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1888.

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A weekly feast of good things to the boys and girls in every family which it visits.—*Brooklyn Union.*

It is wonderful in its wealth of pictures, information, and interest.—*Christian Advocate, New York.*

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### ENDLESS RESOURCE.

New days are dear, and cannot be unloved,
Though in deep grief we cower and cling to death;
Who has not known, in living on, a breath
Full of some gladness that life's rapture proved?

If I have felt that in this rainbow world
The very best was but a preface given
To tell of infinite greater tints in heaven,
And, life or no, heaven yet would be unfurled,

I did belie the soul wide joys of earth,
And feelings deep as lights that dwell in seas,
Can heaven itself outlove such depths as these?
Live on! Life holds more than we dream of worth.
—Rose Hawthorne Lathrop in The Century.

## AN EXCHANGE.

Everybody in New York who is anybody knows the wealthy, generous, hospitable and clever Mr. Obed Carhart and his charming family. They had lived many years in Lexington avenue, and I am glad to know that they are living there to this day. The Carhart mansion is as well known, as handsome in architecture and as grandly furnished as is the best house in Fifth avenue. Mrs. Carhart is known throughout the city for her liberal hospitality and her unstinted charity. They have had but one child, a daughter, a most accomplished girl, a cultivated musician, and a young lady of unexceptionable manners and bearing. If Miss Henrietta had a fault (if fault it can be called), it was a fondness for harmless mischief.

The Carharts frequently give very delightful parties, chiefly of the musical sort, Miss Carhart being, as I have said, a competent musician. And it had happened that Mrs. Carhart had issued cards on Monday last for a musical soiree on the following Thursday. And among the invitations were one for my friend, Charles Crackles, and one for me. Crackles had been rather more intimate with the family than I was, and it is possible that my being favored with occasional invitations from the Carharts was by reason of my being a very perfect performer on the triangle, and therefore, in some sort, a desirable addition to the ordinary musical entertainment.

The Carharts, notwithstanding that they did not much care to be very intimate with the Bogey family, would not slight their neighbor, and when the cards were sent out for the Thursday a card of invitation was sent to Mr. Bogey. And thus it was that I come to narrate the mischievous work of our valued friend, Miss Henrietta, who thought it would be a matter of some amusement if she changed the invitations, sending to Mr. Bogey the one intended for Mr. Crackles and the one for myself (which was done by sending both invitations to the wrong numbers), and also sending one to Professor Tod, who had been invited by Mr. Bogey to hold forth on the temperance question on the same evening of the Carhart party, so that Crackles and I, when we went to No. 1156, would be going to the Carhart soiree, whereas we should be going to the temperance and total abstinence meeting. On the other hand, Professor Tod supposed that by going to the opposite house, at No. 1155, he would be going to address a large number of disciples on the absorbing subject of temperance, which was the hobby equally of Mr. Bogey and Professor Tod.

Accordingly, and as innocent as two "lambs of the first year," we went together in full dress to the Bogey residence instead of to that of the Carharts.

As we alighted from the carriage I observed that carriages were every moment dashing up to the door in quick succession, while there was scarcely any light about the premises at No. 1155. Strange! Still worse, however, and more discouraging, was the glance I got (as I entered the narrow hall) of the persons who were hanging about the staircase and the parlor doors. Why, some of the guests had overcoats on, many of them had not been shaved for ages and not one that I saw had patronized the hairdresser. Very remarkable this! But we were there, and we went into the hall, and scarcely had Crackles and I entered before we were violently seized by four solemn, and I may add seedy, persons, headed by a man with a white cravat, who informed me that he was Mr. Bogey (I had never before laid eyes on Mr. Bogey) and that this was the committee and that we were rather late. What this meant I could not possibly divine.

Crackles and I were hurried up stairs into a dingy room with one gas burner in it, where we were desired to leave our coats and hats. Another singular fact! The parlors below were evidently full of guests, but there were not any other coats or hats about the darkened room. We, however, laid aside our overcoats and hats, and it seemed very much to embarrass these worthy persons when they saw us in dress coats, embroidered shirt fronts and white silk ties, and beheld us drawing on white kid gloves. I give you my word that some of them wore woolen gloves.

