

don't have much to interest them, and so they sort of take an interest in the concerns of the family they live with. That is sociable girls do. Some girls don't care a brass button about the people so long as they get their money all right. German and Swede girls are like that. Irish girls are more warm-hearted, and if people are kind to them they like them and will do a good deal for them. I don't mean to say that it is right to talk about the family outside, but sometimes a girl don't think, and it comes out before she knows it. She don't mean any harm. It is very hard for people to keep things from girls. They are around all the time, and see and hear everything almost. They generally like the gentleman of the house best, because he don't interfere with them.

Girls don't say much about getting married, even to each other. I guess the most of them think they would have just as hard work then as they do now, and a poorer place to do it in. When they do marry sometimes they do well, but often they have to get a place again after a while. Sometimes girls go to the country with a family and before they come back get engaged to marry a farmer. That generally does very well.

Girls do not care much to take second-hand clothing from a mistress unless it is pretty nice. They may take it, but they won't wear it.

Wages are better than they have been for some years; a good girl of all work gets \$12 a month. If she can make desserts she gets \$14. A good cook who can do everything gets \$20, and a French cook \$30. There is always good help to be had if people wants to pay for it. The trouble is, some people think they can get a good girl for most nothing. It is cheaper for them to pay more and get a good one, for the cheap ones waste and break more than their wages are worth every month.

A good girl makes a settled home. She does not like to change round. It is only the poor trash who want to change in hopes of bettering themselves. I think the girls would be better and take more interest in their work if the ladies treated them better. They generally get a miserable little room at the top of the house with scarcely anything in it, hot in summer and cold in winter, and nobody takes any interest in them, not even to see that they keep their room clean. A girl can't have any home feeling where she is treated like that.

It is very seldom that a girl goes to any amusement. When she does, it is generally going to a picnic. Girls that live out are a class by themselves. They visit one another, but do not associate with shop girls or girls that work at sewing. They have it easy when the family are away for the summer. There is scarcely anything to do and they get half-wages.—*The Epoch.*

The Food of the Aristocracy.

Some startling revelations have recently been published in Paris as to the materials of French cookery, and especially of Parisian butter. A correspondent sends the following story, of which he guarantees the accuracy, as to a not dissimilar state of things in London:

I happen to know a man who makes a living by collecting the rancid butter and dirty butter scrapings from the butter-shops, and then retailing them to West-end confectioners. The other day I met him wheeling a truck-load of the loathsome-looking stuff along the Bayswater road.

"Hullo!" exclaimed I, "what in the name of goodness have you got there?" for really I could not tell from the look of it, it was so dirty and discolored, while the stench it gave out when I went up to it, was something fearful.

"Oh," he replied, with quite a business air, "it's offal."

"But what kind of offal? It smells almost bad enough to knock you down!"

"Why, butter offal."

"Indeed! Do you mind telling me what you do with it?"

"Make it into lumps, and then take it round to the confectioners."

"The confectioners! What do they want it for. It would poison a dog."

"Perhaps so," responded my friend, with something very like a grin; "but, none the less, it don't poison the aristocracy."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, that it's used in the pastry *faux-délicats* they're so fond of."

"But not as it is, surely?"

"Oh, no! they first purify it some way."

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

"What is the secret of your success, Judge?" inquired a young law student of Judge H., one of the most successful lawyers in the Northwest.

"Well," said the Judge, with a retrospective air, "I don't know as there is any secret about it. In my younger days I had a rough row to hoe, but I hoed it well. There was lots of work in those days to do, but the pay was small. When I was a stripling, of from 16 to 18, I used to hire out to neighboring farmers during the season of haying and harvesting, and when they came to know me I could always get higher wages than older and stronger men, because I always made it my haying or my harvest, working as if the field and crop belonged to me. Whether my employer was present or absent it made no difference with my work. And that has been my single rule of work through life, at the blacksmith's forge, in the harvest field, or as a hired attorney at the bar. I worked with might, mind, and strength in any cause in which I was engaged. Now that's the whole of it—and that surely is no secret."

But it is a secret, we regret to say, that large numbers of young men never learn, and if a man does not learn it early in life the chances are he never will find it out. At any rate it is true in fact that this simple rule of fidelity to the interest of employers is not made the rule of practice by thousands of men employed in the various trades, callings, and professions, in the service of individuals or the public, for wages or fees. They do not work as if they had any interest in the business, but simply to get the pay for it—the largest possible sum for the least work.

