

With the Violets.

Her hands are cold; her face is white;
No more her roses come and go;
Her eyes are shut in light and joy;
Fold the light vesture, snow on snow,
And lay her where the violets blow.

But not beneath a grassy stone,
To plead for tears with alien eyes;
A slender cross of white and blue,
Shall say that here a maiden lies,
In peace beneath the peaceful skies.

And gray old trees of highest limb
Shall wheel their circling shadows round
To make the scorching sunlight dim
That drinks the greenness from the ground,
And drop their dead leaves on the mound.

When o'er their boughs the squirrels run,
And through their leaves the robins call,
And, ripening in the autumn sun,
The acorns, and the chestnuts fall,
Doubt not that she will heed them all.

For her the morning choir shall sing
Its matins from the branches high,
And every minstrel voice of spring
That thrills beneath the April sky
Shall greet her with its earliest cry.

When, turning round their old track,
Eastward the long shadows pass,
Her little moorland, and in black,
The crickets, sliding through the grass,
Shall pipe for her an evening mass.

At last the roots of the trees
Shall bid the prison where she lies,
And bend the buried dust they seize
In leaves and blossoms to the skies—
So may the soul that waits it rise!

If any, born of kinder blood,
Should ask, "What maiden lies below?"
Say only this: "A tender bud
That tried to blossom in the snow,
Lies withered where the violets blow."
—Annie's Wedding Holmes.

A WIDOW BEWITCHED.

Oliver Beauchamp had been dead for rather more than a year. Why Mary Vane had married him nobody could ever make out. He was such a thoroughly uncomfortable person that even his money could scarcely have been a sufficient inducement to the most mercenary girl in England to consent to pass her life with him. Mr. Beauchamp had been in the habit of spending the greater part of his time in the pleasant occupation of coquetting with one fashionable physician after another, for truth to tell, he was a malade imaginaire. The doctors found Mr. Beauchamp to be anything but a satisfactory patient, for so fond was he of fresh woods and pastures new that he had the playful habit of deserting his medical advisers just as they began to flatter themselves that a really full-blown fever had come into their professional net. Then Beauchamp would try quackery, and doctor himself with one well-advertised nostrum after another; so that the only wonder is that he lived as long as he did.

Now, it was owing to the advice of Sir Celsus Gorget that Mr. Beauchamp came to marry Mary Vane. When she came out at the county ball in Leamshire he took her down to supper, and half an hour afterward proposed to her and was accepted. Young ladies of 18 years of age have a habit of accepting their first offer. A good many explanations, more or less possible, have been given for it; but the real reason, no doubt, is that the charming young creatures honestly believe that they will never be lucky enough to have a second offer, and that therefore they will do well to make hay while the sun shines.

Now Sir Celsus had said to Beauchamp, as he pocketed that gentleman's 2 guineas and bowed him out of the consulting-room: "Why don't you try marriage? You seem to have tried everything else. Mind, I don't say I altogether recommend it—still I throw out the suggestion; think it over."

Beauchamp did think it over. Indeed, during the following week he pondered on the great man's advice day and night; and, just as he would have accepted any other panacea, so he swallowed Sir Celsus' nostrum and married Mary Vane. The nostrum can scarcely be said to have been singularly efficacious; for in less than twelve months from the date of his marriage he died, leaving Mary Beauchamp £3,000 a year. She was a good and kind wife to the unhappy man, and I think that, after all, what killed him was a too liberal allowance of somebody's electric pills and somebody else's Africa elixir.

Captain Graham was a hero of romance. He had not a penny in the world, but he had black curly hair, his teeth were perfect, and his features admirable. Moreover, Captain Graham went to a good tailor and his boots were undeniable. For various reasons the captain had arrived at a stage of existence when it struck him as singularly advisable that he should marry money. He went down to Brighton and he put up at the Bedford. He used to walk up and down the king's road and to stare out of the windows of the club like a young lion seeking whom he might devour. Of course he came across a great many pretty faces, but to his mind he saw nothing half so delicious as that charming young widow, Mrs. Beauchamp; and as within a week of his arrival the young lady thought fit to cast aside her weeds and blossom forth in gentle violets and delicate mauves, he became more than ever confirmed in his opinion.