One of the committee here inquired of me how were all the folks at Mudham. I could not see any particular fun or wit in that question; but the gentleman, apparently meaning it as a joke, I smiled grimly and said: "That is good—very good, indeed—glad to know you, sir." Whereat the inquiring mind of that member of the committee seemed puzzled and even disturbed, and rather to shrink back into himself as a thing subdued.

Another member then asked if I was ready, to which I replied that I was. In this manner we entered the parlors. Horror of horrors! There were rows of benches and chairs at regular intervals, occupied by persons in the lowest condition of seediness. The ladies wore bonnets and high dresses, and the gentlemen wore overcoats. Most remarkable musical soiree this! The rooms were dimly lighted, and the whole affair wore a most dreary appearance.

Solemnly up the center aisle I was marched at the head of a procession of the committee (Crackles, being alarmed, had remained at the parlor door), up to a little platform at the upper end of the room, on which platform was a table, behind which were several chairs in a semi circular form, and on the table stood a pitcher of water and a tumbler. What in the name of common sense could be the meaning of this? There was not even a piano in the room. Queer musical party, certainly! Mr. Bogey motioned me to sit down. Always desirous of avoiding danger to my triangle, I drew it from my pocket and laid it on the table. Great applause followed this innocent action, placing a triangle on a table, but scarcely had I done so when everybody in the assembly rose and took a distant survey of the triangle. I then was required to mount the step of the little platform to get into a chair, when the whole meeting broke out in a fit of the most enthusiastic applause. I trembled. Always innocent and confiding, I had suffered myself to be led, in white kids and fine clothing, and with my hair carefully dressed, into the midst of a society of decidedly deranged persons. I rose to take a handkerchief from my pocket. The crowd again applauded, and I hastily sat down again.

"Our friends are giving you an enthusiastic welcome, sir," said Mr. Bogey. "Yes," said I, "thank you." And, devoted as I am to art, the heroic idea seized me to save my triangle. I removed it from the table, fresh applause following that movement, and I immediately dropped the instrument, upon which I heard a droll little man, leaning over to speak to a young lady in spectacles, whisper to her friend, "He will use that thing as an illustration; I have heard of his doing so. It is very interesting."

My listening was, however, interrupted by a question from Mr. Bogey. "Have you your notes with you? or perhaps you do not use notes?" I answered that I could not very well perform music, and especially the triangle, without notes, an answer which seemed terribly to puzzle Mr. Bogey; but that gentleman went on to say, consulting his watch, that it was late and was I ready to begin? or would I desire to take something before I began, and he pointed significantly to the pitcher on the table.

I, thinking to gain time, if nothing else, said: "Thank you, I would like to have a glass of sherry."

A shudder ran through every member of the committee. "A what, sir?" inquired Mr. Bogey.

"A glass of sherry," I replied innocently, "or claret, or brandy and water, whichever is nearest your hand." Great consternation appeared to arise among the crowd at my very ordinary remark, which, I could perceive, was being repeated from bench to bench.

"Brandy, sir," exclaimed Mr. Bogey. "Are you mocking us?" "Well," said I, "anything; I am not particular. You asked me to take something to drink, and I said wine or brandy, or a drop or two of old Bourbon—anything of that kind will do." Whereupon the lunatics began to hiss me, and one gentleman among the crowd called out that the man (meaning me) was a fool.

The people rose from their seats. The utmost confusion prevailed. The noise became threatening. Mr. Bogey got up and, in a very severe tone and with a terrible frown, addressed me personally, saying: "Your conduct demands explanation, Mr. Tod." "Tod yourself," said I, now positively angry. "Who is Tod? Here! Crackles! Where are you? What is all this about Tod?"

"Can't say," answered Crackles, and, guided by his voice, I saw him at the other end of the room and heard him declare that they did not appear to have so much as a "tod" in the whole establishment. "Why, can't you see, De Cordova, that this is a temperance meeting? We have evidently got into the wrong house." "Certainly," exclaimed Mr. Bogey, "you were, or, at least, Professor Hiram Tod, of Mudham, Conn., was to address this meeting here to-night on the glorious subject of temperance and total abstinence."

