

YOUNG FOLKS.

How Mimi Helped.

"I suppose I ought to go," said Aunt Jem. "I haven't been for three weeks. But there's the pantry floor to be scrubbed and—"

Grandma laughed, the soft, silvery laugh that Mimi loved to hear. "The pantry floor was fresh-painted only a week ago," said she, so I guess it can't be over 'n' above dirty. You'd better go, daughter. Mimi and I will keep house."

"And I'll scrub the pantry floor," said Mimi, eagerly. "Can't I, Aunt Jem?" "Why, you couldn't!" laughed Aunt Jem.

"But Mimi was sure she could." "Cause I've seen you lots of times 'f' was painted with soap and water," said she, so earnestly that Aunt Jem laughed again. "Well, then I can go to the sewing circle as well as not," she said, though she hadn't the least idea that Mimi would really think of such a thing as scrubbing the pantry floor."

But she did think of it, and when Aunt Jem had gone to the "circle," and grandma had started on the journey to the Land of Nod, which she took in her big chair every afternoon, Mimi got out the soap-pail and mop and scrubbing-brush and floor, and set to work. There was plenty of warm water in the tank on the kitchen range.

"And that's a good thing," said Mimi to herself, "cause this floor's orlfe dirty, if grandma did think 'twasn't." I'll have to put on lots of soap."

So she did; and she had to get clean water very often, too. That was the way Aunt Jem always did when floors were dirty.

It took a long time, Mimi found, though the pantry was not large. It was pretty hard work, besides; her poor little knees were red and sore long before she was through. But she worked away bravely until the last board was soaped and scrubbed, and she heard grandma calling.

"Mimi didn't tell grandma what she had done."

"I'll spruce her, when auntie gets home," she thought; and when at last she saw Aunt Jem coming up the lane, she flew to meet her as though her little bare feet had wings.

"O auntie! O Aunt Jem!" she cried, "I did scrub the pantry floor the cleanest you ever saw."

Aunt Jem smiled. A little sloop more or less wouldn't make much difference, she thought; because the floor would have to be scrubbed next day, any way. But she wouldn't have said that out for the world. She took Mimi's grimy little hand, and walked in through the kitchen to the pantry door.

"Only see!" cried Mimi.

"Then Aunt Jem dropped Mimi's hand and held up both her eyes. "Child alive!" she said. "You've scrubbed almost every atom o' paint off! Well, did I ever!" And if Aunt Jem Cooley ever in her life felt like scolding, she did that minute.

But she didn't scold. She laughed instead, until the tears came. And grandma laughed, but Mimi began to cry. "I—I wanted to help," said she. "I thought I was, Aunt Jem."

Aunt Jem patted the brown head lovingly at that.

"Well, so you were, I guess, after a fashion," said she. "I did almost wish I'd painted it pearl color instead of yellow, and now I can't."

And so Aunt Jem painted the pantry floor instead of scrubbing it next day.

A Hanted Hant.

Black Mammy, dear soul, believed devoutly in "haunts," but Billy, who had been nursed and brought up to twelve years old, laughed such things quite to scorn. He was a mischievous fellow, and although he loved Black Mammy dearly, thought it great fun to scare her out of her wits.

She was very fond of going to "night meetings." The path ran through the pasture, at one end of which lay an old graveyard, and there Billy determined to give her a glorious fright. It took all day to make the ghost which was that night to confront her. For the head, Billy cut eyes and mouth in a big gourd, inside of which he meant to place a couple of lighted candles. The gourd topped a pole, with cross arms tacked on, from which a drapery of white window curtains fell long and full. Billy himself would be sheltered in their folds and by raising the pole above his head, could make the spectre at least ten feet high.

How Mammy and the rest would run, crying out, at sight of it! He could hardly fix things properly in place for thinking of it when he had got up the pole, fifty yards from the path. As for Tom and black Charley, who sat under a near-bush ready to touch off a bit of red-fire, they were simply helpless with laughing.

