible]nation of Mr. McClellan to go, Mr. [illegible]ad but time to give him a few has-[illegible] imperfect instructions in regard [illegible] management of the balloon—and [illegible]w minutes the daring amateur ae-[illegible] had ascended to a height of about [illegible]iles. Here he struck a current of [illegible]ich bore him directly towards York, [illegible]d that the earth receded from him [illegible]pidly after he had thrown a bag or [illegible]f sand upon it—that Gettysburg [illegible] off towards Hagerstown, and that [illegible] Carlisle, Hanover, Abbottstown, [illegible] and Berlin, strolling about—and [illegible]on after, just ahead of him, he [illegible]ld York coming full tilt up the [illegible]ke towards him, apparently taking [illegible]ernoon's walk to Gettysburg. Hav-[illegible]termined to stop at York, and fear-[illegible]om the remarkable speed at which [illegible]aid and sober town was travelling, [illegible]he would soon pass the balloon, [illegible]ve him the slip, he pulled the string [illegible]ed to the safety valve, in order to [illegible] a portion of his gas. The valve is [illegible]structed that when the rope attach-[illegible]t is pulled, the valve opens to the [illegible]r and again closes by the force of [illegible] when the rope is let go. Unfort-[illegible], however, the inexperienced aero-[illegible]ulled too violently at the valve rope [illegible]e valve door completely off its hin-[illegible]d brought it down into the car! [illegible]this occurred he was more than a [illegible]gh, and he immediately, and with [illegible] rapidity, descended, or rather fell [illegible]arth! When the valve door came [illegible] gas, of course, escaped rapidly, but the balloon caught sufficient air to form a parachute, by which the fall was moderated, and we are happy to say that the voyager reached the earth, about five miles from York, entirely uninjured! He says that as soon as the valve door came down upon him he knew that something had "broke loose," and just then remembering that Mr. Wise had told him to be sure when he descended to throw out his grappling iron, he was preparing to get at it, among the numerous things in the basket, when the earth bounced up against the bottom of the car! The escape of the gas was distinctly seen from York, and as the balloon neared the earth it had lost its rotundity and appeared to the gazers to come down heavily like a wet sheet."

HOW SUGAR IS PURIFIED.

If there still are people who perfer dark brown sugar to white as being "sweeter" and "richer," we commend to their attention the following extract from a letter to the New York *Daily Graphic*, describing the condition in which sugar arrives from the South, and the processes which are found necessary to rid it of extraneous dirt:

First, the sugar in filthy black bags, hogsheads covered with mud, and boxes smeared over with bilge water and filth, was landed at the Williamsburg docks, where you see those immense sugar-houses. Then stevedores carried it back to a big copper vat filled with hot water, broke open the boxes, cut open the bags, and knocked in the heads of the hogsheads, and let it all—dirt, mud, sticks, niggers, shoes, old hats, pipes, bones undissolved newspapers and sleeveless shirts—yes, let it all slide into the vat together.

What; all this dirt?

Yes, and more too. They placed the filthy old hogsheads, soiled bags and dirty boxes into a steam-vat, steamed and washed off the dirt and sugar, and then put in that too. Then the greasy old Dutchman stirred it up, occasionlly expectorating tobacco juice here and there, and scraping his Williamsburg mud into the future frosting of our wedding-cake.

What next?

Well, hogshead-staves, after the sugar and dirt are worked off, are sent back to Cuba, and 400 hogsheads of sugar and dirt per day are pumped, in a liquid form, into the fifth story to be cleansed and purified.

First, the dirty liquor is pumped into one-thousand-gallon cauldrons, with a steam pipe in the bottom. Then, blue litmus paper (paper soaked in blue cabbage juice) is dipped into it to see if it is sour. If it is sour, the blue paper is changed to red. Then they throw in a pail of lime. This kills the acid, or the acid leaves the sugar to attack the lime, when, like Kilkenny cats, they are both eaten up. If you pour acid into soft soap, the alkali (another form of lime) will leave the grease to feed upon the acid.

What next?

Then the half-naked men work over the hot cauldrons pour five gallons of warm bullock's blood, fresh from the slaughter-house, into each 1,000 gallons of melted sugar. The white of eggs would be better, but eggs cost too much, while blood, which is almost as full of albumen, only costs eleven cents per gallon. The blood "settles" the sugar, as an egg "settles" your coffee—that is, the albumen seizes hold of every particle of dirt and holds it. Then, when they raise the temperature to 180 degrees, the blood, lime, dirt, sticks, &c., float to the surface, while the syrup, yellow and quite transparent, is drawn off through strainers from the bottom, leaving the scum on top. This scum and dirt are rinsed with clean water, the sweet part saved to wet up a fresh lot of sugar, and the dirt carted off as a fertilizer. They take a ton of rich manure out of the sugar house every day.

How is the syrup strained?

