### The Great Procession.

Did you ever happen to think, when dark
Lights up the lamps outside the pane,
And you look through the glass on that wonderland
Where the witches are making their tea in the
Pan,
Of the great procession that says its prayers
All the week over, and climbs the stairs,
And goes to wonderland of dreams,
Where nobody knows if it just what it seems?

All the world over, at eight o'clock,
Sad and sorrowful, glad and gay,
These with their eyes as bright as dawn,
Those almost asleep as the way;
This one rejoicing, that one distressed,
Plaited tresses, or curling floss,
Slowly the long procession streams
Up to the wonderland of dreams.

Far in the Islands of the sea
The great procession takes up its way,
Where, throwing their faded flower wreaths
Down,
Little savages tire of play;
Though they have no stairs to climb at all,
And go to sleep wherever they fall,
To the sea's soft song the stars' soft gleams
They are off to the wonderland of dreams.

Then the almond lids of the Tartar boy
Do close like a leaf at close of day;
And her mat is pleasant as clouds of down
To the tawny child of the Himalay;
And the lad on the housetop at Ispahan
Sees night, while the rose-breaths around him
Fan,
Lead up from the desert his starry teams
And mount to the wonderland of dreams.

Still westward the gentle shadow steals,
And touches the head of the Russian maid,
And the Viking's sons leave wrestle and leap,
And Gretchen loosens her yellow braid,
And Rose and Arthur follow along,
And sweet Mavourneen at even-song,
All mingling the morrow's hopes and schemes
With those of the wonderland of dreams.

The round world over, with dark and dew,
See how the great procession swells;
Hear the music to which it moves,
The children's prayers and the evening bells.
It climbs the slopes of the far Andes,
At last it reaches our western shores,
And where can it go at these extremes
But into the wonderland of dreams?

Hurrying, scampering, lingering, slow,
Ah, what a patter of little feet!
Eyelids heavy as flowers with bees,
Was ever anything half so sweet?
Out of the tender evening blue—
I do believe it has come for you
To be off to the wonderland of dreams,
Where nothing at all is just what it seems!

*—Harriet Prescott Spofford, in St. Nicholas for October.*

## WAS SHE IN EARNEST?

"Hullo, stranger! might you be looking for somebody?"

The man who had been addressed—a good-looking young fellow, wearing a costly overcoat, and bearing in his hand a traveling-bag—turned as the words were spoken, and saw behind him a heavily built, elderly man of the farmer sort, who carried in his hand a long whip, and wore a broad-brimmed felt hat well pulled over his eyes.

"Am I looking for somebody?" he repeated. "Yes, sir. I'm looking for Mr. Mark Mellish. He was to meet me here and take me down to his place. I've been walking that station platform for a full hour, and as the sun is going down and I have no idea where I am, and I ——"

Here he paused, evidently thinking it best not to utter the remainder of his sentence.

"Mellish had good reasons for wanting to meet me," he added. "I'm beginning to think that he never got my telegram. Have you a hotel or tavern hereabout?"

"Nothing but the boarding house at the mines," said the farmer; "and when you've got there you are at Mellish's. But if you're Mr. Nelson Noble, then ——"

"I am," interposed the young man.

"Then," proceeded the farmer, "I've come to fetch you, and you haven't any need of a hotel."

"Good," cried young Noble, "this great, grand, stony country of yours, with its bald hills and nothing growing, gives a man from Connecticut a feeling of having got into the giant's country as Jack-of-the-Beanstalk did. Your depot-master trotted home a while ago, saying that there were no more trains until to-morrow, and it is going to be a decidedly gloomy night. The idea of spending it here was unpleasant—in fact I was getting nervous over it when you spoke to me."

"And yet you couldn't be among honester people," said the farmer; "'tisn't like your big cities, where there is robbers, and bunco men, and pickpockets, as I've heard tell, and trapses for you everywhere. You'd find every man a brother here."

"Very likely," replied Noble, with a laugh; "however, I'm glad you came for me, Mr. ——"

"Smith, you may call me," said the old man, "and we might as well be off; my waggon is in the holler there. The horse is acting queer and I wouldn't give him the pull up hill. Any baggage, Mr. Noble?"

"Only this," answered Noble, with a swing of the traveling-bag. "I'm only going to stay over night," and he followed Mr. Smith over the rocky road and down a steep slope until they reached the spot where a covered waggon, drawn by a bony old white horse, stood waiting.

"You sit inside out of the draught," said Smith, "seein' you've got chilled at the depot. The wind is kinder keen."

"Thank you," Noble answered, and shortly finding the old man indisposed to talk, he fell asleep under the dingy canopy, and slept until the sudden stopping of the waggon and loud shouts from the driver aroused him.

"What's the matter?" he cried, thrusting his head through a rift in the awning, and from the shadows beyond—for night had fallen while he slept—Smith's rough voice replied:

"Darn it all, the horse has done it at last. He's dead as a door nail, and you can't get to the mines to-night, stranger, nohow you can fix it."