It is scarcely worth while going into details as to the Captain's machinations in obtaining an introduction to young Mrs. Beauchamp. Suffice it to say that they were triumphantly successful. He was to her as a revelation. He came, he saw, he conquered. He proposed to her one moonlight night upon the west pier. Miss Jenkins, Mrs. Beauchamp's sheepdog, was sitting within a yard of them; but then Miss Jenkins was listening to the soft strains of a selection from "Dorothy" which was being played by the band, and "Queen of My Heart Tonight," as a corset solo, distracted her attention from the subtler rendering of the same theme which was being poured into the young widow's ear by the enamored Captain. Mrs. Beauchamp listened with pleasure to his tale.

"I am a poor man, you know, Mary," said he. "I have little else but my good name and my sword to offer you, and I hardly know if we should have enough to live upon." He almost winked as he said the words, but they conveyed a noble idea of his own disinterestedness, as he intended they should. "We may have to wait, Mary," he continued, "and I may even have to ask you to go to

India with me, for my regiment is one of the next for foreign service." Poor fellow, he evidently had not the slightest idea of the three thousand a year. "I should not mind doing that for a man I loved," said the widow softly. And then he squeezed her hand, and then she squeezed his, and then—and then it was all settled in the most dignified manner, and Mrs. Beauchamp became engaged to Captain Graham.

Two days later Captain Graham went into one of the fashionable photographers and sat for his likeness and ordered it to be finished on porcelain in colors regardless of expense. He did not in the least demur at the 5 guineas which Mr. Halfstone's assistant said it would cost. He only stipulated that it should be ready in forty-eight hours. At the end of that period Mr. Halfstone was in the best of tempers as he inspected the gallant Captain's portrait. "You have been very successful, Mrs. Smith," he said patronizingly to the young person who had done the miniature. "It is a speaking likeness. And now would you mind doing me a little favor? My customer is a very haw-haw sort of a person and insists upon the portrait being delivered by hand. There is the address, Mrs. Beauchamp, 2A Regency Square. You have honestly earned your 5 shillings, Mrs. Smith," he continued, as he handed her a couple of half crowns, "and a turn in the air will do you good."

The pale young woman, in a well-worn plaid dress, with great black rings under her eyes, thanked her patron.

"I am glad you are pleased, Mr. Halfstone," said she; "I shall be only too happy to deliver the likeness." And she wrapped it carefully and delicately in paper. Then she put on a dowdy old bonnet and cheap ulster, drew on her well-worn gloves, and started on her errand. When she arrived at 2A Regency Square she knocked at the door timidly enough; but there was a hard determined look upon the thin features and the great, hollow eyes sparkled fiercely. She asked for Mrs. Beauchamp, and was shown up at once as the young person from Mr. Halfstone's. Mrs. Beauchamp was in the dining-room giving the finishing touch to the floral decorations of a rather elaborate cold luncheon which stood ready served upon the table.

"It is so good of you to have brought it. I am dying to see it." And she took a knife from the table and enthusiastically cut the string. "It is charming. It is capital," she said as she gazed ecstatically at the picture. "Algeron's looking his very best." And then in her rapture she kissed the portrait.

The pale young woman looked paler than ever.

"I ought to be ashamed of myself. I really beg your pardon. But you see Captain Graham is my affianced husband," said the widow confidentially.

"He was my affianced husband once," said the young woman simply.

"What do you mean, girl?" said Mrs. Beauchamp, as she seized her fiercely by the wrist.

"The original of the portrait, madam, is my husband, my miserable, unprincipled husband—the man who left me to starve or to drag out a wretched existence to which starvation would be preferable. The sordid wretch who preys upon the weakness of others, the man who hesitates at no meanness, and who, from what you say, madam, is prepared to add bigamy to his other crimes."

"I can not believe it," cried Mrs. Beauchamp. "It is some trick."

"Algeron won't deny it if you care to confront us, madam," said the young person from Mr. Halfstone's, wearily.