Through bags—long cloth bags, having four or five thicknesses of cloth in them. They catch all the heavy dirt, little stones, sand, etc., and the syrup leaves them transparent, only slightly tinged with yellow. These bags take out about four per cent. of dirt—real black, mucky dirt, the same as you see in the streets. The syrup is now 93 per cent. pure sugar, whereas it was 80 per cent. five hours ago. There remains seven per cent. coloring, foreign salts and gases yet to be removed.

How are these gases and salts removed?

This is done by filtering the yellow syrup through bone black or animal charcoal (bones burnt black and ground up.) Large iron tanks, looking like upright steam-boilers, are filled with 30,000 pounds of bone black each. Through this the syrup is made to trickle. As it comes out at the bottom it is as pure and transparent as rock crystal. A goblet of it looks like spring water.

"Is it perfectly pure now?" I asked the chemist.

Yes, sir, as near as possible. It is 99½ per cent. pure sugar. You might pour five gallons of kerosene and a small-pox patient cut into sausage meat into that tank, and I tell you, Perkins, that I wouldn't have the slightest objections to drinking the syrup five hours afterward. It is perfectly clean and pure.

A WONDERFUL PRINTING PRESS.

Under date of July 30 the London correspondent of the New York *World* writes to that paper as follows:—For fifteen years Mr. Hoe and Mr. Conquest, the London manager of Mr. Hoe's works, have been endeavoring to perfect a "Perfecting Printing Machine," and they have at last succeeded. The last difficulty which stood in their way—the perfect delivery of the printing sheets from the press—was only recently surmounted. Now their machine, in their belief, is perfect; and that it is perfect also in the opinion of others may be judged by the fact that the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* to-day decided to have ten of these new machines immediately constructed for them, and to have them placed in the new office which they are about to erect in rear of the present premises. The ten machines can be constructed in about ten months; and in a year from this time the Daily Telegraph, with its largest circulation in the world," will be printed upon presses each one of which will be capable of delivering 22,000 completed sheets per hour! Does not that take your breath away?

This new press seems to be an improvement upon the Walter, the Bullock, the Marronnetti, and all other perfecting machines in existence. One of its peculiarities is the width of its cylinders—for they are so wide that each cylinder will print two copies at once—the roll of paper being cut in two by a very ingenious device, immediately before it is delivered. Another peculiarity is the perfect manner in which the perfected sheets are delivered—they are laid down in piles so accurately that one would think the sheets had been put into a press and trimmed. The Walter press—on which the Times and Scotsman are printed—compels the pressman to change the blankets once in each two hours—this one needs no such changes. The whole force necessary to each of these presses is two men and a boy—with them 22,000 perfect copies are printed in one hour; and the saving of wages as between this and the ordinary ten-cylinder Hoe, is as fifteen to eighty-four. The only one of these presses now complete has been built for Lloyd's weekly newspaper; and to-day at Lloyd's paper mills at Bow its performances were witnessed by a number of experienced newspaper people, among them the proprietor and engineer of the Daily Telegraph establishment. The press did the work it engaged to do. It printed twenty-two thousand copies of Lloyd's paper in sixty minutes, and never was there better printing. The cost of the press is £3,500. The ten ordered by the Daily Telegraph will cost £35,000, and the engines and the other machinery for them will bring the sum up to $200,000. The present establishment of the Daily Telegraph is about as perfect as need be, but is all to be thrown aside for these new presses, which, although costing so much, will, in the opinion of the owners of the paper, save them $75,000 a year, besides the advantage of enabling them to go to press at three o'clock in the morning instead of at 12 m. In a word, if this new machine really proves to be what it seems, it will become a necessity to every great newspaper establishment.

HOW MONKEYS ARE CAUGHT.

From the chapter on menageries, in Olive Logan's volume, "Before the Footlights and Behind the Scenes," we make the following extracts:

Monkeys are such cunning creatures one would suppose them much more difficult to catch than any other wild animal. Pitfalls will take a lion, and the famished monarch of the desert will, after a few days of starvation, dart into a cage containing food, and thus be secured. But how are the monkeys caught? The ape family resembles man. Their vices are human. They love liquor, and fall. In Darfour and Sabaar, the natives make fermented beer, of which the monkeys are very fond. Aware of this the natives go to the parts of the forest frequented by the monkeys, and set on the ground calabashes full of the enticing liquor. As soon as the monkey sees and tastes it, he utters cries of joy that soon attracts his comrades. Then an orgie begins, and in a short time the beasts show all degrees of intoxication. Then the negroes appear. The drinkers are too far gone to distrust them for larger species than their own genus. The negroes take them up, and these immediately begin to weep and cover them with kisses. When a negro takes one by the hand to lead him off, the nearest monkey will cling to the one who thus finds a support, and endeavors to get off also. Another will grasp at him, and so on, until the negro leads a staggering line of ten or a dosen tipsey monkeys. When finally brought to the village they are securely caged, and gradually sober down, but for two or three days a gradually diminishing supply of liquor is given them, so as to reconcile them by degrees to their state of captivity.

☞ Two Milesians were standing at the Fairmount water-works in Philadelphia, watching the big wheels splashing the water in every direction, when one of them remarked: "Mike, isn't this a quare counthry, where they have to grind their water before they can use it?"

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