"Let me look at the animal," said Noble. "Perhaps he's not dead."

"I know more about horses that you do," said Smith, "if you'll excuse my saying it. I'll have to ask you to stay at my place to-night. I'll borrow a team to-morrow and take you up to Mellish's."

"You are very good," said Noble. "Personally, I'm not in haste, but Mr. Mellish had good reasons for wishing to see me to-night; he should have sent a better horse for me."

"Oh, that's my horse," said the farmer, laughing. "He gave me the job to fetch you. Guess he had reasons for not sending folks from his place. Well, losses are to be expected, I suppose. This way, stranger; I'll take hold of you. I know the way in the dark."

And shortly Noble found himself emerging from the darkness of the starless night into a little area of yellow light that fell from a lantern swinging before the porch of a shabby-looking house.

As Smith, with the freedom of the owner of the place, flung open the door, Noble caught sight of the figure of a girl of 17, who sat crouched upon the hearth before a blazing fire.

The girl was a handsome creature; and as she sprung lightly and alertly to her feet, Noble saw that she owed nothing to the assistance of dress. Her hair was cut short like a boy's; her dress was a faded calico, made without regard to the fashion; and her shoes were the roughest specimens of the cobbler's art.

She stood in the blaze of the firelight and looked at them with great, dark eyes that reminded Noble of those of a stag at bay.

"Brought home company, Middy," said the man, with an air of jollity. "Set supper as soon as ye can, for we're starved. Mighty plain doin's you'll find here, stranger; but you'll have to stand it."

Then he marched out of the room.

Noble sat down upon a split-bottomed chair near the fire, and looked at the girl. She stood staring at him. Evidently the advent of a stranger had alarmed her. A curious feeling of awkwardness came over the young man. Middy, as her father had called her, was too old to be spoken to caressingly, as though she were a child, and too uninformed to greet him as a woman would. He compromised the matter by smiling; in return she frowned.

"I am afraid I intrude," said the young man, gently.

"Well," said the girl, "if truth is to be told, I don't want you here. Why don't you go on up to Mellish's? Your legs seem long enough to walk it. You'll get a decent supper there. I could tell you how to go."

The idea that the girl was half witted occurred to Noble.

"Oh, I'll go early to-morrow, Middy," he said justingly.

"For my part," answered Middy, "I wouldn't stay at all where I wasn't wanted."

"The prettiest idiot that I ever saw," thought Noble.

He turned toward the fire and began to stir the coals with a long poker. Meantime he kept his traveling-bag between his feet. Heavy steps were heard going about overhead.

The girl began to set the table. Soon she said:

"You'll have to move. I'm going to cook."

Then he left the fireside and walked to the window, carrying his bag with him.

The girl looked over her shoulder at him.

"You haven't a bit of pride," she said, "or you'd get out of a place where your very victuals are begrudged you. There's the door, and straight along the footpath is the road. Go to the left and keep on to Mellish's. Maybe they want you there."

Just then the foot of the elderly man were heard upon the rough steps that led from the garret, and he appeared, smiling.

"I've fixed you up a bunk, stranger," said he. "Guess you can put up with it for one night."

"You are very kind," said Noble. "I'm afraid I am giving you trouble."

"Not a bit of it," replied Smith. "I got you into this fix through the horse dying—I'm bound to see you out of it."

Noble laughed.

The old man sat down near the table, to which he summoned his guest when the meal was ready; and shortly a younger man came in, nodded and took his seat.

"My son, stranger," said Smith, as he did so. But all Noble's efforts to make talk were fruitless, and soon after supper he decided to go to bed.

"All right. Early to bed is said to be good for folks," remarked the elder man.

He lighted a candle, and preceded his guest upstairs. A hammock swung between two beams; a couple of blankets and a pillow were arranged in it. The broken window let in the damp night air. Bunches of herbs and rows of onions dangled from the hooks in the beams.

"Sleep well," said the old man, and descended the stairs again.

Noble placed his portmanteau under the pillow of the hammock and sat down on an old box. He was vexed by not having reached the mines that night, for his mission was to bring a sum of money, which Mellish had borrowed at easy interest, to tide over a season of trouble.

It was in small bills, and the men were to have been paid from it at sunset. Its delay might cause something like a riot.

It was not his fault, but it was annoying, all the same.

"The best thing I can do is to sleep and forget it," he said, and had pulled off his cravat and collar, when a whisper fell upon his ear:

"Come here," said a voice—"come to the window!" and he saw, appearing mysteriously at the broken pane, the girl's brown face and great deer-like eyes. "Come softly," she said—"come quick!"

He went to her. She had climbed upon a shed beneath the window and stood with her chin on a level with the sill.

"Well, Middy," he said, fancying this only another outcome of a lack of good sense, "there you are, eh?"

"Yes, I'm here, said the girl in a whisper. "Lift the sash and put your head out."

He obeyed.

"I want you to come down and go with me—I'll show you where the Mellishes live. Come—I want you to."

"I'll go in the morning Middy," said Noble.