"My greatest trouble," said a business man recently, "is in procuring help to carry on my establishment. Plenty of hands in the market; but I want hands with heads on them. My work requires brains as well as muscle, and the difficulty is to get men who will give heed to their work and take an interest in it." That man's experience is not at all singular or exceptional. All men carrying on business requiring a large number of employes will tell the same story, that their main trouble is securing men with skill, who will take the requisite degree of interest in their work.

The labor market is overstocked with hands seeking employment. And yet in the great world there is a constantly increasing demand for hands with heads on them, or men who will apply all their wits and devote all their powers to the business to be done. In this field the demand greatly exceeds the supply. There never has been a time when a faithful, painstaking, and skillful worker could not obtain employment, and there is no danger of a surplus of that kind of men in the market. The demand is active, and the pay is always liberal. Even when it is all full down below there is plenty of room above.

The successful men in all branches of business or professions, as a rule, are these who have worked their way upward from the lower ranks by persistent adherence to this simple rule of fidelity—doing thoroughly and thoughtfully whatever work they had to do. There is no deep secret or mystery about this matter; it is not by chance or luck that the most of the wealthy or eminent men attained their enviable positions. They achieved success by faithful, common-place diligence, attention to duty, and honesty. Sir Isaac Newton wrote, "Genius is patience." And patience is but another name for that quality of fidelity to duty that surely brings its reward.

Young men little realize how highly this quality is prized among the men who handle great enterprises and who are compelled to employ assistance in their business. There are throngs of applicants for the positions of trust and responsibility at their disposal; but they want only the highest and best sort, for which there is the least supply. And for these there is a constant search and inquiry. That kind of a workingman, in whatever trade or profession, doesn't as a rule have to go out looking up a job; the men who have the job to be done are out hunting after him.

This sort of plodding faithfulness, the single-eyed devotion to the interests of employers, is certain to be recognized in due time and sure of its fitting recompense. And it is not hard of attainment if a right beginning is made. The first thing essential is to take an interest in the work—seeking to do it thoroughly and in the shortest possible time without

overwork. The simple rule should be, whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

Now, allowing that there are hard, cold, and selfish employers, who will grind down even the most faithful workers, as men ride a free horse to death, yet it holds good as a rule that the class of men we have described are sure to be recognized and rewarded in the end. If there were more of that spirit of fidelity there would be less friction between employers and employes, fewer labor agitations, strikes, and boycotts, and the walking delegate would have to find some more useful vocation.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Brought Near the Gallows.

If you are much accustomed to faces in the cities of Lewiston and Auburn, says the Lewiston (Me.) Journal you will occasionally meet a thin, spare man of about 60 years, taciturn, generally alone, who has a remarkable history. About twenty years ago he lived at West Auburn, and he came within a hair's breadth of being hung for a murder he never committed. I met this man of strange history a few days ago and fell into conversation with him. The man is Luther J. Verrill, whom Clifton Harris, a colored man, charged with being a party to the murder of two maiden ladies, at West Auburn, one wild, snowy night in January, 1863. It chanced that I was present, in the Thomaston prison jail-yard, when Clifton Harris was hung for this murder, and I heard him acknowledge he was alone in that crime and that Verrill was not with him, and I told Verrill I was a witness of that execution and saw the murderer put into his coffin under the gallows.

"Well, I never believed the nigger was hung," said Verrill, "and I have hunted a good deal to find somebody who saw the hanging, and I am glad to find somebody at last. I remember seeing you at my trial. The jury, you know, found me guilty on the nigger's testimony. I never knew no more about that crime than you did, but there were a few detectives who had a theory and wanted reward, and they were bound I should hang, and I came mighty near it. Then I lay in jail month after month, an innocent man, as everybody now knows. They made the nigger believe that it would go easier with him somehow if he confessed who was with him. When he saw he was going to be hung anyway, then he came out, owned he lied, and saved my neck."

To hang a man on the strength of a confessed murderer's story, evidently, is precarious business for innocent men.

Since his release from Auburn jail, now eighteen years ago, Verrill has worked in Auburn shoe factories and in out-of-door employment, and we never have heard a whisper against him. His wife died long ago.

Lincoln and Stanton.