"A temperance meeting!" cried I. "Certainly, sir," replied Mr. Bogey. "Now, who are you, if you please?" "Never mind who I am," I retorted, "I am not Tod." "No! no!" exclaimed a tall, thin and solemn man who had just come into the room and strode straight up to the platform with the air of a man who had a right to that place and took it. "I am," said the man, "Professor Tod, of Mudham, Conn., and what I have gone through this night nobody would scarcely believe."

Well, I need not say that neither Crackles nor I waited for any further explanation, but made our way to the street door with the utmost celerity, where I saw the Carhart mansion in a blaze of light, and, understanding now how matters stood, and that I had been undergoing torture through my having got into the wrong house, I crossed over the way, and Crackles and I spent the remainder of the evening with the intellectual Carharts.

It appears that the trials through which Crackles and I had passed were as nothing in comparison with the martyrdom which that poor creature had undergone in the refined society of the Carharts, through his having mistaken the house by reason of Miss Henrietta's humorous joke. Because nobody in that company knew him, everybody had assumed the privilege of staring at him. The servants, when they ushered him into the drawing room, sneered at him because he was not well dressed and had no white kid gloves on.

Never having been in New York before, and living as he did in the no doubt classic shades of Mudham, in Connecticut, he regarded much of what he saw, with reluctance, as proof of the eccentric manners of a strange people, whose degeneracy he deplored. He blushed when he beheld young ladies who wore very low dresses and did not blush. His color deepened when he saw elderly ladies, whose cheeks, which were pale by nature, had been deeply colored by art; and he trembled for his reason as he saw languid young men dressed to distraction, with their hair parted in the middle, lisp the most stupid and inane nonsense to young women, who not only seemed satisfied to endure it, but even appeared rather to like it.

And this poor heathen, who had lived all his life in Mudham, wished himself back there with all his heart, as he remembered how plainly and simply temperance meetings were conducted in his native village, with cups of tea, a hymn or two and an address by Professor Tod. And he wondered what on earth all these musical preparations had to do with an earnest and soul stirring appeal not to drink wine or whisky. So there he sat in a corner, while Miss Henrietta performed a fantasia on the piano, and he wondered what all that merciless banging of the keys was about and why the young lady exerted herself to that terrible extent, and when the tune was to be begun, till his brain was bewildered. So when Miss Henrietta had finished and everybody had applauded the piano performance, he thought that now the cry to which he was so well accustomed at Mudham would immediately resound, and that the people would with one voice demand, "Tod! Tod!" And still wondering where he was to stand and speak, he began clearing his throat and settling his cravat, as some public speakers have the habit of doing.

Instead of calling for Tod, they, on the contrary, fell into groups with their backs turned to Tod, and disposed themselves to listen to a quartet, which Tod thought was by long odds the greatest private riot he had ever listened to. And amid the din of the music Tod heard Miss Henrietta say: "Oh, why is not Mr. Cordova here? The music only wants his triangle to be perfect."

"Perfect?" said Tod to himself. "How can all this nonsense advance the sacred cause of temperance?" But imagine the feelings of Professor Tod when that piece of music had been finished. Fancy, if you can, the horror of that good man when servants entered the room in a sort of procession, bearing ice cream, cake baskets, etc., laden with delicacies, while another bore a waiter upon which were decanters containing wines and all such sinful beverages.

Thunderstricken by a sight so melancholy, the professor bore it all in silence until the servants stopped before him—him! the great apostle of total abstinence—with the water of liquid damnation, and a lady inquiring of him, in a soft, insidious voice, if he preferred claret, champagne or liquor. Had he, then, been invited to New York only to be ridiculed and insulted? He rose, and, thrusting his hands into his waistcoat—his favorite attitude in his public addresses—he shouted rather than said: "Look not upon the cup when it is red," "Dear me!" said the lady, while everybody began to gather round the professor, "you need not have red wine if you don't like it. Try Chablis or champagne."

"Avaunt!" said Tod, "I touch not the accursed thing. Ladies, why was I brought hither to perform my little part in the great movement now going forward, if I were not wanted,"

"Oh!" cried a lady, "this must be Mr. Cordova all the while, and nobody has asked him to play." Upon which one gentleman looked up into Tod's face and propounded this timely and sensible inquiry:

"Haven't you brought your triangle, sir?"