"Morning," said the girl, "will be too late. I'm not foolish; I'm talking sense. Your name is Noble, isn't it?"

"Yes," said the young man.

"You've got a lot of money in that bag," said the girl.

"What makes you think so?" asked Noble.

"I've heard them talking about you," said the girl—"uncle and Sam."

"Oh, they're mistaken, Middy," said Noble, carelessly.

"Mr. Noble," said the girl, "I'm risking my life to tell you this. Uncle and Sam are all I've got, and many a dishonest thing I've heard, that makes me sick to think of, I've held my tongue about. But this is the first murder they've planned to do."

"Murder!" gasped Noble.

"They know all about you," said Middy. "Last week they robbed the mail; they've done that before; but this time they got a letter from you, and know just what you've got there"—and she named the sum correctly. "Then uncle got your telegram offering to take it to the Mellishes. So he knew when you were coming—Mr. Mellish didn't. There was no accident; the horse isn't dead; that was all a trick; Sam took him home. It was just to get you here. After awhile uncle will come up to give you some hot drink—it's full of laudanum—don't take it—pretend to. When you are sound asleep Sam and uncle mean to kill you, and bury you, and keep the money. There! I swear it."

"Great heaven! is it possible?" gasped Noble.

"Oh, my God, it is!" sighed Middy. "Pretend to drink the stuff; then, when he is gone, climb out of the window; I'll wait for you below. Will you?"

"Yes," said Noble.

He stared at her, half believing her, half fancying her mad, and, with a motion of her hand, she disappeared from the window.

A moment more and Smith came up the stairs, with a steaming glass in his hand.

"A night-cap, stranger," he said.

"Thank you," said Noble. "Just what I was wishing for. Can you give me something to make my pillow higher? I can't sleep with my head low."

Smith grunted and went to the farther corner, where some old garments hung. As he turned his back Noble emptied the glass out of the window.

"The right kind of stuff," he said. "Thank you."

Then Smith went down the stairs, and on the instant Noble, with his portmanteau slung over his shoulder, was out upon the shed. As he dropped to the ground a girl's hand caught his wrist, and he was hurried away toward a road which lay like a gray ribbon amid the darkness of rock and stunted bush.

Not a word was spoken, not a moment was lost. At last the roaring of a rapid stream was heard, and they crossed a bridge.

After that the stunted pines grew thicker, the road ascended, a few houses appeared; a large one of some pretentions, in the windows of which lights were glowing, was visible upon an elevation.

"That's Mellish's," said the girl. "Go and ring the bell, and get in as quick as you can."

She uttered this between quick gasps, for the pace had been too rapid for a woman, and she was spent.

"And you—you must come with me—you can't go back to those wretches!" Noble said.

"Wretches?" repeated the girl!" "Why they're not wretches. Uncle's an honest man, Sam's another. I've been stuffing you with lies, stranger, to get rid of you. I didn't want you bothering round. I've made a fool of you—I just like to fool city fellows. Nobody was going to hurt you. Good night, you goosy-gander!"

She was off, laughing as she ran, and Noble walked up to the house in a state of utter bewilderment.

Was the girl speaking the truth now, or had she spoken it beneath his window?

The surprise of the Mellish's at his arrival, and the fact that they had not received either letter or telegram made him lean to the latter conclusion, but that night he held his peace. Time enough, he thought, to tell his tale in the morning.

That night he dreamed of Middy. Her deer-like gaze was upon him, her hands uplifted in supplication; and he awakened to think of her. The tinkle of the breakfast bell took him downstairs with his mind still full of her, and through the day which he spent in the mines she still haunted him.

It was 3 o'clock when a horseman rode up to the Mellish door with horror in his face.

"Terrible work over yonder!" he said, pointing toward the valley. "That girl at the Smiths'—Middy, his niece—was murdered last night. They found her on the kitchen floor, a horrible sight—killed with an axe, they say—and old Smith and Sam are nowhere to be found."

"They have murdered her!" cried Noble.

For now he knew that her warning had been an honest one, and that she had paid for saving his life with her own; and now he told his tale.

Judge Lynch ruled in that land in those days, and the vengeance of those who sought and found the murderers was speedy.

Alas! it could not restore pretty Middy to life, and still, though many years have flown, her great dark eyes haunt Nelson Noble's soul, and he breathes a sigh to her memory.—*Family Story Paper.*

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Pendleton (arguing in defence of his favorite theory that personal beauty is not woman's chief attraction)—I contend that beauty has nothing to do with a young woman's chief chance of getting a husband. I'll leave it to any married woman in the room if it is not so.

—There will be an eclipse of the sun on the 21st inst.

—Senator Moody, of South Dakota, has made himself a record early in his career by getting his son appointed a page in the Senate at a salary of $2.60 per day. So far the youth constitutes the most significant page in his thrifty sire's record.