It was nine o'clock, pitch-dark and cloudy when the meeting-goes came well in view, a straggling procession of men and women, with here and there a lantern feebly blinking in the line. As it came well abreast of him, Billy uncovered the flaming gourd head, pushed it up, to the full height, giving out, as he did it, a screech-owl's cry.

Tom and black Charley were to answer it with the flash of red-fire. Instead came a smothered exclamation. "Lordy! I done lost dem matches!"

Before groping fingers could find them, there came a patter of sharp swift footsteps behind. Something took Billy hard in the knees, sent him and the ghost sprawling, Tom and black Charley scuttling away as fast as their legs could carry them.

Here! 'Sposen dem hants had er got 'ter ye 'wid er de ole rum?"

"I most wish they had," Billy said, getting up slowly and hanging his head.—[Harper's Young People.]

Profitable Poultry.

An observing farmer writes:—Chickens at this date, several late broods of chickens that they are desirous of forcing so that they will have size and stamina to withstand the rigors of a long winter. Isolate such from the older broods and give them special care. It is common practice to withhold the morning feeding of the hens until the other chores have been performed. The fowls in the meantime have left their roosts and are wondering among the dewy grass of September, in search of bugs and worms. This is wrong; especially with the late broods, for they are not strong enough to withstand having their plumage sopping wet so long before the sun is high enough to dry them. With the older fowls, perhaps there is little danger, but with the late broods there is great danger that you will fetch up at the first of November, with a lot of chicks running at the nose. These late broods should of course have exercise, but give it to them after they have had a morning feed of some flesh-and-bone-forming grains, confining them until the sun has dried off the grass. These young chicks should have at least four meals a day, the first one quite early in the morning, say sunrise, the next at 10 a.m. next 3 p.m., and the last just before sunset. Let them gain stamina by having a good run among the bushes during the day but lead them to expect that at the above hours they will receive a feed near the house. Confinement never agrees with young chicks; they must have an unlimited run; they will frolic and fight among themselves, and obtain all mineral and animal matter necessary.

Their coops at night should be perfectly dry, free from lice, and supplied with abundance of fresh air. There is probably no one thing that keeps chicks back in their growth like lice. You cannot be too careful about lice.

Another thing, don't keep too many of these late hatched chickens in one flock, and above all don't keep a stunted, wizened chick among the flock; all such should have their necks wrung. Their weakness will furnish a good point for the attacks of disease, which will contaminate the healthy members of the flock.

It is the fall of the year that good results can be got by putting a few crystals of copperas (sulphate of iron), in their drinking water. There is something about these crystals that gives young chicks a ravenous appetite; and good health is shown by the deep red color of their tiny combs.

When the "hen fever" first struck me, it was along about the middle of August. I secured the country around for several miles in search of young chicks. Some 150 were got together by the middle of September, and such a motly crowd they were—a broken-breasted, lob-tailed, mishapen lot. I took anything anybody would sell. About the first of November I didn't "have a circus." Croup struck in, and I was the laughing stock of the whole family, yes, and the neighborhood; every remedy mentioned I tried; out I would go to the hen-coop, (if you could call it that,) after they had got to roost and down their gullets I would force this or that medicine. I was fairly losing flesh myself in my zeal to cure my large family of chicks. But all to no avail—a few "drew up the sponge" every day.

By chance I got hold of an English work that informed me of the good effects of copperas. I fed it but three days when the mortality began to decrease, and when the February sun had commenced to shed its warmth, I had succeeded in pulling through about fifty chicks, and by the first of May my first egg was laid.

This experience was a good lesson; it taught me never to enter winter, yes, in fact late fall, quarters, with a chick that was lacking in vigor, and to prevent that I have practiced taking especial care of late hatched chicks in their chickenhood.

His Old Basket Wouldn't Work.

Papa Bendigo keeps a pretty sharp eye on his daughter Mary, and many a would-be lover has taken a walk for a few minutes' conversation with the hard-hearted parent.

"You seem like a nice young man, and perhaps you are in love with Mary?"

"Yes, I am," was the honest reply.

"Haven't said anything to her yet, have you?"

"Well, no; but I think she reciprocates my affection."

"Does she? Well, let me tell you something. Her mother died a lunatic and her insanity, no doubt that Mary has inherited her."