"Oh! insult me, ladies. Shame on you! Is it a Christian act to bring me from my happy Mudham home, to find myself useless and contemned?"

"My goodness, my dear sir," said another, "we all want to hear you if you will have the kindness to begin."

"I am quite ready, sir," said Mr. Tod, to which another exclaimed:

"All right, sir, we desire no better; where is your triangle?"

"Shame on you," cried Professor Tod, addressing Mr. Carhart. "Are you the master of this house?"

"Why, of course I am," said Mr. Carhart in amazement, and evidently regarding me, represented as I was by Mr. Tod, as an outrageous maniac. "Why, of course I am."

"Well, then," exclaimed Tod, drawing himself up, "then let me tell you, Mr. Bogey"——

"He is mad," shouted Mr. Carhart. "Mr. Bogey lives over the way. We do not even visit, and I do not know him at all. Are you Mr. Cordova, the great amateur performer on the triangle, or who the devil are you?"

"Triangle again!" cried Tod. "Sir, I am Professor Tod, of Mudham, of whom you have no doubt read (if you take The Mudham Register or The Chickenborough Palladium) as a temperance lecturer of some little fame, I believe, and I received an invitation from you, or rather, as it appears, from Mr. Bogey."

"Oh! I will take the good gentleman over the way," said Mr. Carhart, and he did so; and Tod slept at Mr. Bogey's that night, vowing that never again would he be tempted to visit what he called "that sink of iniquity," New York.
—R. J. De Cordova in New York Star.

### Record of the Messenger Boy.

A man sends me a suggestion from the District Telegraph company. He wants the company to keep people who send boys out advised of their progress. For instance, they might have blanks ready to fill up and send them to the expectant customer, say, every fifteen minutes.

"By telegraphic advices from corner of Kearney and Market the boy is buying a story paper, and will at once proceed on his way with your message."

Fifteen minutes later: "Corner Dupont and Geary. Your messenger has reached here safely, and is waiting for a car to pass."

Fifteen minutes later: "Union square. Your messenger has already reached fifteenth chapter of his story. He has only twenty-two more to finish."

"Your messenger has reached Mason and Geary, and will proceed as soon as he has smoked his cigarette."

"Your messenger has reached his destination. Will be back to-morrow."—San Francisco Chronicle.

### A Curious Indian Horn.

There is among the musical instruments in the National museum one which the visitor invariably pronounces a horn, and yet it is never blown. It is the nyas taranga of India. The small end is placed against the throat of the performer so that it rests upon the vocal cords. Then as the performer draws a breath he produces upon the nyas taranga a clear reed like note. This curious instrument can be placed against the cheeks or the nostrils and airs can be rendered. The Hindoo musicians are proficient in the use of the upanga, as it was called in ancient times, but nowhere else in the world is it played.—Washington Cor. Globe-Democrat.

### Mr. Depew's After Dinner Speech.

It is 9 o'clock now. We are in Delmonico's, and Mr. Depew is at the center of a long table on the raised dais at the end of the room.

Suppose we remain and see how the speech is prepared that we shall read tomorrow in all the morning papers, and which will convulse with laughter this evening a roomful of lucky guests. The half hour's play has done more to dissipate the fatigue of the day than any tonic that was ever brewed. Now that everything is quiet the preparation is begun. The subject of the speech is carefully considered and the points which are to be made are fixed in logical order in the speaker's mind.

"Are no notes to be made?" you ask. No. In after dinner speeches Mr. Depew has long since given up that practice as a rule. "He trusts to his feet for the language," and with feet so well trained by years of practice behind dinner tables he seldom trusts in vain. He smiles as something occurs to him. We will smile to-night when we hear that brilliant idea clothed in words. "All my speeches are not prepared so hastily," explains the orator. "When I have a set oration to deliver, as I do have three or four times a year, I carefully write down my exact language. No, I don't dictate it, for the choicest expressions can never be formed except at the point of your own pen. On those occasions I read up on the subject with great thoroughness, digest the mass of matter with great care, and then I generally write the speech at two sittings. In such efforts I find that pat expressions come to me in church sometimes, sometimes in my bed chamber, at the office or in talking with a friend. A speech of that sort is not the work of half an hour, but of weeks or even months."—Benjamin Northrop.