The tone carried conviction with it. Mary Beauchamp felt a ball rise in her throat and the hot blood mount to her ears as she remembered that she, too, had called him Algeron only yesterday, and then she snatched the glittering ring from her finger and rammed it beneath her little foot. Of course this was quite the correct thing to do under the circumstances, but it did not really hurt the ring, as the Turkey carpet was uncomfortably thick.

"If you will permit me, madam," said Mrs. Graham, "I will take care of that ring, which, I take it, came from my husband. That is his knock," she said confidentially, as a tremendous rat-a-tat solo was performed on the street door, "and if you do not mind," she continued, "as I am not very strong I will sit down."

"I beg your pardon," said Mrs. Beauchamp, "I was very rude." At that moment a servant announced Captain Graham. "I think I am a little before my time, my dearest Mary," he said effusively, as he held out both hands, half expecting that his fiancée would rush into his arms. He was totally unconscious of the presence of Mr. Halfstone's assistant. "Captain Graham," said Mrs. Beauchamp, very coldly, "permit me to introduce to you this lady, who tells me she has met you before." The young woman in black rose and confronted him.

"Great heavens, Ada!" he exclaimed in his astonishment; but he recovered himself in an instant. "You have scored the odd trick, ladies," he said jauntily; "and perhaps it is fortunate for all of us." He added with effrontery, "Honors are easy. You will have to excuse me. It might be better after all if I ask you not to press me to stay to lunch. You will doubtless have a great deal to say to each other." And kissing his finger-tips to the pair of them, the Captain effected a masterly retreat.

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A Chapter on Jews.

Miss Potter's chapter on the Jews of east London strikes a wholly different note, says the London Times. It tells us of a class well capable of making its way in the world, and of adapting itself to conditions under which industrial success is to be attained. The Jews of east London form a distinct community, numbering some 60,000 or 70,000, of whom 30,000 were born abroad, while of the remainder at least one-half are of foreign parentage.

The Jews are a picked race. Persecution has weeded out the inert and incompetent, and has sharpened the wits of the rest into what Miss Potter terms an instrument for grasping by mental agility the good things withheld from them by brute force. It is thus that the old promise to the Jewish people has been fulfilled in these days: "Thou shalt drive out nations mightier than thyself and shalt take their land as an inheritance." Of social morality among the immigrant Jews Miss Potter can find no trace. They are a law-abiding people; they keep the peace; they pay their debts; they abide by their contracts; but this is the measure of the obligations which they acknowledge to the society in which they live. The struggle for existence and welfare for themselves and their families marks the limit of their interests, and the conduct which conduces to success in it the limit of their social duties. We have the picture of the race of brain workers competing with a class of manual laborers, and getting the best of it and steadily rising in the world.

The lesson which it points is on the folly and mischief of indiscriminate charitable relief. The Jew has been sharpened by suffering. Kindness might have made him a better man, but would have left him without the offensive and defensive arts which are the great inheritance of his race. Indiscriminate charity—kindness it is not to be called—has a two-fold evil influence. It weakens and it degrades. It unfits its recipients for earning their own living and it deprives them of the wish to do so. Mr. Booth's volume tells us, among other things, how large a part of the misery of east London has been due to this cause.

A Big Sturgeon.

Recently I was putting in an afternoon at Petaluma Creek, fishing for salmon trout or anything else. It is a tide water stream, emptying into San Pablo Bay, and during a good portion of the year it is frequented by a variety of salt water fishes. The sturgeon is a sly biter, and sometimes "mouths" the bait ten or fifteen minutes before taking hold. On this occasion I had baited with a small smelt and thrown into deep water from a small wharf. The wind was blowing a gale, so it was hard to tell when one had a bite. The poles were scattered along the wharf taking care of themselves, when one of them began to act queer. The line would slacken slowly several inches, then grow taut, the tip of the pole bending, then the line would slacken again. It did this for several minutes without change, and I could not make up my mind whether to pull or not. Then suddenly the lines slackened several feet. This is almost a sure indication of a sturgeon. Quick as possible I struck and felt the hook stick into something distressingly like a snag; it seemed so heavy and sluggish; but you "can't most always sometimes tell."