"I'm willing to take the chances," replied the lover.

"Yes, but you see Mary has a terrible temper. She has twice drawn a knife on me with intent to commit murder."

"I'm used to that; got a sister just like her," was the answer.

"And you should know that I've sworn a solemn oath not to give Mary a penny of my property," continued the father.

"Well, I'd rather start poor and build up. There's more romance in it, Mr. Bendigo," continued the lover. "I've heard all this before, and also that you were on trial for forgery, had to run away from London for bigamy and served a year in prison for cattle stealing. I'm going to marry into your family to give your reputation a good send-off. There—no thanks—good-bye!"

Mr. Bendigo looked after the young man with his mouth wide open, and when he could speak he said: "Some hyena has given me away on my dodge!"

One Way to Have Pretty Hands.

Not only ladies should have pretty hands—a rough, untidy pair of hands is just as unnecessary for a man to have as a woman—beautiful white hands very many can have if nature has been kind enough to bestow upon them fair skins. All may have neat-looking, smooth hands. A lemon, some oatmeal, palm oil soap and tepid water, and a few ounces of glycerine, will be all-sufficient to accomplish the desired result. After the hands are washed clean in the water, to which has been added a tablespoonful of oatmeal and a teaspoonful of glycerine, and the palm oil soap freely used, rub over the wet hands the lemon juice; apply it especially well about the nails, for it hardens the skin and prevents the formation of hang nails. If the hands are rough and scaly, or bleed, before beginning this treatment freely use (every time the hands are washed) a mixture of glycerine and compound tincture of benzoin (one ounce of the benzoin to four of the glycerine) until all soreness and rawness has been removed. Then the persistent use of the oatmeal and lemon will be sufficient to keep the hands soft and tidy.

Since the bakers of San Francisco formed a union three years ago they have reduced their hours of labor from an average of fourteen to ten a day.

NO BABIES.

BY HARKLEY HARKER.

"No! Not one; and don't want any." "Never had any?" asked, in reply. "Never had any. Ours is a very quiet home," responded my college friend, as we walked along the street on a burning summer's evening.

I went to this very quiet home. It was beautiful, rich, and quiet as a grave. In all that grave house there were only two voices that ever spoke in love. The other voices were those of servants, in replies to orders, or in harsh chatter among themselves. This man's wife, though wed at twenty, and his good mate these ten years, was an old maid, to all intents and purposes. The house was everywhere as fussy as an old maid's own chamber. She had a cat and a dog. The dog was the baby. It was washed, and dressed, and fed like a baby. It went to ride with us—an advertisement of the childlessness of that home to every discerning person in the park.

No baby. And yet I noticed that the husband himself was forced to be the baby. I am sure he liked it. She—almost—out his food for him at the table, picked out the most toothsome portions for his plate, and—almost—adjusted his napkin. I am sure she puts the napkin on for him half the time, when no strangers are around the board. Of course it wasn't really pretty. A handsome young mother's ways with a baby of proper size are indescribably pretty and charming. But this lady's baby was too big. He wore whiskers, and could sing lullabies. He had no genuine baby ways, though I suspected that he probably put them on when the two were alone.

It reminded me of the first six months of my own wedded life. But somehow within a year I had to be a man; our first baby compelled me to graduate and make room for him. I had to wipe my own tears, and bind up my own small wounds, white and whimping mine, if I indulged in these luxuries at all; and generally to run alone. You see, my wife could not attend both me, as a baby, and the real baby also; indeed she even went so far as to expect me to be self-reliant, cheerful, and manly, for the sake of the real baby and her tired self.

Dear-heart, she gave me a noble confidence, grand womanly love and devotion. In any great trial she was my patientizing helpmate and good angel, and continues to this day. But after our children began to come to us baby I could not be any longer. She seemed suddenly to wish me to be a giant, a warrior, a sort of rock for shelter in the storm, and all that sort of thing. In short, she began right away to call me papa and father, and I had to be a man.