The great War Minister never subscribed to the modern idea that "it is not wrong to steal, but wicked to get caught at it." He demanded absolute honesty of everybody who had business with the government. A distinguished surgeon general was thought to be engaged in a crooked deal with the drugs supplied to the army. Lincoln was placated. Senators of the United States, Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, at the head of them, begged for leniency for this man. Stanton's answer was: "A republic should be the vast statue of an honest man. While our sons and brothers are dying on the Chickahominy this man, like Alexander, has been 'getting gain' out of army contracts. He must resign or go to jail." He resigned. After the battle of Gettysburg a serenade was suddenly improvised, and 3,000 people assembled in front of the White House. Lincoln was in splendid spirit. It was midnight. He sent for Stanton. He came. He made the most brilliant speech ever uttered from that historic porch. As Mr. Lincoln advanced to quiet the wild huzzas of the multitude Secretary Stanton took off his hat and asked for "three cheers for Abraham Lincoln." They were given with a will, and the great and good Lincoln walked up to Stanton and clasped him in his arms before he addressed the multitude.

Capt. Jack, Crawford, the poet scout, is soon to go upon the stage in a new historical play called "Daniel Boone," with real Indians, living bears, elks, mustangs, wolves, prairie dogs, and all the other usual accessories of the wild Western drama.

His Brother's Ghost.

"I don't believe in ghosts," remarked a prominent citizen of this place the other day, "but I saw something one night while going through a dark woods on the Reynoldsville road that I have never been able to account for. I was riding along on horseback, when, just a few feet in front of me, I saw a man in the road. I turned my horse to one side in order to let him pass, and at that moment he stumbled and fell in the middle of the road. The thought at once occurred to me that it was a drunken man, and as the night was intensely cold—being in the winter time—I was afraid he would lie there and freeze to death, so I concluded to help him up and see that he reached a place of safety. With this purpose in view I said: 'Hello, stranger, what are you doing here?'"

"But there was no response. I spoke louder and louder, but still he would not answer. This convinced me that he had fallen into a drunken sleep and would inevitably perish if not taken care of. I therefore dismounted, lighted a match, and bent over the figure to see if I could recognize his features, when, to my utter astonishment, the object dissolved from view, and there was not the least indication that there had been anything in the snow before me. I tried to convince myself that it was an illusion, but I was in such complete possession of my faculties and my thoughts had been running in such a widely different channel that I could not believe I had been deceived. And what tended more firmly to convince me that I was not dreaming was the fact that my horse shied and pawed and snuffed the air, and seemed to be in such terror of the object that I could scarcely hold it.

"I went on home, but in spite of the most vigorous mental efforts was haunted all night by strange forebodings of evil, and the next day I received a dispatch to the effect that my brother, who was living in Dakota, had been caught in a blizzard the previous night and had been frozen to death. Subsequent inquiry developed the fact that his death occurred at the same moment, allowing for difference in time, that the apparition appeared to me. Since that time I have been slightly tinged with superstition."—*Punxsutawney (Pa.) Spirit.*

Ida Lewis Wilson still keeps the old boat in which she has saved thirteen people, and, shabby as it looks, she uses it, and says if she were again to have the opportunity to rescue the drowning she'd take the old boat rather than the handsome new one presented her by the citizens of Newport.

Dr. Alfred Ocala, Fla., has a copy of the Baltimore Advertiser and Journal dated August 23, 1773. In it is a graphic land advertisement by George Washington, offering 20,000 acres of the finest and richest land in the world and situated in the Kanawha Valley, W. Va.

Pleasant Dreams.

"It ain't everybody I'd put to sleep in this room," said old Mrs. Jinks to the fastidious and extremely nervous young minister who was spending his first night in B—at her house.

"This here room is full of sacred associations to me," she went on: "My first husband died in that bed with his head on them very pillows, and poor Mr. Jinks died settin' right in that very chair there in the corner. Sometimes when I come into the room in the dark I think I see him settin' there still."

"My own father died layin' right on that lounge under the window. Poor pa! He was a spiritualist, and he allus said he'd appear in this room again after he died; and sometimes I'm foolish enough to look for him. If you should see anything of him to-night, you'd better not tell me; for it'd be a sign to me that there was something in spiritualism, and I'd hate to think that."

"My son by my first man fell dead of heart disease right w'ere you stand. He was a doctor, and there's two whole skeletons in that closet that belonged to him; and half a dozen skulls in that lower drawer."

"Well, good-night, and pleasant dreams."—*Puck.*

A St. Johns, Mich., lady wears a live sparrow on her bustle when she promenades the street, and receives no end of critical attention because the people think she doesn't know it's there.