Slowly something below seemed to wake up, for all the world like a locomotive moving a heavy train. Then as it gained headway, it got madder and madder, and the reel hummed louder and louder, until it screamed like a little fiend. Two hundred feet of line ran out in a few seconds, and then with a splash as if a horse had fallen into the water, three feet of big drab-colored fish plunged into the air. He was evidently too big to jump out all at once. Then he started back up stream, and in spite of all the strain I dared put on him, ran out nearly every foot of line from the reel. My heart was in my mouth for fear of an accident, but he stopped just at the right time. This fish fought like a demon for one hour and a half actual time, and seemed determined not to come to gaff. A Frenchman happened along just then and I begged him to use the gaff. He stepped on a rock near the water's edge, but the fish came up, and, seemingly in malice aforethought, with one flop of his tail wet the kind helper from head to foot. He stepped up and out as gracefully as possible. The fish was finally landed and found to weigh exactly forty pounds and to measure fifty-eight inches in length. While making a slower fight than the trout, the sturgeon's mad rushes are thrilling and exciting, and I believe the most factitious angler will vote him a game fish after he has once landed a big fellow with light tackle.

Frequently I have taken them on an eight-ounce split bamboo fly rod, with smallest gut hook baited with worm. Then their fight is particularly pleasing, but I would not care to try one above four feet in length on that kind of tackle, as half a day is too long to take in landing one fish.—American Angler.

He Made a Mistake.

He was a keen, sharp-looking young man, and he said to the lady of the house on Second avenue as he stood in the hall: "Madam, I have called for the suit of clothes which needs brushing and fixing." "What suit?" she asked. "Your husband's Sunday suit, madam. He called as he went down this morning." "And he said I was to let you have them?" "Yes, madam. He appears in good health and spirits?" "Why, certainly." "Look and act natural?" "Of course. Why do you ask?" "Because he has been dead 18 years, and I have some curiosity on the subject." "I—I have made a mistake, perhaps," stammered the young man. "Perhaps you have. The man you saw go out of here an hour ago is my brother. Good morning."—Detroit Free Press.

MISSING LINKS.

The Eiffel tower is indeed finished. A swallow has built her nest on its tip top.

A colored boy in Jeffersonville, Ind., swallowed a lead pencil. The pencil and the boy were saved, but it took several hours to do it.

A business man at Portland, Me., lost a \$20 gold piece while on his way to his office, and on his way home found the coin on the pavement, where it had lain unnoticed all day.

Mayor Gunn of San Diego is a repeater in the matter of appointments to office. One of his appointees for member of the Board of Public Works was four times rejected by the City Council.

A brilliant Austrian general proposes that, in order to prevent the enemy from reconnoitering the movements of troops, the uniforms of soldiers shall be made similar in back and front.

Mr. Adolf Sutro is traveling about the world getting ideas and plans for the great public library building which he proposes to put up in San Francisco. He will give the building and his 200,000 volumes to that city.

Gen. Sheridan's monument will be completed before the corner-stone of the Grant shaft is laid. Mrs. Sheridan wisely determined to erect it herself instead of waiting for the slow movement of a mendicant municipality.

A wide-awake Oklahoma pilgrim who knew that people would have to cross a river made an impromptu bridge by cutting down a tree which grew on the bank and nailing boards to it. He charged 10 cents toll and made lots of money.

A comparison of the American and European contributions at the Paris exhibition is said to develop two points—that the American constructive sense is superior to the European, and that the American decorative sense is inferior to the European.

For forty-eight years there was not a law case in the town of Meddysbemps, Me.; neither was there a lawyer. But two weeks ago a lawyer hung out his sign in this primitive paradise, and now two citizens are going to law over a fence line.

M. Henri Rochefort Jr., who recently killed himself in Algeria, was only 29 years old, but had led a most adventurous life. He had been with Oliver Pavin in the Sudan and with M. de Brazza on the Congo. He had also traveled much in South America.