## OUTRAGES IN CRETE.

### The "Daily News" Reiterates Its Charges Against the Turkish Government.

The special correspondent of the *Daily News*, writing from Canea, says:

The *Daily News'* revelations of the Turkish excesses and horrors in Crete caused great confusion in the circles of the Turkish Government. The first step taken on the part of Chakir Pasha and his supporters among the European Consuls in the Island was to contradict the facts. But as this failed, accusations followed. His Excellency endeavors to throw all blame on his assistant Galip Bey, who is supposed to have been given to him as a spy, and the commander Ibrahim Pasha. Both are represented as thwarting Chakir Pasha's work of pacification. The Porte is besides accused by Chakir Pasha of refusing to give him definite orders as to his future policy.

The Turkish Government is also replaced by the recent transhipment of four battalions of redifs (reserves) who have already been sent home, and of three more battalions who mutinied since. They feel uneasy lest other troops may follow these examples. Indeed, signs of a rebellious tendency are becoming manifest not only among the remaining troops, but even among the famous Albanian gendarmerie recently recruited to replace the Cretan men. Troops and gendarmes alike complain, the former of the scantiness of their food, clothing and payment, the latter of the non-payment of their salaries. Since the 1st of August last no more than £17,000 have been received from Constantinople for the maintenance of 25,000 soldiers in Crete.

CONTINUANCE OF THE EXCESSES.

Meanwhile all sorts of excesses continue to be perpetrated in the island, and the newsdaily received here from the district of Rethymo is alarming. Prisoners in batches are daily brought into the prisons, and the ill-treatment continues.

All churches within reach of the troops have been desecrated and damaged, sometimes in a most brutal manner. The flagstaffs, on which flags representing their patron saints were hitherto hoisted, have been taken off by order of Chakir Pasha, who has abolished that old religious custom. Beating is still in full practice, and in order to make it more painful, water is often poured over the body of the victim before the cruel proceeding begins. The prisoners are not only beaten hard on their way to the fortress, but within the prisons they are periodically scourged till the floor is often covered with spots of blood caused by the whip.

The prisons are full of such victims, and, especially in the district of Rethymo, are reported to be packed with them. The terror of the knout is felt not only by the prisoners but by the entire population. Peasants are whipped on the slightest pretext. I witnessed a few days ago a lieutenant-colonel beating a peasant simply because he did not make the *temenah*—Turkish salute—to him.

OUTRAGES ON WOMEN.

This regime, never heard of previously, is especially felt by the women. They do not venture to go out in order to get water, or to collect their olives, now in season. They are fallen upon or hard pursued by the soldiers or gendarmes, who run after them with criminal intentions. A great number of cases of violation of women might be given, if it did not expose to danger or compromise the victims or the accusers. It is obvious that any official inquiry on the subject would expose them to great risks, the more so as the compromised authorities would have to carry out the investigations. Moreover, the question is so delicate that it is a point of honor with any injured woman to avoid making public a scandal reflecting not only on her, but also on her husband and his whole family. For these considerations no woman or man will ever permit the name of the violated person to be known to the public. I know personally of several cases, but I am threatened with personal injury if I publish the names of the victims. A gentleman of the highest standing confessed to me some days ago that his own sister, with two other young women, while returning from their olive gardens, were fallen upon by soldiers, and had, only after a daring expedient, a narrow escape. But I am also particularly requested to avoid compromising his sister. I repeat then, it would be wrong to give definite and precise facts.

The situation is aggravated by the fact that the Christian population is subjected to forced labor. Thus the inhabitants of Setino were invited by the Kaimakan Ali Rizo, on the 16th ult., to labor at the erection of blockhouses intended, as the authorities ironically pretend, to secure public peace.

## SUNKEN SHIPS.

### How They Are Raised—Pumping Out Water and Pumping in Air.

The recent raising of the Sultan may have aroused curiosity as to how this kind of work is done. The whole art and process seems to depend on the two facts, that things seem lighter in the water than out of it, and that air is lighter bulk for bulk than water. The following process is one used only in peculiar circumstances, as in a river or on a sloping shore. The first operation is for divers to go down and inspect the damage through which the ship has sunk. They make as minute an examination as possible, learning which side is damaged, and how the ship lies, and if sand has accumulated around her, as that makes the work more difficult. When the divers have reported, they take the first step towards raising. Two or more are go down with long iron rods. These they endeavor to place underneath the ship, forcing them through, and then working them backwards and forwards so as to enlarge the holes made. Next thicker rods are set down and worked in like manner, till a hole is made large enough to allow a large chain to be passed round. This process goes on in about half a dozen different places, so that the same number of chains are passed under the vessel's bottom. Each end of the chains is carried to the surface and fastened on board a keel or hopper. Then at low tide the hoppers are pinned down—that is, the chains are pulled as tightly as possible without overturning them. Now, when the tide rises the hoppers rise with the water, and as they rise, they lift the chains with them, and so raise the ship. Tug-boats are attached to the hoppers, and they are moved into shallower water until the ship grounds. The same process goes on at the next tide, and so on, until the vessel is left nearly dry at low water. The ship is then healed over so as to expose the damaged side. From the divers' reports the amount of damage is known, and plates have been prepared. These are rivetted on and the ship made water-tight. The water remaining in her is pumped out, and at the next tide she floats by her own buoyancy. She is then towed into dry dock and overhauled. In another process, divers, as before, go down and examine the damage. Sheep-skins are rendered waterproof and well tarred. These are taken down and placed over the holes in the sides. The decks are battened down and every orifice plugged up, so as to make the vessel water-tight. Then tubes are fitted into the vessel and attached to pumps worked on board a steamboat. The vessel is pumped dry; but, besides pumping the water out, other pumps are at work pumping the air in. This is necessary, or the first set of pumps would not work. The work goes on, the vessel being gradually filled with air, and, in consequence, gradually rising. When once raised to the surface, tug boats are attached, the vessel is moved to dock and repairers begin work upon her.