I would try to be father to the infants and to their trustful, clinging mother also. You would never mistake Mrs. Harker for an old maid. There has come into her face a deep and brightened beauty, a light of unselfishness and womanly repose which cannot result from loving and attending a cat, a canary or a poodle. She has lost all that distasteful baby ways, and dresses old or young, which makes their maids seem "fussy" and their demeanor constrained and artificial. She has been forced to be unobtrusive of self in care for others. Hence she is at ease in society; she knows human nature and is not abashed by it; she knows human nature, too, in its pure and most lovely form, that of childhood. She is accustomed to the best of society—that of children yet unsoiled by the world. She keeps good company—that of infancy. I can see that her study of her growing boys makes her alert toward the evil that is abroad, so that she is "as wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove."

If health is not broken by the unshared vigils of motherhood, if the husband is in charge of a lion to keep the wolf of want and scantiness from the door, and a generous provider, there is no wedded woman who is not more beautiful in a true husband's eyes with a baby in the house.

"But the baby keeps you awake o' nights." "Yes, and so you lay in turn the debt you owe your rest to the human family."

"But your baby is often taken sick." "Yes. Before you die you will have a sick day. It will not be unpleasant then to feel that at least you have earned kind care and tender nursing."

"But your children may grow up to forget the debt." "Quite likely, in a home as selfish as yours. It is well you have none."

"You are severe old friend. However, you cannot deny that the proper training of children consumes a great deal of one's time." "Time? What is time good for if not for good deeds? How do you prefer to spend your time? Mr. Harker, change my mind. It is not so well that you are childless, for what are you to do with all your money when you die? Leave it to your nephews, who will count your breaths for the last ten years. Working very hard for these thankless other people's babies, are you not?"

"Zounds! you hit hard, old chum." "You indicated exultation that God had denied you children. I beg to say that that showed you essentially a selfish man, and that, too, of the meanest kind. If a man is selfish in the markets for his children's sake—if for them he seems mean, grasping, and hard, he is lovely in character beside the man who is selfish in his own fire, bread, and home delights. You are stingy with your domestic joys—so stingy that you are glad, and laugh to think no innocent, dependent little human creature is billeted on you."

"But when I see other people's offspring grow up to break their parents' hearts—"

"Then I say I have not begotten fools nor villains. My children, as hopeful enough to believe, are not of that kind. By God's help mine shall yet be a great comfort to me till I die. I am thankful for my boy's little arms about my neck; it is a burden that lifts me. His childish trust in me is a continual exhortation. I would die rather than forget that boy's esteem. My two little girls with their soft hands can rub the wrinkles from my brow in less time than the day's fret took to out them. I would not take untold gold for the nightly prayers of my babies for me. When life looks old and the world colorless at times I take a look at life and the world through my children's eyes, and all is new again. With them all is hope, and nothing worn threadbare; it is not them me to feel as they do. I expect my children to keep me young till they grow old, and then I'll use my grandchild to keep my old soul warm."

"I adopt a baby or two. Discharge the cat and poodle. A live baby, adopted, is of more value than many canary birds. But even then you are still unfortunate. The children are not borne of your bones and flesh of your flesh. As they grow up some one will tell them as much, and the consequent look in their eyes will never wash out afterward, weep they ever so much in secret. You cannot see your wife's youth in the adopted daughter; cannot gaze on her maiden face and see, as in a living photograph,

the face with which you first fell in love, now scarred with time and fringed with gray. Your adopted son can never be your youthful self again to your fond old mate. Her woman's heart can never quite speak those thrilling words, which fill a woman's ecstasy, "My boy!"

"Come, come! I take it all back. I confess that a childless home has a continual shadow. I congratulate you. Have a fresh cigar."

About Berries.

