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HON. GALUSHA A. GROW, of Pennsylvania, who was Speaker of the memorable war Congress which was called in special session on July 4, 1861, is still occasionally seen in Washington He has long been out of politics.

EDISON says he tries nothing that doesn't promise dollars and cents. For that reason he has undertaken no electrical experiments to devise something to enhance the powers of sight. Says he: "I concern myself only with conditions, not theories. There is no money in theories."

WHEN the Rev. Dr. Powell, of Sherbrooke, Canada, learned that his daughter had been assaulted and murdered on a lonely road near his house, he tucked his religion out of sight, put a pistol in his pocket, and started on the war path, swearing that he would kill the man who had slain the girl. The Doctor's congregation stand by him, and if he carries out his threat no jury will convict him.

RAILROAD men say that lightning occasionally strikes locomotives when they run through thunder storms, but that it has never been known to harm them or the men in their cabs. The electricity thins out and spreads all over the engine, running off the wheels and along the tracks when it leaves the machinery. The impression is that the locomotives are lightning catchers and attract the bolts that otherwise might hit the cars.

A NUMBER of Chinamen who were imprisoned for six months at Tacoma, W. T., for entering this country from British Columbia without permission, were lately released and returned to British territory, but the authorities would not let them land unless a tax of $200 was paid, and they were taken back to the penitentiary. The matter has been referred to Washington. The Chinese cannot get out of the United States unless some one pays their British tax, and they are liable to be sentenced twice a year for six months as long as they live. There are 100 more Chinese in the penitentiary whose terms shortly expire.

SEVERAL years ago a number of German workmen came to Connecticut by a preconcerted arrangement, and obtained employment in the clock factories in New Haven, Ansonia, Waterbury, Thomaston, and Winsted. They worked steadily for a long time, applied themselves diligently to mastering the science of clock-making, and became proficient in the art of handling the fine tools necessary to the work. They also purchased the tools and several of the complicated machines, and, returning to Germany, they began the manufacture of clocks for themselves. They set up a factory in the Black Forest region, and their business now amounts, according to a letter recently received in New York City, to 50,000 clocks a month.

THE defect in the arm of Emperor William II. is authoritatively described thus: The left arm is not deformed, but withered, or rather dwarfed; the nerves which vitalize it were subjected to great and prolonged pressure during birth, so that their power was destroyed. Hence the muscles of the arms were paralyzed and became wasted for want of use, and the limb did not grow with the rest of the body. The responsibility of this rests with the German doctors who officiated on the occasion, a fact which partly explains the Empress Victoria's distrust of native talent. She insisted on Dr. Gream presiding at all subsequent ceremonies of the same kind, and outraged Teutons have never forgiven her for this affront to German "science."

THAT talkative individual, the drummer, is a great institution in these United States. It has been estimated that there are now 80,000 salesmen on the road in this country, and that their expense account alone averages $1,625 a year each. This means an outlay of $130,000,000 a year, and, counting an average salary of $1,000 per year, the grand total is swelled to $210,000,000 expended by and on traveling salesmen. This immense sum is scattered throughout the entire country, and furnishes an important item of railway and hotel profits.

INDIAN slavery is said to have replaced negro slavery in Brazil. Mr. Wells, a great Brazilian traveler, says that "in the wildest region of the tributaries of the Amazon bands of India-rubber gatherers carry on an iniquitous traffic with many Indian tribes, from whom they acquire captives from other tribes. The lawlessness of their proceedings is fully admitted by the Brazilian Government, but over the vast areas in the distant region through which they roam it is absolutely impossible to maintain any check over them."

CHEAP roof-gardens in New York are made by running a latticed railing around an ordinary tinned roof, covering the deck with common matting, bordering the roof with plants and vines, and spreading over all an adjustable awning. The housetop is recognized as an unequaled sanitarium, and all New York dreams of hanging gardens.

THE Shah of Persia recently had a tooth pulled in the presence of all his court. The operator was a Swede, and the head executioner made himself conspicuous during the seance. There is no knowing what might have happened to the dentist had his Majesty lost his temper with the pain. As it was, the Shah presented him with a purse of gold and a shawl.

LOVE'S PETITION.

BY GEORGE BIRDSEYE.



18 long ago
Since thy dear heart with mine
Kept ebb and flow.