### Cannibalism in Africa.

According to recent information cannibalism is very prevalent in some places in western Africa near to the British settlement if not actually in the protectorate itself, and so serious and frequent has become the kidnapping of individuals who have gone out alone that in some parts persons dare not venture beyond their own town for fear of capture. Several cases are reported to have taken place on the broad road from Bendocomah to Dodo and Kibbim. Six more are reported to have been killed and eaten.

### A New Cold-Air Supply.

A company is said to have been organized in New York City to supply cold air just as steam heat and gas are supplied, through pipes laid in the streets. It is proposed in a short time to supply this cold air to the butchers of Washington Market, and, if the project proves a success, to extend the supply to restaurants and saloons, and possibly summer resorts. The supply may be regulated by a cock. The air is made frigid by the ammonia system.

"I'm bright. I'm sharp," exclaimed the counterfeiter when he stood up for sentence. "Yes, you're gaits edged," observed the judge prior to giving him 20 years for reflection.

No one is satisfied with his own fortune nor dissatisfied with his own wit.

## A SUICIDE'S LAST LETTER.

### He Explains How He Has Taken Elaborate Preparations to Kill Himself.

Mr. Carttar, coroner, held an inquest last week, at Dover Castle, Greenwich, on the body of a man supposed to be Francis Sumnar Rose, aged from 45 to 50, who committed suicide at his lodgings, 69 Devonshire road, Greenwich.

Mrs. Woodings, the landlady, said the deceased had been with her for three weeks. On Thursday he did not come down, and in the afternoon she went into the room and found him dead on the floor.

Police Constable Hayward, coroner's officer, produced two boxes which had been tied up by the deceased and addressed to the coroner and jury. In one of the boxes was found the following, written on foolscap paper:

"East Greenwich, November 6th, 1889 (the figure '6' had evidently been written subsequent to the other portion of the letter). This is to certify that I, Francis Sumnar Rose, have committed suicide by swallowing an overdose of strong Turkey opium, and that no persons in this house, or any other, have had either hand or act or part, directly or indirectly, in my destruction. The whole business is my own. My reason for committing suicide is because I have ruined myself in the cursed horse-racing. I have made a fair little fortune at the game for years and years; but 'easily got, easily spent,' until at last I have lost all. I cannot brace up my mind to go back to Australia to my friends and a comfortable home, although I have got the offer several times from a leading house in London to procure a passage and outfit for me on loan of six months' sight. But when I come to think the matter over and over—no, I would sooner face death; yes, even twice over again. I have tried to accept the offer, but my mind would not listen to it on any account. So I must now throw up the sponge. Considering the most decent style of destroying my life, I applied strong opium as the best means, as I always detest those beastly methods of suicide, such as shooting, throat-cutting, drowning and all the rest; but, of course, I am well aware that all forms of suicide are bad enough. But I now think that this style of destroying life is the best, as it is the most decent, cleanest and quickest style that I know of. Now, having a fair knowledge of this mighty drug and its effects, I have swallowed the contents of this box, containing 370 of those opium pellets, minus 35, which I am well aware is more than ten times the amount required to kill an adult person. But to be doubly sure of my end, I have taken this extraordinary amount of opium. My motive for taking this amount is to lull all pain, so, as you can understand, I will actually die with apoplexy, leaving the world in a sleep of peace, without pain, ache or sigh. Now, to assist the coroner and his jury to give their verdict, I have taken these means, namely: I have put a sample of the opium that I have already taken—I have put that into two tin boxes, enclosed in two wooden boxes. I have posted them at two different offices in London for my lodgings at 49 Devonshire road, East Greenwich. I have taken this precaution in order that the jury may see that no other party had any handling of this drug but myself. Now, the coroner's jury will have very little doubt in this matter—that is, I think so, that Francis Sumnar Rose did kill himself by swallowing an overdose of strong Turkey opium with his own hand and free will, knowing the same to be far more than doubly sufficient to cause death.—Signed this 6th day of November, 1889.

FRANCIS SUMNAR ROSE."

Dr. Adams said death was due to apoplexy following opium poisoning. Such opium as that produced (crude) could not be bought in England.

A verdict of suicide while insane was returned by the jury.