### "Ravageurs" of the Seine.

The river Seine, as well as the streets of Paris, has its chiffonnieres, only those who make their living by gathering whatever they find floating in the stream are known as "ravageurs" instead of rag pickers. They ply their business in skiffs and flatboats, with the aid of short harpoons, and nothing from a dead cat to an old cork comes amiss to them. Bodies of dead animals form the most important part of their river gleanings. All kinds of dead things are to be met with in the Seine during its progress through the city, even snakes and seals being included in the list. These bodies have a money value to the "ravageur;" a medium sized dog, for example, is worth at least sixteen cents, provided the skin is in reasonably good condition to be made up into leather. The body is sold to an establishment that makes a specialty of extracting the fat for candle and soap manufacture. If the body is too decomcomposed to be disposed of in this way, the "ravageur" buries it, and as long as any flesh remains on the bones, finds a ready sale for the maggots among the fishermen who angle along the river bank.—Paris Cor. New Orleans Picayune.

### Skill of Ancient Builders.

A personal inspection of the pyramids of Egypt, made by a quarry owner who spent some time recently on the Nile, has led him to the conclusion that the old Egyptians were better builders than those of the present day. He states that there are blocks of stone in the pyramids which weigh three or four times as much as the obelisk on the embankment. He saw a a stone whose estimated weight was 880 tons. But then the builders of the pyramids counted human labor lightly. They had great masses of subjects upon whom to draw, and most of their work was done by sheer manual labor and force. There are stones in the pyramids thirty feet in length which fit so closely together that a penknife may be run over the surface without discovering the break between them. They are not laid with mortar, either. There is no machinery so perfect that it will make two surfaces thirty feet in length which will meet together in unison as these stones in the pyramids meet. It is supposed that they were rubbed backward and forward upon each other until the surfaces were assimilated.—London Iron.

### An Excess of Modesty.

Modesty born of true humility is scarcely ever recognized as such, for it is not obtrusive, and when it affects one man's relations to another it does so in the right way, the inferior yielding to the superior. It is possible, perhaps, for the naturally modest man to wholly resist his inclination to yield to others and keep in the background, and yet he should try to do so whenever an excess of modesty threatens to handicap him in the race of life. Neither employers nor the critics and censors of the world at large have time to go into nice analyses of individual character, capabilities and merits. The modest man, however capable, who does his work quietly without ostentation, and shrinks from the observance of others, must be much more gifted than his fellows if he is to be found out and advanced by them as against his companion worker, also capable and faithful, who lets his light shine before the world and provides it with reflectors to increase its effect.—Baltimore Sun.

### Progress in Dentistry.

"But speaking about false teeth," said the dentist, "the next thing we are going to make is teeth that will look so much like natural teeth that the closest inspection will not be able to tell the difference. Here is a set I made as an experiment for an old lady. You see that all the teeth are discolored, and most of them are irregular. Here's one that looks as though it had been broken off a little. Here's another little point—that gold filling in there. That would deceive anybody. With the perfect arrangement we have now for holding the plate in place, there is no danger that anybody can detect those teeth from the genuine ivory. A set of teeth like that is a work of art, isn't it? Ars celare artem, eh?"—New York Commercial Advertiser.

## A LOUISIANA CUSTOM.

### CELEBRATING THE CUTTING OF THE LAST STALK OF CANE.

**Vigorous Work at the Last Acre—An Envied Man—Banners of All Sorts—A Long Procession of Happy Darkeys. Negro Oratory—Supper.**

A time honored custom among the hands on a sugar plantation is the celebration of the day when the last load of cane is hauled from the fields to the sugar house. There are few planters who object to this festival, and there are not many who assist personally in its observance. An account of one of these celebrations will be an almost faithful picture of all, for there is little variety about them.