O, love divine,
That pulsed with liquid fire
Like holy wine,

And thrill'd the wire
That, without uttered speech,
Told what desire

The soul of each,
Stirr'd with rapture wild!

Le me beseech,

No more beguiled,
That all the bygone years
Since last you smiled—

That all the tears
Shed since we parted last—
All doubts and fears,

Be in the past
Forever laid away!
That love thou hast,

The same to-day
As then, I hope, and feel
That it will stay.

O, dear one, deal
Kindly with him who prays,
The old wounds heal,

His spirit raise,
And let us give to joy our future days!

THAT DECEPTIVE TELEGRAM.

BY CHAS. C. HAHN.

The Rev. Alfred Brown, Rector of St. Marks, Quincy, was a most exemplary man and husband. He did his duties as a priest and loved his wife. This did not hinder Mrs. Brown from being insanely jealous. She was one of these uncomfortable women who are always trying to find trouble for themselves and others. As an article of the Athanasian creed she added what was not generally recited—a belief in the absolute depravity of mankind in general and of husbands in particular. The fact that Mrs. Brown never caught her husband sinning was only the more of an incentive for watching him closely. Because he was always good and open and loving, she put him down as artful, and, behind that, she had a shrewd, tricky man to deal with. And this, not so much because she was spiteful or unhappy, but because she was jealous of him and of his reputation.

One reason for this jealousy may have been that she was eleven years older than her husband and of a plain complexion.

She would never allow any one else to doubt or speak ill of him, and she herself would not do the latter to his face. But she held it as her divine right to do the former and keep a watch over him on the quiet.

Only once had she ever been able to secure even a suspicion of her husband. He had once, several years before, shown great interest in a girl of his parish who had gone to the bad. No one else ever thought of the Rev. Alfred Brown in connection with her disappearance, but his wife decided that he needed watching.

There were certain seasons of the year when Mrs. Brown's jealousy became abnormally active. They were in the spring and fall, when the Bishop of Chicago summoned his clergy to meet him at St. Paul's Cathedral in solemn semi-annual conclave, and to these convocations the Rev. Alfred Brown was wont to go, although not a member of the Chicago diocese. It was his one recreation, and they always asked him to address the meeting.

As a general thing Mr. Brown took his wife with him on these occasions and the couple stopped with a friend on Cass street, near St. James. But in the spring of 1888 this friend was obliged to take a trip to California, and Mr. Brown was obliged to seek quarters elsewhere. A bachelor friend hearing of his difficulty wrote asking him to put up at the North Side Clubhouse during his sojourn in Chicago. Mrs. Brown did not like to trust her husband among a lot of ungodly club men, but the spirit of economy was almost as strong in her breast as was the spirit of jealously, and she at last allowed him to accept the invitation, Mr. Brown accepted her decision with a species of chastened, holy joy which filled the good lady's soul with fears. He was up to something, she knew. An incident which occurred only a few days before he was to leave, heightened her suspicions. Her husband came in one morning with a long face and a solemn tone of voice, and said:

"My dear, I have just heard of a distressing affair. Mary Candee has run away and it is feared that she has gone to marry that scapegrace John Smith, who is connected with a saloon in Chicago. I feel very sorry for her and I hope that I may run across her while attending the spring convocation. If so, I may be of assistance to her or her husband."

"Alfred," replied Mrs. Brown, with a most austere look, "if you speak to the abandoned creature you will degrade yourself, and I forbid it."

"Why, my dear," the good rector replied, "you must be beside yourself. It is my duty as a priest of the church to help even the lowest. Of course I shall do all that I can to find the poor girl and help her in her trouble."

"Convocation, indeed," Mrs. Brown said to herself, when the rector had departed to his study. "A pretty convocation it will be. Why couldn't he take me with him instead of going to a disreputable bachelor club-house? He meant to meet that girl all the time, and I haven't a doubt but that he wrote to that old curmudgeon and asked for a room with him so that I could not go along."

On Monday of the next week the rector of St. Marks departed for Chicago, sent on his way with the kindly wishes of the whole parish, and accompanied by his Senior Warden and a churchman of wealth and piety, who also wished to attend the ecclesiastical meeting.