### Christmas Commodities.

A crystal vinaigrette, in the most delicate of wine colors, is new, the cover incasing it being of filigree gold, over which rough sapphires are strewn effectively.

Pendent from a golden pipe is seen a bunch of pearls, the link invisible, forming an odd scarf-pin device.

In Paris one of the latest features of evening dress, catered to by dealers in novelties, is the crescent of unburnished gold.

As taste runs toward the fanciful, a green tree-frog forms an expensive brooch, the effects being obtained by the appropriate use of emeralds, the eyes being of rubies.

A glistening lizard has the natural colors effected by means of emeralds blending off to the diamond and ruby, while a realistic-looking sea-turtle is a flashing mass of emeralds, the bordering of the shell being of diamonds, the eyes of rubies.

A small brush, with handle of chased gold and bristles of fine silver wire, is a late Queen chain pendant.

A new brooch simulates a large Gainsborough hat, one side being turned up, forming the ground for a number of flashing diamonds.

An opal, in the shape of a heart, framed with a square of rubies and sapphires, is a novel brooch.

Among the new Queen chain pendants, so fashionable, a domino, with the spots of different jewels, is unique.

In silver bookmarks, a pretty oddity is a flag-staff, from which flies a pennant; at the bottom is a small clip to insert between the leaves of the book.—*Art Stationer.*

### He Reproached Her.

"My dear," said Mr. Lushly, in a tone of mild reproach which broke a silence which was becoming oppressive, "when I came up the steps last night I did not walk with the firmness that is one of my characteristics when I am—er—in perfect health."

"No," was the coolly spoken reply; "you did not."

"And I remarked just before entering the house, 'Mrs. Lushly, the moon is full.'"

"Yes, you did."

"And you didn't say a word."

"Not a word."

"Permit me to remark, Mrs. Lushly, that you lost the opportunity of your life for repartee."

### Extortionists.

"Why do you call that colored man a blackmailer?"

"Because he is employed at the post-office. And that sain't the worst of it."

"No?"

"No, sir; his wife takes hush money."

"You don't say so!"

"I do. She's a child nurse."

### What He Wants.

"Give me free ore," said the speaker, "and I'll sell pig iron in Liverpool and send steel rails to London. What American industries most want is free opportunity, and not legislative protection nor restriction."—*Interview with the President of the Pennsylvania Steel Company.*

### His Vocation Would Be Gone.

"Young man," said the temperance orator, "if there was no liquor in the world you would not be standing 'round on the corners out of work."

"But you would," came a voice from the gallery.

### Circumstances Alter Cases.

Moneybags (to Hopeful)—See here, you scamp! You'll have to cut down your college expenses. Now, when I was a boy—

Hopeful—That's all right; I have a rich father and you hadn't.

PRINCE CHRISTIAN, the oldest son of the Crown Prince of Denmark, who is at present serving his year in the marine of the common soldiers, is the tallest Prince in Europe. Heretofore the Emperor of Russia has had this honor, but Prince Christian, as was discovered during the Czar's recent trip to Fredensborg, is several inches taller than that monarch. When the Emperor was received at the station his regiment was ordered as the guard of honor and Prince Christian was obliged to "present arms" while the rest of his family greeted the Emperor. The only mark which distinguished the future King from the peasants about him was the Maximilian decoration which he wore on his breast.

—One reason why girls cannot be logical is that they are too fond of begging the question.

Yesterday morning the body of Mrs. Seatts, who was cook on the steamer Quinte at the time she was burned, was found on the shore a short distance from the place where the steamer was destroyed. The body bore but few marks of injury. When the commission resumed its investigation into the Quinte disaster at the Mayor's office, Belleville, yesterday, damaging evidence was given by ex-Ald. James St. Charles, one of the passengers. He swore that had the crew lowered the lifeboat in time not a life would have been lost. Chas. A. Searle also gave similar testimony. He said the life preservers were not available.

## THE LABOR FIELD.

### Pithy Paragraphs for Canadian Workingmen.

Detroit leads the entire country in stove manufacture.

Ohio's oldest shoe-cutter, is dead, aged 74 years.

St. Paul street car hands get 15 cents per hour.

Mrs. Mackay has a sapphire worth $120,000.

New York shop girls average $4 per week.

Some kid gloves are made of celaiia.

New York has a bar-tenders' union.

St. Louis has a palace made of coal.

Victoria's crown is worth $600,000.

Marquette, Neb., has no saloons.

The Barbers' National Convention has declared against Sunday work.

One sheet of paper recently made was 8 feet wide and 7¼ miles long.

Vice-President Morton's saloon charges 20 cents for a drink.

San Francisco building trades will form an eight-hour league.

England's unions have decided to discontinue piece work.

Wheeling (W. Va.) union stores will be labelled as such.

For the Paris Exposition 28,000,000 tickets were sold.

Berlin has 340,000 workingmen and 60,000 women.

French banks have photographs of all employees.

Lancaster's Central Labor Union will open a library and a labor bureau.

In the Lake Superior region this year 7,000,000 tons of iron ore were dug.

The locomotive firemen's position can never be taken by machinery.