It is a clear, sunny, winter day, and the hands work vigorously at the last acre of cane. Cane knives glitter in and out of the rustling green tops, there is a swift gleam of bright steel along the stalks, a quick stroke near the ground and the pilers lift the clean stalks in piles ready for the loaders to toss in great armfuls to the men waiting in the carts. Cane is heavy, and it requires a marvelous sleight of hand and some muscular power to send a bundle of cane flying into the grasp of another person. Mingled with crackling of stalks and the rushing sound of falling cane tops, comes the even melody of the negroes as they chant jubilee songs. There is only a little cane left. The men hold back, making a desperate appearance of haste; but not cutting more than they can help. Each man tries to deceive his neighbor, but the overseer is looking on and the cane must be cut. Swish, crack—the last stalk is almost reached, and who will have the glory of cutting it? The men are eager and excited; the overseer hurries them up; one after another the stalks fall—and, hurrah! the envied man cuts the last, and waves it triumphantly above his head. As the last load is piled on a cart, cheers loud and long announce the beginning of the celebration.

BANNERS OF ALL SORTS.

The planter has supplied the negroes with banners of all sizes. The cane carts are decorated with these, and the three or four mules in every cart have a bright rosette, surmounted by a small United States flag, placed above each long ear.

Besides these there are from one to three great flags supported in every wagon by a proud darkey, Malay or white man, as the case may be. When the line is formed it has a very imposing look. First comes the leader's cart, in which stands the man with the last stalk held upright, and one or two big flags which the ladies of the planter's household are solicited each year to manufacture; and much envied is the man to whom they are presented, for they are as attractive as yards of tri-colored flannel, ribbons and gilt devices can make them. There are also banners made by the colored women—marvels in the way of streamers and gaudy patchwork.

The long procession forms behind the last load of cane, surmounted by its gay decorations, and moves toward the sugar mill amid loud songs and deafening cheers for the planter, manager and overseer. All the mill whistles are blowing, and the much respected plantation bells are left in the power of the people, to be rung until the arms of the ringers are worn out. The procession is greeted at the sugar house with great rejoicing, speeches are indulged in, and the women and children stream from the quarters and clamber into the carts.

There is a great shrieking of whistles, roaring of machinery, crashing of cane mingled with the sounds of song and cheering, while toasts are drunk in every variety of whisky but the best. Amid all this din minor noises are unheard. After leaving the sugar house the troop of darkeys files around the mansion of the planter, cheering the family, who are expected to make their appearance and be looked at. Addresses are made to the planter, who, of course, has to return thanks; for if there is anything dear to the soul of the darkey it is speechmaking, and the father and brothers of the planter, if he has any, come in for their full share of negro oratory.

TREATING THE CROWD.

Money is given to the leaders to treat the crowd, and the planter has to use every excuse in his power to prevent himself being hoisted upon the shoulders of the joyous negroes. This ceremony being over, oranges are thrown into the carts, the leaders return to their wagons, and rattle around the grounds two or three times, with beating of drums, squeaking of fifes, cheering and other demonstrations. Then off they go to get their second installment of whisky at "de sto'," where the plantation storekeepers receive their share of attention. The procession goes to as many plantations as possible, and in the dusk, as the fog comes rolling in from the river, sweeping across the empty fields and winding in and out of the border of the woods, almost a mile away, one hears the sound of a beautiful negro melody,

We are waiting on de Lord,

rising and falling sweet and clear on the night air. And then the carts come lumbering home holding a half intoxicated, wholly happy crowd. There is a grand supper waiting for them, and nobody thinks of the depredations committed beforehand upon other men's goods in the way of pigs and poultry. More liquor is drunk, more speeches made, and the planter's entire fence is serenaded by the untiring crowd until a late hour.

Before the rising bell rings the fog sweeps in eddying folds, white and pale golden, into the blue oak woods, and discloses the quarters silent, for the very dogs are sleeping. Here and there gray smoke curls up above the cabins; the bell quavers its summons. There is a long, waking howl from the dogs, and sharp calls of negro women. Soon a large part of the previous day's proceedings will be enacted with unabated enthusiasm.—Ruth Ramay in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### The Eskimo's Endurance.

We look upon 30 to 40 degs. below zero, which our northern neighbors occasionally see, as a temperature that is about the limit of human endurance with any degree of comfort (and probably it is with even our best methods of combatting it), and so we stand aghast when we hear of the Eskimo out sledging and hunting at 50, 60, and even 70 degs. below zero, forgetting all the time that these people have a clothing, which is proportionately much warmer than their lowest temperature is colder than ours; and this, too, with equal if not less weight than in our clothing. They are, therefore, better prepared to endure it than we can possibly be.—Frederick Schwatka.