Presuming that you are going to plant that strawberry bed this fall, instead of delaying it until next spring, when it probably would not get done on account of the pressure of other work, we wish to offer you a few brief suggestions. Do not try too many kinds; select two or three varieties, at the most, from the list of a trustworthy grower choosing such as seem best adapted to your purpose of growing for home use or for shipping. Some that are excellent for the first purpose are almost valueless for the last, on account of their poor, carrying qualities. The Sharpless is a berry that serves both uses well, but it is not productive unless given high culture. With this we think it the best and most profitable of the very large berries. Aim to have your ground ready when the plants arrive, so that you may set them out at once. If not ready, then unpack and loosen the bunches and place the roots in the ground in some moist and shady place, or else puddle the roots in mud and lay them away in the cellar sprinkling the plants occasionally to keep them moist. For planting, select a moist soil, but not a heavy one, that is shaded all by trees or buildings. Get clean cultivation on the ground, and soil will be in condition to retain moisture—an absolute essential to profitable strawberry culture. In planting, prevent the roots from being exposed at all to the sun or the wind. Put them in the earth while fresh and moist. Plant in the evening if you can, and then protect for two or three days by shading them with heavy cloth or cabbage or muslin, or paper twisted into the shape of a funnel or cone. Copia does very well, but is more apt to blow away. For either field or garden culture we think the best method is to plant in rows three feet apart, the plants one foot apart in the row, and then let the suckers root into a continuous matter row is formed. Keep this trimmed to a width of one foot, give clean cultivation in the open spaces until winter comes, and then mulch well with coarse manure. In this way you will get a profitable bed well started.

Red raspberries, for field culture, should be planted in rows six feet apart, with the plants three feet apart in the row. This will require about 2,400 plants to an acre. Black caps require more room, as they have a more vigorous habit of growth. Make these rows seven feet apart, with the plants three feet distant. Thus an acre will require 1,775 plants. Autumn planting of black caps is not recommended, as it is hard to make them live if the weather turns dry.

A Gallant Old Gentleman.

The writer was the witness of an amusing scene in an English (England) omnibus. It was a "full house" and just on the point of starting when a young lady arrived woefully disappointed on finding the "bus full, as the signpost was a wretched one."

"Never mind, my dear," said an old gentleman near the door, putting down the newspaper in which he was engrossed, "just you come and sit on my knee."

"What are you saying so laughingly did. The old gentleman made himself very agreeable to her, asking "whether she was married" and wishing he were younger, etc. At length the young lady signified her intention of alighting at Goldington road.

"I will see you safely home, my dear," said the old gentleman, gallantly. "I live at the corner."

"Surely you are not Mr. P.?" said the young lady.

"Yes," answers he, greatly astonished at her knowledge of his name.

"Oh, then, I'm your new housemaid!" was the reply.

Oddities of Color Blindness.

While the number of color-blind persons is not very large, only about five in every hundred being afflicted, the less inclination did her husband show to meet her views in the matter. Despairing of driving her husband to sue for an annulment of the marriage, she lodged a petition against him at St. Petersburg and at Bucharest, but in both cities the Holy Synods rejected her demand on the ground that the charges which she was able to bring against her husband did not furnish sufficient cause for the dissolution of the union. At Constantinople, however, she was more successful, and by dint of orthodox bribes she was able to induce the Orthodox Patriarch there to decree the dissolution of her marriage. It is needless to add that the decree in question is regarded as entirely invalid both in Russia and in Roumania, the Synod on the Bosphorus having no legal power to deal with her case.

TWO MILLIONS STOLEN.

A Princess's Servant's Story.

Princess Gortchakoff, whose magnificent house in the Faubourg St. Germain in Paris has been the scene of so many brilliant festivities during the last two or three seasons, a Paris correspondent writes, has just been informed of the fact that the Supreme Court of Appeal in Bucharest had rendered a decision against her in the lawsuit which had been brought by her brother, Prince Gregory Stourdza, for the recovery of the major part of the enormous fortune which came into her possession at the time of the death of her mother at Baden-Baden about four years ago. At the time of the old Princess Stourdza's death her daughter, Princess Gortchakoff, was the only member of the family who was left behind. It was well known to the friends and relatives of Mme. de Stourdza that she was in the habit of wearing day and night a soft leather belt, strapped around her body, containing all her most valuable securities, jewels and title deeds. That this belt was there in its place