No sooner was he gone than Mrs. Brown received the means of verifying her suspicions. Monday afternoon the carrier brought her a letter from an old school friend asking her to pass a week or so at her home in Chicago. The invitation was for herself and husband, but she knew she could give a good excuse for going alone, and accepted the invitation as a godsend. Besides, her friend was the wife of an old army officer, and would enjoy hearing of the matrimonial troubles of a friend! So she sent a friendly note Tuesday morning accepting the invitation. The letter reached Chicago at 2:30 in the afternoon, and just as Mrs. Brown was sitting down to tea a Western Union messenger brought her the following dispatch:

Charlie is away for months. Called suddenly. Come at once. Am dull.
CARRIE BROPHY.

Mrs. Brown's arrangements were soon made, as they had to be of necessity, for the convocation was to last only from Wednesday till Thursday of the next week. She packed a small valise and took the night train for Chicago, arriving there Wednesday morning. She found her old friend a woman who troubled her husband with her sanctimonious airs. He was an easy-going Episcopalian, who believed that all he had to do was to attend church occasionally and talk back to the preacher according to book, while she was a Simon-pure Baptist, who believed in conversions, baptism, and a godly life.

Owing to the diversity in their ages, the wife had good reason for being jealous of him. So the two ladies enjoyed themselves all Wednesday afternoon and evening, the one telling of her husband's derelictions, and the other telling of her suspicions.

Meanwhile, all unconscious of his wife's close proximity, the Rev. Alfred Brown was enjoying himself immensely. His bachelor friend knew the north end and was able to give him surprising knowledge with regard to that part of the city. They drove in a carriage to the principal points of interest, visited Lincoln Park and saw the bears in the bear pit. Only two things marred Mr. Brown's happiness. He thought of his wife, lonely in Quincy, and of May Brophy's sad future. Before a day had passed he had another trouble. His former parishioner, the girl who had gone wrong, followed him. She had seen him in a cab, had followed and dogged him on every trip, begging for half-dollars. He wished to help her, but her persecutions almost made him decide to take his bachelor friend's advice and hand her over to the police. But Mr. Brown was soft-hearted.

Mrs. Brown inherited from her Puritan ancestors a horror of the theater, but her old school friend overcame her scruples enough to induce her to go and see Irving in "Faust."

"It is improper," the rector's wife said.

"But the moral is good," her friend replied.

So she went, and saw her husband in a box on the opposite side of the theater.

"Look at him!" she said.

"Look at who?" her friend said.

"At my husband! See him—the priest, the rector, who came up to attend a convocation of clergymen.

"My!" said her friend; "I did not know your husband was in the city."

"You didn't? Where did you suppose he would be when there was a church convocation in Chicago. You must know, Mrs. Brophy, that my husband has official duties which call him to church councils continually. Still, I will say to you that I don't quite like seeing him with a couple of ladies in a theater box."

And she nursed her wrath in silence till the curtain fell.

"What are you doing?" her friend cried. "Where are you going?"

"I am going to follow my husband."

"But you can't."

"I can," replied Mrs. Brown, firmly. And she did.

She followed her reverend husband out of the theater and saw him assisting two young ladies into a carriage. They were nieces of the Bishop, but of course she did not know it.

Just as he was turning away a young woman came up and evidently asked him for money. He gave her half a dollar and was turning away, but she clung to him with a persistency which was annoying, if not compromising.

"You ought to hand her over to the police," said the rector's bachelor friend. "The girl went to the bad long ago. I have seen her here and know what she is. If she troubles you again forget that you are a clergyman and hand her over to an officer."

The Rev. Alfred agreed and his friend engaged a Pinkerton detective to follow and protect him.

The next day, the Bishop had decided that the afternoon should be passed in the different parks, and that at 6 o'clock the clergy should assemble at his home on Ontario street for dinner.

Mr. Brown's bachelor friend accompanied him and together with the Bishop's nieces they went to Lincoln Park, visited the hot-houses, viewed the gardens, rowed on the lake, and looked at the bears.

Expecting some disturbance Mr. Brown had told his fair friends about his trouble and what might be expected.

Mrs. Brown was on his track.

For a few moments he left his company to look at the deer in a separate pen nearer the lake and when he returned found the Bishop's nieces in a peculiar frame of mind.

"You may take us both to the Bishop," they said.

"What's the matter?" the clergyman asked.