Yer got ter keep de pot bilin' lessen hit'll rust. Yer got ter keep hit full lessen de fire crack hit.

### On a Louisiana Sugar Plantation.

The marvelous processes by which the wand of the planter king is transmuted into rich casks of snow white or golden sugar, by means of steam boilers, strainers, vacuum pans, mixers and centrifugals, has been described many times over, and is a thing not to be done by a novice without abusing and misusing technical terms.

The raw juice is a dark, dirty looking liquid, a hideous gray in color. As it undergoes all the scientific processes of the most approved methods of sugar making, it runs a short chromatic scale in color, changing from gray to a greenish brown and then to shades of red-yellow, and finally emerging from the centrifugals like drifts of snow, white, fine and beautiful to look upon. The refuse of all the strainings is a thick mass, like slimy, gray soft soap. It is thrown out in heaps behind the sugar house, whence it is used as a fertilizer, but as it lies there it takes on a most royal robe of mold, showing exquisite, brilliant salmon and rose and bronze green hues, something, I should fancy, that would run a microscopist mad with delight and curiosity.—Catharine Cole in New Orleans Picayune.

### The Finest Thread.

The nettle is among the substances which science has put to use during the past few years. This weed is even being cultivated in Germany, its fibre having proven valuable for a variety of textile fabrics. In Dresden a thread is produced from it so fine that a length of sixty miles weighs only two and a half pounds.—Arkansaw Traveler.

How cunningly nature hides every wrinkle of her inconceivable antiquity under roses and violets and morning dew!—Emerson.

## A NOVELIST'S DISAPPEARANCE.

**Gone, Every Now and Then, for a Week or Ten Days—Mystery Explained.**

Chance threw me some years ago among some newspaper men who were the intimates of a little school of writers for the popular story papers at a time when they were fanning the last glow in the embers of the Bohemianism which was glorified by Henry Clapp, George Arnold and the other choice but imprudent spirits who made the Sunday press the warder of journalism and Pfaff's cellar the most popular beer saloon in town. These relics of that time were also delightful cronies. No matter how elevated your taste in reading, be sure that some of them have delighted you in essays, poems, stories or descriptive articles. Conspicuous among them was a novelist. His genius, his fame and his prosperity caused him to be regarded as the master spirit, and well he kept his rank, for he was witty, original and as blithe as a canary. But the curious thing about him was that he would now and then disappear for a week or ten days. His landlady denied all knowledge of him So did the bartenders in the saloons of rendezvous and the waiters in the restaurants he frequented. Just as suddenly he would reappear.

"Ah, friends," he would call out, "congratulate me. I am as free as a bird for three months. I have written a story that will run seventeen weeks and for that period shall have nothing on my mind."

The common understanding was that his method of writing a novel was this: He locked himself in his room and paced the floor and bent his mind on the construction of a plot. For two or three days he strode two and fro, thinking and jotting down his thoughts. That plot was in his brain and soul to the exclusion of all else, and he interrupted the creation of it only when he fell upon the bed from sheer exhaustion. In time the whole story was outlined—thread, characters, tableaux, scenery and all. Then he ordered a bottle of whisky, forbade his landlady to come near his door even with food until he should call for it, sat down and wrote until the falling sheets, tossed finished from his table, lay on the floor like the autumnal droppings of a maple grove. Once in two or three days he would tire, and order a heavy meal to gorge and yet rest himself, and then he would sleep a few hours; then at it again for three days. The novel being accepted, he drew $40 a week while it ran, and then at the end a lump sum of about $20 for each week it had run.

When all this was a mere recollection, and his kindness and charity and love of good fellowship had reduced him to a desperate strait, he nerved himself up and wrote another book. Ah, me! It is all a recollection already. To the old fellows it must seem as if the clerks are doing the writing now. The competition is too keen to bear time for Bohemianism. The actors and artists are the only good fellows left.
—Cor. New York Star.

### A Public Executioner Needed.

We need a public executioner.