AT THE MOMENT OF HER DEATH IS SHOWN BY THE SWORN EVIDENCE OF THE TWO SISTERS OF MERCY WHO TENDED HER THROUGHOUT HER LAST ILLNESS. DURING THE NIGHT WHICH FOLLOWED THE DEMISE HER DAUGHTER SPENT SEVERAL HOURS ALONE WITH THE CORPSE, AND THE NEXT DAY WHEN IT WAS PLACED IN THE COFFIN THE SISTERS OF MERCY NOTICED THAT THE BELT HAD DISAPPEARED. NOT WAS THIS ALL. MOREOVER, IT APPEARS FROM THE EVIDENCE GIVEN DURING THE NUMEROUS LAWSUITS WHICH HAVE TAKEN PLACE ON THE SUBJECT BOTH IN FRANCE AND ROUMANIA, THAT IN THE VERY MOMENT WHEN THE DEATH AGONY OF THE OLD PRINCESS BEGAN HER DAUGHTER, MME. DE GORTCHAKOFF, DESPATCHED A TELEGRAM TO PARIS ANNOUNCING A CLEVER LOCKSMITH, LANDREY, WHO WAS KNOWN TO HAVE DESIGNED THE LOCKS OF THE FOUR STEEL SAFES IN WHICH THE OLD WOMAN HAD STORED ALL SUCH OF HER VALUABLES AS SHE WAS UNABLE TO GET INTO HER LEATHER BELT. LANDREY ARRIVED ON THE EVENING BEFORE THE FUNERAL AND SPENT THE WHOLE NIGHT WITH MME. DE GORTCHAKOFF IN PICKING THE LOCKS OF THE SAFES, (KEYS OF WHICH HAD BEEN SO CAREFULLY HIDDEN AWAY BY THE OLD LADY THAT IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO FIND THEM. WHEN, AT LENGTH, THE LOCAL AUTHORITIES PRESENTED THEMSELVES AT THE VILLA TO MAKE THE DULY PRESCRIBED INVENTORY OF THE PROPERTY LEFT BY DECEASED, IT WAS DISCOVERED THAT OVER £2,000,000 HAD AND NO TRACE THEREOF WAS TO BE FOUND. ON BEING INFORMED OF THE FACT, PRINCE GREGORY STOURDZA BEGAN PROCEEDINGS AGAINST HIS SISTER FOR THE PURPOSE OF COMPELLING HER TO SURRENDER THE PORTION OF HER MOTHER'S FORTUNE DUE TO HIM AS THE ELDEST SON UNDER HIS PARENTS' WILL. ONE OF THE CAUSES OF THE LONG DELAY WHICH HAS CHARACTERISED THE PROCEEDINGS HAS BEEN DUE TO THE DETENTION IN PRISON IN GERMANY OF TWO OF THE PRINCIPAL WITNESSES AGAINST THE PRINCESS, BOTH HER MAID AND HER GROOM OF THE CHAMBERS, WHO HAD BEEN PRESENT WITH HER AT THE TIME WHEN THE SAFES WERE BEING RIFLED OF THEIR CONTENTS ON THE NIGHT BEFORE THE FUNERAL. MME. DE GORTCHAKOFF HAD ATTEMPTED TO PURCHASE THE SILENCE OF THESE TWO CONFIDENTIAL SERVANTS BY MEANS OF A GIFT TO THEM OF A PORTION OF THE DEAD LADY'S FORTUNE, BUT SHE HAD, HOWEVER, AS THEY ALLOWED THEMSELVES TO BE SUBORNED AS WITNESSES AGAINST HER BY HER BROTHER SHE CAUSED THEM TO BE ARRESTED AT FRANKFORT BY THE GERMAN POLICE ON A CHARGE OF HAVING ROBBERED HER OF HER DIAMONDS. AS THE VALUABLES WERE FOUND AMONG THE EFFECTS OF THE TWO SERVANTS IN QUESTION THE CASE LOOKED BLACK AGAINST THEM. JUDICIAL PROCEEDINGS ARE NOW IN COURSE, AND IT WAS ONLY AFTER A YEAR AND A HALF OF IMPRISONMENT AT FRANKFORT THAT THEY SUCCEEDED IN ESTABLISHING THEIR INNOCENCE AND OBTAINING THEIR FREEDOM, MUCH TO THE DISGUST OF MME. DE GORTCHAKOFF. THE ROUMANIAN COURTS NOW CALLED UPON HER TO SURRENDER THE MAJOR PART OF HER FORTUNE TO HER BROTHER, PRINCE GREGORY, AND, INASMUCH AS SHE HAD BROUGHT THE TRIAL AGAINST HER NOT ONLY ON CIVIL BUT ALSO

ON CRIMINAL GROUNDS.