"Nothing," one of them replied, "only the girl you told us about came up and denounced you as her husband."

"This is really too much to bear," Mr. Brown replied. "I wanted to help the poor girl, but if she cannot respect her friends I must give her over to the police."

Accordingly, after taking the young ladies to their uncle, the Bishop, he called the detective and gave him instructions to watch closely and arrest any woman who followed or annoyed him or his companions.

Soon after, the detective whispered in one of the niece's ear.

"Beg pardon, Miss, but I am a detective. Is that woman yonder the one who annoyed you?"

"Yes, it is."

"All right. Hope you'll excuse me," and the detective went over and led the woman to the police station.

The Rev. Alfred Brown passed a pleasant afternoon after that and enjoyed himself at the Bishop's dinner, which was good and served in true Episcopal manner. After dinner there were speeches and a social, and it was not until nearly midnight that the convocation adjourned.

When the Rev. Alfred Brown reached the club-room he found a telegraphic message:

"Come at once. Am in trouble.
"THERESA BROWN."

"Holy Chasuble! Something awful must have happened! I wonder if thieves have broken in."

The good father never stopped to look at the date, which was at the North Side police-station, but prepared to go down to Quincy.

While he was eating salmon and enjoying ice-cream at the Bishop's palace his wife had been enjoying the hospitalities of the police court. When the police magistrate loomed up before her on the morning after her brilliant debut in Lincoln Park, he said:

"What's she up for?"

"Trying to extort money from the Rev. Alfred Brown, of Quincy, Ill."

"You lie!" the reverend gentleman's wife forgot herself so much as to cry. "He is my husband."

"What, this detective?"

"No; the Rev. Alfred Brown."

How she managed to work her way out of it we need not inquire, as it is a delicate subject. But work out of it she did, and the next evening, while her husband was supping on a cold meal and wondering why none of the twenty telegrams he had sent that day had brought an answer from his wife, she walked in on him.

"Good heavens, Alfy! what are you doing here? I thought you were in Chicago!"

"I was, as you know, Theresa, but this dispatch called me back."

"This dispatch, why," and she read it over. "What could have been the matter with you, couldn't you read? This is dated at the North Side police station in Chicago. Ah! I see, my dear beloved husband, you got this the night of the banquet and you had taken a cup of wine too much to be able to read straight. Take my advice and don't go to any more of them."

Mr. Brown was mystified, and Mrs. Brown never troubles him with jealousy since. She does not care to watch him any more and he has never learned who sent him that deceptive telegram.

The Improved Bustle For Rainy Weather.



In Repose.



In Action.
—*Texas Siftings.*

Use the House-Tops.

The intelligent American pilgrim in Jerusalem looks around him, and contemplating the advantage and the comfort of the outer story of the house asks himself why that stroke of domestic economy had not occurred to the American mind, and why in the crowded cities of his native land, the beneficent space of the house-top has not been, in the characteristic phrase of that land, "utilized."

This is the precise question which has occurred with such force to a good physician of New York, Dr. Gouverneur M. Smith, that he has asked the question aloud, and called public attention to the "wasted sunbeams." Thousands of men and women and children in the city of New York require more fresh air and more sunshine, which are both waiting and ready to serve them. Thousands of acres of accessible upland, through whose purer air the sun shines unchecked, lie waste above our heads. Kind women send little children and hard-worked girls to the seaside, to a sanatorium, into the country, for a week, a fortnight, a month. It is a beneficent generosity. But if, when the pilgrims return, the sanatory service could continue and the benefits be retained, how much the kindly blessing would be enhanced!

The good sense of skillful and thoughtful builders, as in the Equitable Building and in clubs, has already placed the kitchen on the upper floor, that the culinary fumes may not pervade the house. The change shows at least the overthrow of the tradition that the highest and airiest floor should be devoted to cells for domestic and dungeons for trunks and lumber. But the house-top can serve a much more generous and beneficent purpose than affording a slope for the easy escape of rain. It can be transformed into a garden, a play-ground, a promenade, a sanatorium. The sun-bath is the miracle-worker. The blue-glass mystery was simply the curative virtue of sunshine. The sun is the universal benefactor. In the very slums there are these opportunities, which may be readily adapted to substitute sun, air, space, exhilaration, and health for the damp, dark, noisome kennel in which the hollow-eyed child of the poor wallows and sickens.