As long as our statute books declare that death by hanging is the punishment for murder, it behooves us as a sober minded, not to say a civilized community, to see to it that this, like all things, be done decently and in order. A trade's a trade the world around, and as with vessels, some go to honor and some to dishonor, so with men; all sorts and conditions are needed to make a symmetric whole. Inexplicable as it may be, the fact remains that certain men in all times have been found to whom it was a pleasure to wield the headsman's ax, to apply the torch to the martyr's faggots, to draw the bow string, to turn the button, to adjust the noose, to cut the rope, to draw the bolt; yet in this great country, 60,000,000 of people, with three score of independent sovereignties, with hundreds of cities where criminals abound, where murders are of daily occurrence and hangings are common, there is absolutely no regulated custom, still less any law, making it the duty of any specified individual to personally conduct the awful ceremonies of judical killing.
—Joe Howard in New York Graphic.

### Oil Lamps In Cars.

Now that the railroads are abolishing the use of the dangerous stove, the next thing for the managers to consider is the oil lamp, and the substitution of the electric light in its place. A new dynamo has been invented that is perfectly safe for use on railroad cars. It is so constructed that it may give a current in the same direction, whether working forward or backward. Brushes are placed perpendicularly upon the collector, and these are worked by the motion of the train. The cost of an outfit for a train is very small, and the entire arrangement is so simple that any one can work it. The light is free from pulsation, and its brightness illumines a car far better than either oil lamps or gas. A small number of these electric lights have been placed in the Pullman palace cars, and they have worked with success. It is to be hoped that it will not be long before the use of oil lamps on trains will be abolished. They are just as dangerous as the stove in case of an accident, and do just as much damage.—Demorest's Monthly.

### An Arabian Game of Marbles.

The Arabs play marbles differently from the American boys. Of course the arrangement of the marbles to be shot at can be varied in many ways; but the young Arabs shoot the marble in a way of their own and much more accurately than the American lads. The left hand is laid flat on the ground with the fingers closed together, and the marble is placed in the groove between the middle finger and forefinger. The forefinger of the right hand is then pressed firmly on the end joint of the middle finger, and when the middle finger is suddenly pushed aside the forefinger of the right hand slips out with more or less force and projects the marble very accurately in the direction of the groove on the left hand. Many of the boys become very expert.—St. Nicholas.

### The Minister from Corea.

Pak Chung Yang, the Corean minister to the United States, and his secretaries are somewhat dudish in their habits. Several wagons were required to move the trunks containing their apparel. They change their costumes several times a day. They own a vast variety of very tall hats, which are perforated at the top. They wear their hats at the table, and have a different kind of tile for each meal. They have heads of a very peculiar shape. The back of the head, far from being round, is as flat as a board.
—New York World.

### Scarcity of Timber in Russia.

So scarce is timber that in most sections it is scrupulously preserved. For this reason there are few fences in the country. The fences are made, too, in a way peculiar to the country. They are of nine foot slabs, two or three inches thick, six or eight inches wide, and are driven three feet into the ground, leaving the fence six feet in height. The tops are squared off with a saw and the fence is not only durable but sightly.—Moscow Cor. Cleveland Leader.

### Advertising for Lost Articles.

A word of advice, in closing, to those who have been unfortunate enough to lose jewels. Never offer "a suitable reward;" never say "that the finder will be liberally rewarded." In such cases the cost of advertising is usually added to the loss of the jewel. State the exact amount of the reward, and let it be liberal enough to insure the return of the lost article.—George T. Kunz.

The black alder, common in all the eastern states, is well adapted to lowlands, and will produce fuel in a very few years.

In Connecticut there are 85,507 acres of oyster beds.

### Useful in Diphtheria.

A commission of the Paris Academy of Medicines finds that hydrofluroc acid, which is highly antiseptic, has a theurapeutic action when inhaled. It dissents, however, from the opinion of glass workers that the inhalations cure consumption, but considers that they may be useful in diphtheria.—Arkansaw Traveler.

## FOR GIRLS WHO SCRIBBLE.

**Counsel to Those Who Deluge Editors with Many Manuscripts.**

"It is partly because of the new activity of southern women," she said, "and partly, I suppose, because I am a southerner myself, but a large proportion of my letters come from the south. These letters are, for the most part, earnest and strong appeals for guidance, and in every instance, without exception, the desire is expressed of coming to New York and seeking employment on the best known magazines, weeklies or dailies. Invariably I answer discouraging this plan,