Johannes Brahms, the composer, has had the freedom of the City of Hamburg conferred upon him. The honor is an unusual one, only three men besides the musician having had the distinction in the course of a century. Two of these are Bismarck and Molke.

A Kansas paper relates that a man in Saline County during the dry years sowed wheat on the same land for three successive years without getting a head of grain. A few years after the wheat began to grow and he harvested immense wheat crops three successive years without ever plowing or sowing.

The Empress Frederick is entirely rebuilding the house on her recently purchased estate at Kronburg, in the Teutoburg, which is within a drive of Homburg, and a new wing is to be fitted up for the exclusive use of Queen Victoria, who has promised, all being well, to pay her daughter an annual visit.

The ingenuity of the "heathen Chinese" is unsurpassed. The native contractors for closing the breach on the Yellow river, which has caused so much ruin, when the stream became frozen over laid planks on the ice and covered them with millet stalks and earth. They then reported the breach as closed.

At Scranton recently a parrot had a very lively tussle with a bat. The bat got in the bird's cage and couldn't get out. Then it began attacking the parrot, diving at her and biting. Polly yelled: "Gracious, how that hurts!" and pitched into the bat. The bird used wings and bill, and soon tore the little intruder limb from limb.

John Wanamaker conducts his big Philadelphia house on the profit-sharing principle. He recently made his semi-annual dividend, distributing \$4,182 among the 400 employees entitled to share. The amount divided during the year was \$104,000. It is not believed that he will conduct the Washington establishment on the same plan.

A Connecticut gardener stepped on a needle twelve years ago and it entered his foot. Sunday night he felt a sharp and severe pricking sensation in the hip near the joint, and examination revealed the end of a needle just under the skin. With a small pair of pliers it was drawn out, and with it nearly six inches of bit silk thread which had been in the needle when he stepped on it.

The other day a child of John Genether, of Kearney, Neb., was bitten on the hand by a snake over six feet long. The child's hand immediately swelled up and the father extracted three teeth of the snake which were imbedded in the flesh of the boy's hand. The boy was given a big dose of whisky and put to bed and recovered from the bite. The snake was what is called a bull snake.

A novel way of defrauding a railroad company has just been discovered by Conductor Baxter, of the Erie. He did not like the looks of the commutation ticket of a youth who lived in Ridgewood, and an examination showed that twenty-one dates punched out by the conductor had been plugged and repunched, that is to say, had been traveled on twice. The young man had in each case picked up the piece of card dropped from the conductor's punch and neatly replaced it.

"The wearing of the green" is not confined to the millinery and dress goods of the girl of the period. The fashionable precious stone at present is the emerald, though it has only secured third place in popularity. The diamond will always retain the lead in popular favor, and the ruby comes second. The majority of fine emeralds come from Burma and other Asiatic coun-

tries. The American emerald was discovered by Professor Hiddian in North Carolina, and is quite extensively used, though the stones are not anything like as fine as the Oriental stones. Emeralds cost anywhere from \$30 to \$3,500.

The Secretary of the Interior has received a novel request from a school teacher in Kansas City. The teacher makes a mild requisition for a full set of blanks such as are used in the Interior Department. He explains his request by stating that he teaches civil government in the high school and wishes to give his scholars an object lesson concerning government blanks—applications, appointments, etc. In a postscript he adds that a full set of patent office, pension, Indian bureau, education and census blanks will be doubly appreciated. As a full set of the various blanks requested would about fill two freight cars it is not likely that the Secretary will forward them.

Secretary Rusk stands high in popular favor at Washington. His practical good sense and sturdy honesty of purpose are supplemented by a keen sense of humor. He receives more invitations than any other public man in Washington. The other day a visitor to the Agricultural Department, gazing over the ample grounds in which the buildings are located, turned to the Secretary and remarked: "You've got the prettiest place in the city." "Of course. Why not?" was the prompt rejoinder. "You know the Secretary of Agriculture is the tail end of the Cabinet, and the tail is almost altogether ornamental. Its principal use is to keep the flies off the other members of the Cabinet."