It is confidently expected at Paris that she will be under the necessity of acceding to his demands. Her history is a strange one. The only daughter of the late ex-Hospodar of Moldavia and of his wife, the Princess Vagorides, she was married in the year 1868 to Prince Constantin Gortchakoff, the son of the famous Russian Chancellor of that name. The bonds of matrimony, however, became odious to her, and she determined to rid of him as soon as possible after the death of her father-in-law, of whom she stood in great dread. She gave her husband every kind of provocation and ground for making charges against her that would lead him to apply for a divorce, but without success. In fact, the more she displayed her anxiety to secure the dissolution of the marriage, the less inclination did her husband show to meet her views in the matter. Despairing of driving her husband to sue for an annulment of the marriage, she lodged a petition against him at St. Petersburg and at Bucharest, but in both cities the Holy Synods rejected her demand on the ground that the charges which she was able to bring against her husband did not furnish sufficient cause for the dissolution of the union. At Constantinople, however, she was more successful, and by dint of orthodox bribes she was able to induce the Orthodox Patriarch there to decree the dissolution of her marriage. It is needless to add that the decree in question is regarded as entirely invalid both in Russia and in Roumania, the Synod on the Bosphorus having no legal power to deal with her case.

How Many is a Dozen?

The child is taught at school that a dozen means twelve every time, but when the child grows into a man he finds that a dozen is a very elastic term. A baker's dozen is thirteen, and so is a publisher's or a news-agent's in many parts of the world. In some sections a dozen of fish means twenty six, and there are other anomalies of this kind. But to find a dozen indicating anything from two to fifty, it is necessary to go to the earthenware trade. Here the size and weight of articles decides how many make a dozen, and in jugs, bowls, plates, and so on, there are two, four, six, eight, or more to the dozen. A dozen composed of twelve articles is a very unusual thing in the wholesale pottery trade, and as a result there are few clerks more difficult to hold than in this line. I tried the work once and failed ignominiously. To have to find the cost of 600 articles at so much a dozen, when that dozen may mean anything, is a very difficult task until a man gets thoroughly used to it. That is easy then, I have been told, though I never got used to it sufficiently to know of my own knowledge.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

Of the 1,000 tailors who recently went on strike in Baltimore about 500 have been employed at the co-operative shops established by their strike committee and 400 have resumed work at the union's terms. Only 100 men are still out, and the strike may be considered to have been successful. The hours were reduced from fourteen to ten a day.

LATE BRITISH NEWS.

Queen Victoria's new dining room at Osborne cost \$100,000. She paid for it herself. The youngest man in the new British House of Commons is 22 years old; the oldest, 90.

An owl that is ordinary in all respects except that it has a skin of a "beautiful golden color," has been added to the collection in the London Zoological Garden.

In London a rat cleverly opened a black-bird's cage, presumably to feast on the bird seed. The bird flew away and the door closed. This time the rat was unable to open it.

Two English women fought, made up their quarrel, and kissed. Then one of them caused the arrest of the other for assault and battery. Thereupon the claim was made that the kiss had cancelled the grievance and there could be no cause for action. The Magistrate took the question under advisement, and his decision may establish the exact position of a kiss in criminal jurisprudence.

Whilst a wake was in progress at a house in Thorpe Street, Wides, on Sunday morning, a paraffin lamp was overturned and a Mrs. Rimmers was terribly burned.

Mrs. J. R. Williams, wife of a Liverpool contractor, was on Monday knocked down by a passenger train when crossing the line between Bangor and Aber and cut in two. Her two children and their governess witnessed the fatality.