A boycott brought an Indianapolis hat store to time on early closing.

The French papers think the gum our women chew is India rubber.

Governor-elect Boies, of Iowa, favors Government control of railroads.

In Germany the law makes servants give a month's notice before leaving. The mistress must give similar notice before a discharge.

Pittsburg horseshoers were refused a charter of incorporation on the ground that the union was to regulate wages, etc.

Detroit's Grocers' Union thinks the giving of presents hurts business, and they will discontinue the practice.

Chinese tanners at San Francisco get from $1 to $1.25 per day, while union men at their sides get from $2 to $2.50.

Cleveland unions are already planning to get some of their advocates elected at the spring election.

New York has a Working Girls' Vacation Society. It sends sick and destitute girls on a vacation.

The Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants of England demands shorter hours and no Sunday work.

Ohio's Labor Commissioner says girls under 18 are employed in a factory that deals in obscene literature.

Detroit barbers want shorter hours. They work twelve and fourteen hours for from $6 to $8 per week.

English postoffices do all the express business. The average cost of parcels is 11 cents.

The Liberal and Radical Unions favor the Eight Hour Day Bill before the English Parliament.

In China when the weather predictions are wrong the man who makes them is killed.

At New York the Franciscan Sisters of St. Mary rent rooms to poor girls for $1.50 per week.

The South is satisfied to lose its negroes to the North. They prefer Northern whites.

In Iceland there are no prisons and no police. Only two thefts in 1,000 years.

Norfolk (Conn.) women prevented the druggists from getting a liquor license.

At Peoria, Ill., the street railroads must keep the whole street in repair.

New York women bookbinders get $8 to $9 a week. They are organizing.

Cincinnati actors are arrested every Sunday for playing on the Sabbath.

At Findlay, O., 300 goblet workers struck against an obnoxious boss.

### The Veiled Widow.

Visitors to the ruins of Dunfermline Abbey, so long the burial place of Scottish royalty from the days of St. Margaret and Malcolm Canmore, will not fail to remember an exquisite piece of statuary by Foley in the modern church adjoining, which represents a veiled widow weeping over the corpse of Gen. Robert Bruce, brother to a former English Minister at Washington, and himself celebrated as the governor of the Prince of Wales. It is one of the loveliest productions of modern sculpture and is recalled now by the incident of the sudden death in a railway station of Mrs. Bruce, the widow depicted on the tomb. She was a great favorite of the Queen and held a position in the royal household to the last. Curiously enough she will be buried in London instead of at Dunfermline, where her effigy is the most striking thing in even that historic town.

### A Hint For Your Lover's Christmas.

The new canes which are occasionally seen in the hands of men uptown combine a good many valuable points under the usual and neat looking exterior, says the New York *Sun*. The cane generally has a silver handle of the ordinary right angle shape, with a small watch set in one corner; the lower end of the handle is arranged so that it will hold a dollar in five-cent pieces, a spring pushing the coins up so that one may drawn out at the top by a gloved thumb or finger. The other end of the handle has a spring top, and is fitted to carry matches. Thus equipped, a good many of the unnecessaries of life are avoided, particularly in the winter when unbuttoning two or three coats to get at a match, or a pocket book involves everything, including chills and profanity.

### Sleep is Necessary.

In this age of hurry and worry, with its consequent nervous exhaustion, of which so much is now heard, the necessity of taking sufficient sleep cannot be insisted upon too forcibly, says the London *Hospital Newspaper*.

To lay down any hard and fast rule for its regulation is not possible, for, naturally, the brain workers require more than the drones of society; in fact, every brain worker, if he wishes his powers to last, should take from eight to nine hours' sleep out of every twenty-four.

Charles Lamb did not think eight hours enough, whereas Sarah Bernhardt finds six hours a sufficient quantum of sleep.

### Testing a Spring Chicken.

Young Husband—Seems to me, my dear, this chicken is pretty tough.

Young Wife—I know it is, and I can't understand it at all. I picked it out myself.

"Did you examine it closely?"

"Indeed I did. I looked in its mouth the first thing, and I could see it hadn't even cut its first teeth yet."—*New York Weekly.*

### How to Eat in Company.

The knife should be held by the handle only. Do not touch the blade with your finger. The fork should not be held with the whole hand except when cutting. In raising the food to the lips hold the fork at the end of the handle, prongs upward, between the first finger and thumb, the handle resting on the second finger.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### He Would Live Always.

A man who was deeply in debt was sick unto death.

"Ah," he sighed, "if I could only live until I had paid off my debts."

"Humph!" sneered the doctor, bluntly "you want to live forever, do you?"

—A great many "busy" words will be used from now until Christmas.

—A child looks upon the most humble boy peddler as a man of rare gifts.

—The traveller, like the bird, may sometimes be caught by putting salt on his tale.

WHAT MAKES YOU BLUE?

Why do you yield to the blues?
You can be gay if you choose;
Have your full measure
Of joy and of pleasure.
You are a fool to refuse!
What though you've bills overdue?
What though no maiden loves you?
You can laugh
Ha! ha! ha!
You can shout
Ha! ha! ha!
What in the world makes you blue?