The Origin of "Pin." "Pin" is regarded by good authorities as the modern form of the old English "preon" or "prin," from which the "pr" in course of time been lost; if this be so, it is the same as the Scotch word "prein," or "preen," a pin made of wire. Hence also the Scotch word "prin-cod," (a pin-cushion), or as Shakespeare writes it, "a cod-piece to stick pins on." There are other examples of the dropping out of the "p" from old English words, which serve to establish this derivation of the word, as for instance, the old English word "grin," a snare, has become grin. In some old writers we find the word "pyne." There would seem to have been in feudal times uses for pins, which ceased with the customs of these days.

Chronicles of the festivities of these olden times tell us that the tankards used at feast were divided into eight equal parts, and each part was marked off by a silver pin. The cups held two quarts, consequently the quantity contained from pin to pin was half a pint. By the rules of good fellowship a drinker was to stop his quaffing only at a pin. If he drank but a hair's breadth beyond he was bound to drink to the next pin; it was, of course, very difficult to stop exactly at the pin, and the vain efforts and failures of the drinker gave rise to unbounded mirth at his expense, the not uncommon solution of the difficulty being the draining of the tankard to its very dregs. Longfellow refers to this in "The Golden Legend," when he says:

No sines, no lauch, no jovial din,
Of drinking wassail to the pin.

A Burmese at Dinner.

The Burmese woman has few of the troubles and pleasures of a New England housewife. All of her cooking is done out of doors at this time of year and her range never gets out of order. She builds her fire on the ground and her cooking utensils consist of two or three earthen pots. These and a jar of water with a coconut ladle make up the kitchen furniture, and our Burmese housewife is not troubled with table-spreading nor dish-washing. She is never worried about her floor nor her baking powder. The Burmese use neither knives nor forks. Their staple food is rice, and a huge platter of this is cooked for the family and placed upon the floor. In addition there is a bowl of curry, a kind of a soup, gravy-like mixture, which is seasoned with fish and pepper, and which is very hot.

The family squat around the rice dish and each has his own little bowl for curry and a larger one for rice. Every one helps himself, putting his fingers into the rice platter and taking as much as he can squeeze up in his hands. The food is conveyed from the bowl to the mouth with the hand, and at the close of the meal every one is expected to wash his own dishes. No drinking is done during the meal, and at the end each goes to the water jar and rinses out his mouth. I have seen many families at meals, and in no case have I seen chop-sticks or knives and forks. The Burmese dinner is thus a perpetual picnic.—F. G. C., in the Cleveland Leader.

Curious Condensations.

A Venetian manufacturer is making and selling thousands of glass bonnets. It is said that there is just \$5,000,000 invested in special cars in the United States.

The purest kaolin in America has just been found in great quantity in Elbert county, Georgia.

By breathing hot air at about 212 degrees for two hours daily it is said that consumption can be radically cured.

The roof of the garden poppy is now largely used in France to bind the earth of railway embankments.

A mountain of nearly pure iron has just been discovered near Lewisburg, in Greenbrier county, West Virginia.

England has 500,000 velocipedists, among whom must be reckoned the prince of Wales and his daughters.

The finest olive oil in the world now comes from California, and is so highly appreciated that the crop is bought two years ahead.

Owners of the pine straw patent intend to establish five mills, each guaranteed to turn out 5,000,000 yards of bagging in time to wrap the bales of this year's cotton crop.

Big beds of asphaltum sandstone, from which can be made the best asphalt pavement in the world, have just been discovered along the new railway lines of western Kentucky.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, SR.

Maj. George Williams' Recollections of the Old Man.

"I first met the elder Bennett in the old Herald office," said Major George F. Williams the other day, "then located on the corner of Nassau and Fulton streets. It consisted of half a dozen houses, taken up one by one as the business of the paper had grown. You had to go up or down two or three steps as you passed from building to building, their floors being on different levels, and there were any number of quaint nooks and corners."

"I had gone to the Herald office one afternoon to see one of the reporters. The stairs leading up to the editorial-rooms were very crooked and extremely dark, while some of the wooden steps had been worn into holes, and were almost dangerous. Feeling my way up I accidentally stumbled on one of these broken steps and ran headlong against an elderly gentleman who was coming down."