A handsome young lady of 22, well educated, and moving about in good society at Army, in the North of Ireland, has eloped with her father's servant boy. Several gentlemen of good standing had offered to woo her, but she rejected their proposals.

Three sailors, named Madigar, Hickey, and Scaron, were burned to death at Limerick early on Tuesday morning. The men were employed on a river boat trading on the Shannon, and while they were asleep some barrels of paraffin oil became ignited.

A soldier named Thomas Flynn, who distinguished himself in several battles, died in Athlone Workhouse last Saturday. His valour won for him the Victoria Cross, which was pinned to his breast by the Queen. His name was mentioned in Parliament last session, and it was then explained that it was Flynn's own fault that he had to find refuge in the workhouse.

A painful incident occurred in the Manchester City Police Act on Tuesday. A woman named Amy Chatterton, who had been locked up on a charge of drunkenness, was placed in the dock. She was in the act of stepping to the rail in order to suddenly give a scream as she fell on the floor of the dock.

Henry Wicken, his wife, and six children, living at Cosley, were poisoned on Tuesday through eating some tinned bravn. Though still very ill, they are improving.

The Hon. Mrs. Clayton, wife of the rector of Ludlow, and aunt of Lord Windsor was on Wednesday driving in Oakley Park, Ludlow, when the horse bolted and threw her out. She was dragged a considerable distance, and was removed in an unconscious state to Oakley Park, the seat of Lord Windsor, where she was found to be suffering from a severe cut at the back of the head and concussion of the brain.

A cotton operative named William Livesey, Poplar Street, Bolton, has died under peculiar circumstances. Last week he got a fish bone in his throat, and he arranged to undergo an operation on Saturday. He, however, went to the Royal Oak Bowling Green, Bradshaw, with several other bowlers, to engage in a contest; but the game had scarcely commenced when he fell forward and died.

Fleet Street London and neighbourhood have been visited of late by a plague in the form of mosquitoes. In some of the offices they appear in swarms, and cause infinite annoyance to the unoffending occupants, who are savagely bitten in unprotected parts of the body. Large lumps are raised, and irritation is set up which sometimes lasts for more than a week. They are a small kind of mosquito, but are quite as troublesome as the Australian breed. They move about with marvellous celerity, and have a curious knack of making themselves invisible. The theory is that these little tormentors have been imported from Algeria with the esparto grass from which paper is made, and have come from the paper mills to London.

On Monday evening a boy who was amusing himself by digging in the sand at New Brighton shore had a narrow escape of his life. The lad had dug a tunnel, and in order to get more easy access to the inside of the excavation, he appears to have crept into the tunnel head foremost. While in this position the top of the tunnel fell on him, and he was completely buried underneath a considerable weight of sand. Fortunately assistance was speedily at hand, and while some of the rescuers worked to put aside the sand, one gentleman inserted his hand and pushed it about till he reached the boy's mouth, and in this way undoubtedly prevented the little fellow from being suffocated. During the rescuing operations a crowd collected, and considerable excitement prevailed till it was known that the boy was alive.

TRADE AND INDUSTRY.

England employs 5,600 women and girls in and about its coal mines.

In Saxony about seventy per cent. of the workmen earn less than \$150 per year.

An ad's laboring man wastes five ounces of muscle in the course of his daily labor.

The trades unions of Cleveland, O., have proposed to nominate a candidate for mayor.

Peace is the evening star of the soul, as virtue is its sun, and the two are never far apart.

The Knights of Labor at Anita, Pa., have recently built a hall of their own, costing \$10,000.

Wages are very low in Philadelphia shops factories at present. There is no shoe-makers' organization to speak of there.

Over 943,000,000 pounds of wool were sold in the four great wool markets of the world in 1891—in London, 572,500,000 pounds; Melbourne, 117,000,000 pounds; and 153,000,000 pounds and Liverpool over 100,000,000.

Minerals Along the North Shore. That there is gold in abundance along the north shore of Lake Superior is being constantly proven, says a Duluth paper. The latest find of the metal is just reported from a mine owned by Duluth capitalists on the