Dr. Gouverneur Smith has suggested a project which will open to us lordly possessions of our own of which we were ignorant. We are richer than we knew. There are possible hanging gardens which we have only to enter and cultivate, and aerial solar pavilions in which the sick and the feeble may be revived as in the pool of Siloam. The house-top which was so vaguely familiar to the boy reading of the East may become most happily familiar to the benevolent man proud of the West for its humane science and true charity. Goethe, in his ripe age, died saying "More light." It is the legend of the age in which he is so great a figure. In all his senses it is a cry for spiritual and material welfare. Dr. Smith's proposal is a clear echo of Goethe's cry.—*George William Curtis, in Harper's Magazine.*

THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Good Advice.

We are all naughty, cross, or dull,
Sometimes; so hear the cure, dear!
Cast o'er your face a pleasant grace—
It will work its way in, sure, dear.
For if you think it best to pout
And wear a surly air, dear,
That will not let bad temper out
Nor evil thoughts repair, dear.
—*St. Nicholas.*

Love for Their Young.

Following is an account of the remarkable development of parental instinct in a wild beast, from the Philadelphia *Times:*

In Forepaugh's menagerie there are six as lithe and brightly marked tigers as anybody ever saw. One morning, at daylight, the keepers were surprised by an unusual commotion among the cat animals. The men got out strong ropes, lassoes, and nets, believing that some of the most formidable of the wild beasts were out of their den.

They approached the wide stairs with caution, and entered the room. The tiger-den was a scene of fierce confusion, and the other animals shared the excitement. The men advanced to the front of the den, and were met by demonstrations of anger. Lying close to the wall in one corner was a huge Bengal tiger, and at her side a pair of beautifully marked cubs, with eyes closed like a young kitten's. With eyes of wonder the men gazed at the treasures which had been born during the night. Still, they could not understand why all the wild beasts should seem so restless. One of the keepers, following the eye of a huge panther, shouted: "Boys, look! One has got out, and is on the floor!" One cub had crept through the bars of the cage and tumbled out, and wandered around until it had tired out and gone to sleep.

When one of the men had carefully picked it up it uttered a feeble cry. The scene that followed made those men, used to danger as they were, white with fear. The tigers bent the bars of their cages, and the lions roared in unison with the shrieks of the other animals. It was a little pandemonium. To attempt to put the cub through the bars into the cage from which it had fallen was certain death to whoever undertook it, for with their long forearms and curved claws the tigers would have torn to shreds whatever had been in reach.

Finally, one of the cool-headed keepers took the little, speckled, sightless beast, and, climbing up to the end of the cage, opened a small hole left for ventilation, and dropped the cause of all the trouble at the feet of the mother. She tenderly placed it beside her other offspring, lay down herself, and in two minutes the cunning-looking kitten was taking its nourishment, and everything soon quieted down.

Loo Sing Wah and His Letter.

My dear boys and girls, let me tell you about a letter written to you by a China boy who lives in the house where I do. I teach him to read. He is now reading words of three letters. He is a smart China boy, and has a Chinese education. He sends you his New Year's card. It would make a nice wall ornament. At my request he writes you a short letter, so you can see how the Chinamen write. He is not a Christian. His name is Loo Sing Wah. He was married at 16. He is now 22. His name before he was married was Loo Ah Chung. When Chinamen get married they change their names as well as the women. When you read his letter, you begin at the top of the right-hand corner and read down; then begin at the top of the next, and so on. The two marks in the first column read "A letter." The second line reads: "All little white American school-boys and white American school-girls, you will get this letter." The third line: "I hope when you stay in that country you go to school; be not lazy." The fourth line: "I hope you are well and are good to father and mother." The fifth line: "Your teacher tells me to write you a Chinese letter for you to look at." The sixth line: "Be good like Chinese Jesus;" and the seventh line: "Learn about Chinese Jesus and you will be good." The last line reads: "Loo Ah Chung."

We call Loo Ah Chung Jim, so you see he has plenty of names. Jim says the poor boys in China cannot go to school because they have to pay. He went to school seven years. He got up early, about six o'clock, and went to school. At nine he went home to breakfast and returned, and at six went to dinner. If a boy did not study, his teacher hit him on the head with a big stick. Chinese girls never go to school, never know how to read or write. They stay in the house and sew and make nice clothes. They all marry when they are 16 or 17 years old.