"Where are you going?" he exclaimed angrily. "Why didn't you keep your eyes open?"

"I did have my eyes open," was my tart rejoinder. "But what was the use of that? If I owned this paper I would out a few gas gets in these crooked landings and have the carpenter mend my staircase."

"Eh, but that was well thoet of," said the old gentleman, in a sober tone, as we parted.

"It was three or four months after that before I had occasion to visit the Herald office, being sent by Mr. Raymond on an errand to Mr. Hudson. As I went up the roundabout staircase I noticed that it had been well lighted with gas since my last visit, and the steps were in complete repair. On entering the editorial rooms I saw the same old gentleman coming out of Mr. Hudson's room. As he turned to go through a side door he caught a glimpse of me, and peering at me from under his heavy eyebrows said in a dry tone:

"Eh, young man. We've put in the gas and had the stairs mended. Dinna you noticed that?"

"Yes, sir," said I, in my youthful fearlessness. "And I was glad of it." "As the old gentleman disappeared I saw a look of consternation on the faces of a group of reporters near me, so I asked who the old fellow was."

"That's Mr. Bennett," was the reply, and I entered Mr. Hudson's room feeling rather foolish.

"Years passed and the war was nearing its end, and I was a correspondent in the field. Being very lucky in beating the Herald one day with the news of a battle I received a note from Mr. Hudson requesting me to call on him. Doing so, I learned that he wished me to join the Herald staff, and offered me good pecuniary inducements for the step. While we were conversing the elder Bennett came into the room, when Mr. Hudson introduced me. I then stated that Mr. Raymond had been very kind to me, and therefore I must decline the offer."

"Dinna we offer you enough?" asked Mr. Bennett.

"Oh, yes, sir," I replied. "But that isn't it. I do not wish to leave Mr. Raymond."

"I'm very sorry, young mon, that you refuse, but I think all the better of you for your decision. Eh, but little Raymond is a winsome mon to hold his young fellows like that."

"Mr. Bennett wrote to Mr. Raymond, I learned afterward, telling him of the incident, and my salary was raised to Hudson's figure in consequence."—Interview in the Journalist.

Raising a Pup.

A pup can be brought up in a great many different ways, just as there are more methods of killing a dog than to choke him to death on butter. Here's the very latest way to raise a pup. The youngest in a family of three, a boy of immense acquisitiveness and precocity, brought home a tiny Newfoundland pup the other day.

"Willie," said the boys mother, "that pup is too young—it is not more than a day old—you ought to take it back."

"Oh, I know how to raise it, ma," replied the boy. "We'll feed it with a bottle."

After some skirmishing this young fancier, aided and abetted by his two sisters, procured a large wine bottle, which they partly filled with milk and warm water. One of the girls carried the bottle—which was to the pup what a hogshead would be to you—and the boy held the pup's mouth open. Most of the milk and water went all over the pup's furry body. This style of feeding might have improved the dog's coat had it been persevered in, but the dog would have died had not one of the small girls cried, "The right way to do it is to pour the milk and water on a rag and let the pup eat the rag."

So a rag was obtained and saturated with milk, but the pup had no confidence in the rag—his omnivorous appetite had not arrived. He declined to be fed through the rag.

Then it was the boy's turn again, and with a wild yell of joy he shouted: "Oh, I know the very thing. The medicine dropper."

So the physician's instrument for measuring minute doses was hunted up, and for hours every day since the discovery that unfortunate pup has had its mouth held open to receive nourishment from the dropper.

But the pup is getting fat all the same and growing apace.—Fittsburg Dispatch.

The Profit on Nickels.

A recent circular issued by the treasury department proposing to ship free of charge to persons desiring them nickels and pennies in certain quantities on receipt of the face value has suggested some inquiries in regard to the cost of these coins to the United States and how it is that they can afford to ship them at par value, paying express charges upon them. The result of these inquiries has been the discovery that the nickel costs the mint less than three-quarters of a cent, while it is put in circulation at a value of five cents.

A mountain of nearly pure iron has just been discovered near Lewisburg, in Greenbrier county, West Virginia.