—A cat has nine lives and occasionally a kitten.

—Jeff Davis died in poverty, owing $45,000.

Barometer (to alcoholic thermometer—I am happy to-day. I am away up. How are you? Thermometer—My spirits are very much depressed.

—First Turkey—How do you feel? Second Turkey—Tough.

—Will get is in the neck—The Christmas turkey.

—"I called to see you just as a matter of curiosity," said the dime museum manager to the armless phenomenon.

## DO YOU ADVERTISE?

### A Little Talk About How to Reach the Public.

### METHODS AND MEDIUMS.

The Duties of Advertising—Perfect Publicity Necessary to Secure the Best Results—"Fakes"—Relative Cheapness—Writing Ads.—Don'ts Hamper the Compositor.

The Non-Advertiser!

We have all seen him!

He usually had a small, dark shop in an obscure street. He was consistent in that he was careful that the opacity of his windows should prevent the prying public from acrilegious familiarity with his dusty and shelf worn wares; and he was consistent, too, in furnishing the public with evidences of his business incapacity in the shape of signs written in chalk or charcoal on shingles, barrel heads and box covers, and displayed in delightful irregularity hither and thither about his premises. "Slow & Tardy, Artistik Tailors," staring from a dry goods box in Italic letters "on a bender," alternated with Roman capitals struck by lightning, always impress people with the idea of an artistic outfitting emporium. "Hear is the spot for your fine dress customs," bashfully peering, on a sheet of wrapping paper, through a murky pane, always catches the fancy of fastidious fashion worshippers. The grocer whose den is littered with pieces of barrel heads decorated in charcoal usually has blue enough on his hands to improve his taste for art.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ADVERTISING.

Why do people advertise?

Ask why people trade! Why do they go into business? Generally to buy and sell goods? Why do they buy and sell goods? To accumulate money from the profits on the transactions. How do these profits arise? Commonly the merchants' profits arise in this way: The dealer caters to the wants of the public. Having studied his constituency he seeks out the sources of supply in the required lines and by reason of his shrewd business skill and his ready cash buys at the lowest possible figures such a stock as he deems will meet the requirements of his trade. Supply and demand regulate prices, of course, but it is also true that cheapness increases the consumption of any given class of goods; so the cheaper he buys the more he may count on selling at a moderate profit. Having bought his goods and laid them down at his shop he adds to his invoices the amount of purchasing agents' expenses, freight, customs duties, cartage and incidentals, such as damage to goods at his own risk, and (if he has been fortunate enough to be able to pay spot cash and save it), having deducted his cash discount, he marks his prices so as to leave him a reasonable margin of profit after paying the expenses of running his store. Shortly stated: He goes into business to sell goods; he sells goods to make money.

THE MUTUAL FRIEND.

Here the advertisement comes in.

The merchant leases a shop, engages a staff of clerks and bookkeepers and puts in a stock. He is ready for work. If every man in his employ is worked as hard as a reasonable employer wants to see him worked the expense of the merchant for rent, fuel, light, taxes, insurance and help will be little over what it would be if things dragged along in semi-idleness for three or four days every week, while the deterioration of stock—losses by shelf-wear, and accumulations of out-of-style goods—will be very much less. How is he to get this additional trade?

He must advertise!

He wants more people to visit his store. He wants more people to know that he has what they want and that he stands ready to sell to them at prices that will be good news to them. Is it unreasonable that he should invite people to do business with him? Isn't it natural that people should be interested in anything relating to their wants and advantageous methods and means of supplying them? And isn't it a fact, proved by the experience of thousands upon thousands, that self-interest is thus served to the mutual advantage of both parties?

THERE'S MONEY IN IT.

Does it pay?

Let us make a calculation!

Mr. Jones has been in business for some time. He has done a fair business, but in these days only a large trade can secure mercantile prosperity in any branch. Customers must be promptly attended to and to do so a good staff of clerks is necessary. The freshest and best goods must be kept in full lines and the stock must be up with the season. If goods are not sold in season they are sacrificed without profit, if not even at a discount off net cost, to the deterioration of the trade. How has business been going:

| | |
|---|---|
| He pays rent of store | $2,000 00 |
| " " taxes | 475 00 |
| " " light, fuel, etc | 350 00 |
| " " insurance and sundry expenses | 800 00 |
| " " clerks, bookkeepers, etc. | 6,400 00 |
| | $10,525 00 |

Now to this ought to be added a very considerable sum for interest on investment, deterioration of stock, etc. We find he has been selling about $60,000 worth of goods a year, which, at 20 per cent. net profit (if he has no bad debts) will leave him a small, but fairly healthy, margin. But he has the store, the stock and the staff ready to do business next year. He reflects: Why should I not increase my sales when by doing so I will not materially increase my outlay? Every new customer I get, every old one whose purchases are increased, will add to my profits by the sum of the net profit on such trade less the sum I am obli