A China boy never sees the girl he is to marry until the day on which he is to be married. A Chinaman never claims his wife's relations, but claims his own. So Jim calls his father's brother his uncle, but says his mother's brother is no relation of his. He says that when a China boy who is married dies, the family cry for three days; if he dies before he is married, the family cry for two days. If a girl dies, the family cry one day, and if a baby dies, they only cry a little while. After a body has been buried three years, they take it out of the ground and take the bones and put them in a dish and bury them again. The better care a man takes of his father's and grandfather's bones the better luck the man and his children are supposed to have.

One thing that seems virtuous in the Chinamen is the great respect they have for their father and mother. That makes me think of what Jim said, that when a Chinaman married he brought his wife home to live with his father and mother. When three or four boys get married it makes a pretty crowded house, but that is the way they all do; so Jim sends his money to his father and his father gives some to Jim's wife, if she asks him for some. When Jim's sisters get married they go away to their husbands father's house.

Jim's pen is a straight stick that is sharpened at one end. He holds it straight up and down to write. He has a little tin dish, into which he puts a little water and then rubs around in it a stick of ink that looks just like the stick of stove polish your mother has. When he has made it black enough he rolls the sharp end of the stick in it and is then all ready to write, and you would be astonished to see how fast he writes.

There is a Chinese Sunday school here. The China boys, about thirty of them, recite verses from the Bible, sing gospel songs and repeat the Lord's prayer; and last Sunday a China boy played the piano while the others sang.

Jim's letter, consisting of seventy-nine words, required over 900 strokes of the sharp stick, and covers a correspondingly large amount of paper. His New Year's card is of flaming vermilion, about six by nine inches, and his name occupies the right-hand upper corner.
J. H. S.
Los Angeles, Cal.

In Search of a Friend.

Bill Wells, of Bath County, Kentucky, belonged to a family of long-talking people, all good-natured and honest, and all so full of humor that had they been blessed with sufficient education to write would have acquired greater fame than any of "our genial humorists" in the line of newspaper *facetiæ*.

Bill, seeing one day an unusually green-looking specimen of humanity, remarked that if he owned that fellow he would put horns on him and turn him out in the pasture. Speaking of another man who was particularly known as being penurious, he said, when there was talk of building a monument to the wealthy miser, that if he was planted with a grain of corn in his ear he'd have a monument in the spring which would be as lasting a monument as he deserved.

Bill was peculiarly fond of taking off the foibles and peculiarities of the well-known people about the neighborhood. Among these was William Allen, a wealthy man who was very illiterate, and whose peculiarity was a disposition to whittle. Another was one Lowery, who was a picker-up of unconsidered trifles, a petty larceny thief, who was continually stealing chickens, eggs, etc., and who was always prating of honesty.

Bill Wells remarked one day that he had just come through Josh Ewing's big cornfield in a very rich bottom. Said he: "That corn is so heavy and tall that you kin see lightning bugs in it in the daytime. People gits lost in it an' dies. I found thar, this mawnin', Bill Allen. He had whittled up two sto' boxes and was tryin' to figger out a plan for cheating' Charles Goodpaster outen a yoke er steers. 'Lowery wuz layin' thar dead, too. He had on his arm that little baskit that he allers carries, with a couple er dozen aigs to sell an' a pair of ox-bows, an' the last words that Lowery said was: 'God knows I'm an 'ones' man.'"

One time Bill went down to Cincinnati on a raft of sawlogs, during a freshet in Licking River, and he said he tried to find Sam Whitlow, who had been living there for several years, having gone from Bill's neighborhood. He said he asked everybody he met if he knew where Sam lived, but they all turned up their noses and went on just as if he wasn't talking to them. Said he: "I tuck notice, howsomever, that nearly all of these fellers smoked seegars, so I went into a place and bought some. This wuz befo' the waugh, en seegars wuz monst'ous cheap. I bought ten cents' wuth, an' they filled my pockets en hat, an' I lef' a big pile on um layin' on the counter. After that, when I axed um whar Sam lived, I offered um a seegar, but they turned up thar noses more'n ever. Finally, I bought a jug er whisky en went to talk to some fellers et wuz a-workin' in a ditch in the street, an' axed um to drink with me, which they did, an' they drunk up all the whisky in the jug. They seemed to be monst'ous willin' to tell me all about Sam, but after they had drunk the whisky en tried to talk, I found out they wuz these yer Eyetalians, en couldn't say a word er United States. But I reckon ef I coulder onderstood um they'd er tole me all about Sam, but I ain't never heard a dratted word of Sam Whitlow fum that day to this."
—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

What Some Old People Did.

"Uncle" John Coombs of New Salem, Ill., is 100 years old. He was born in Lisbon and his father fought under Napoleon. "Uncle John" says he remembers the "Little Corporal" and tells many wonderful tales about him. The old man is fond of stories and takes greatest delight in telling how he jumped, kicked an Indian in the back with both feet at the same time and robbed the prostrate red-skin of his gun. Of his three children one remains to comfort the aged pioneer.

Mrs. Elizabeth Sands, of Baltimore, Md., is 99 years old, and insists that she can take care of herself. When asked what she is distinguished for her reply is: "I am distinguished for having sixteen grandchildren, thirty-nine great-grandchildren, nine great-great-grandchildren, and many nieces and nephews grand, great-grand and great-great-grand." Mrs. Sands still shows her womanly characteristics in delighting in nothing more than a day spent in shopping. When she goes, as she often does, she always insists on seeing the goods on the top floor and persistently refuses to ride in an elevator. The old lady climbs the stairways.

"Amen!" was what the inhabitants of Fall River, Mass., always heard at every service in a humble little house of worship in that city. Stephen Gleason, aged 103 years, spoke the word in clear, firm tones. He was always at church when there was any to go to, and though so aged could pray as well as the preacher. One day not long ago the pastor was absent and the venerable old gentleman arose and preached a sermon that enthused the entire village. He came to this country from Cork, but never drank a drop of liquor. He died June 20, and left a widow aged 88.

Fires in Mandalay.

It might have been thought that with the accession of the British the perennial conflagrations at Mandalay would cease, but a recent telegram tells us that they go on as merrily as ever. With Indian journals the "Great Fire at Mandalay; Ten Thousand Houses Burned" used to fill the place of the "Shower of Frogs" and "Great Gooseberry" of our home journals. The number of houses burned was always ten thousand—neither more nor less. A traveler who happened to go to Mandalay immediately after one of these devastating fires hurried to the scene to find an area of charcoal about as large as the terrain on which is set the Tower of London, including the ditch. The houses that generally fell a prey to these fires were mere boutiques. We moderns are satisfied with 500, which, we are gravely told, took as long as two hours and a half in burning. The curious thing in connection with Mandalay fires used to be that they were invariably predicted by the court astrologers, who had no difficulty in making sure that their predictions came about. Now that the astrologers are gone the reason for the fires is not obvious.—*London Times.*

Settled for a Moment.

"There," exclaimed an inexperienced young woman at the Polo grounds as Welch landed the ball in the pit of the batter's food department, while the latter lay down and tore up handsfuls of grass, "he has hit him at last. Does that win the game?"—*New York Sun.*

Professional Cards.

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Railroad Schedules, etc.

Cumberland & Pennsylvania Railroad.

—EASTWARD.—		
Leave Piedmont	6 30 a m	11 40 a m
" Barton	6 45 "	11 55 "
" Lonaconing	6 55 "	12 10 p m
" Ocean	7 10 "	12 25 "
" Frostburg	7 25 "	12 42 "
" Mt. Savage	7 55 "	1 07 "
" Barrelville	8 01 "	1 12 "
" C. and P. Junction	8 11 "	1 20 "
Arrive at Cumberland	8 20 "	1 35 "
—WESTWARD.—		
Leave Cumberland	9 15 a m	3 35 p m
" C. and P. Junction	9 30 "	3 50 "
" Barrelville	9 40 "	4 01 "
" Mt. Savage	9 46 "	4 09 "
" Frostburg	10 12 "	4 35 "
" Ocean	10 26 "	4 52 "
" Lonaconing	10 42 "	5 07 "
" Barton	10 50 "	5 17 "
Arrive at Piedmont	11 10 "	5 32 "

All trains on the schedule stop at Hay street station, Cumberland. P. L. BURWELL, General Superintendent